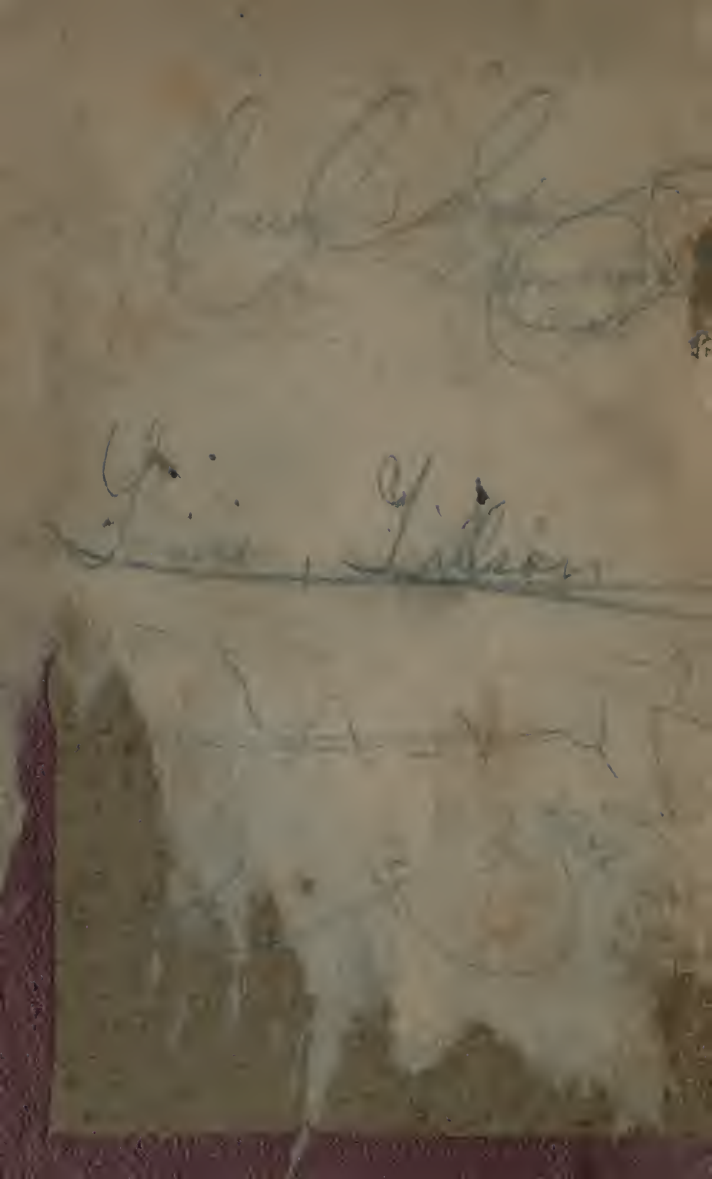
COUNCIL OF
THIRD READER
CANADIAN
SCHOOL BO
FOR ONTARIO



Canadian Series of School Books.

THIRD BOOK

OF

READING LESSONS.

Authorized
By the Council of Public Instruction
For Ontario.

TORONTO:
JAMES CAMPBELL AND SON.

Entered according to Act of Provincial Legislature, in the Year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty-seven, by the Reverend EGERTON RYERSON, LL.D., *Chief Superintendent of Education for Ontario, in the Office of the Registrar of the Province of Canada.*

PREFACE.

THE same plan that has been adopted in the earlier books of this series is continued in this. The lessons are carefully arranged, taking the starting-point from the Second Book, and gradually becoming more difficult both in the words they contain and in the meanings they convey. At first easy stories and anecdotes are given, each teaching a valuable lesson, but presented in such an attractive form that the pupil cannot fail to be interested. Then anecdotes of Natural History follow, opening up to the youthful mind a new field of interest and delight, and all tending to induce the reader to pursue the subject, and to gain a more extended knowledge of that most delightful study—the animal kingdom. The Third Part of the book is devoted to incidents of travel, of adventure, and of history, almost the whole of which relate to our own country, and which, it is hoped, will awaken an interest that will not be content to be restricted to the narrow limits within which this book is necessarily confined, but will extend itself to the broad fields of knowledge that are here merely pointed out.

The Fourth Part embraces a miscellaneous collection of pieces in prose and verse—many of the latter being very well adapted for recitation.

While the words in the early lessons are easy both in spelling and in meaning, they gradually become more difficult as the lessons advance.

The Teacher is recommended to draw materials for exercises in spelling—either oral or by way of writing from dictation on slates or paper—chiefly from the reading lessons previously read by the pupils.

A "Companion to the Reading Books" has been prepared, which contains exercises in spelling; together with the pronunciation, explanation, and etymology of the difficult words occurring in the extracts. The pupils should be directed to make use of this book in the preparation of their lessons.

PREFACE TO REVISED EDITION.

In the preparation of this edition the text has been thoroughly read, and the typographical and other errors carefully corrected. A single piece, the Battle of Chateauguay, which was considered too technical for the Third Book, has been replaced by a more interesting extract. A carefully prepared vocabulary containing all words of difficult spelling or pronunciation will be found at the end, and will prove of great advantage to the pupil in the preparation of his lesson.

EDUCATION OFFICE, TORONTO,
December 1869.

Louisa Gillson
Town

CONTENTS.

1878
May 11th

PART I.—MORAL TALES AND ANECDOTES.

		PAGE
The Peaches,	Krummacher	1
No Pay, No Work,	Alden	2
The Old Arm Chair,	Eliza Cook	5
Coals of Fire,	L. P.	6
Speak Gently,	G. W. Hangford	10
The Little Hero of Haarlem,	*Sharpe's Magazine*	12
Lucy Gray,	Wordsworth	15
Adherence to Truth,		17
The Diligent Employment of Time,		18
The Farmer and the Lawyer,		18
Better than Gold,	Smart	21
A Friend in Need,	Schmidt	22
The Discontented Pendulum,	Jane Taylor	26
Contented John,	*Idem*	29
The Cow's Bell,	Laurie's Series	30
The Miser Punished,		31
Antony Canova, the Sculptor,		32
"*Look Aloft!*"		34
"Man Overboard,"	Ballantyne	35
The Wreck of the Hesperus,	Longfellow	38
The Vision of Mirza,	Addison	41
Cautionary Verses to Youth,		46
Joseph II. and the Grenadier,		48
Tyrolese Evening Hymn,	Mrs Hemans	50
Boots and His Brothers,	Dasent	51
The Disputed Case	Cowper	56
Observation,		57
The Lost Camel,		58
The Poor Match-Girl,	Hans Andersen	60
We are Seven,	Wordsworth	62

		PAGE
Promptness,		64
Humphrey's Observations on Time,		65
John Adams and His Latin,		67
Among the Ice,	Ballantyne	68
A Canadian Boat Song,	Moore	70
A Ghost Story,	Ballantyne	71
Grace Darling,		72
Female Heroism,	Hoffman	74
Brave John Maynard,	Gough	76
Casabianca,	Mrs Hemans	78

PART II.—ANECDOTES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

Drowning the Squirrel,	J. C.	80
Animal Training,	*Chambers's Miscellany*	81
The Dog,	*British Workman*	85
Fidelity,	Wordsworth	87
The Newfoundland Dog's Revenge,	*British Workman*	89
Counting Chickens before they are Hatched,		93
"The Darling,"	Youatt	95
The Arab and His Steed	Hon. Mrs Norton	96
Story of a Goat,		99
Sagacity of the Sheep,	*British Workman*	100
My Pet Monkey,	*Curiosities of Natural History*	102
The Monkey,	Mary Howitt	106
The Rabbit,	*Anecdotes of Animal Life*	107
Canadian Squirrels,	P. H. Gosse	109
The Rat,		111
The Mouse's Petition,	Mrs Barbauld	113
The Humming-Bird,		115
Anecdote of the Humming-Bird,	P. H. Gosse	117
The Mocking-Bird,	Wood	119
The Song of the Bees,	Miss Gould	123
Try Again,		124
Latreille and the Beetle,		126
Adventure with an Elephant,	*Wild Sports of the World*	128
Lion-Hunting,	*Anecdotes of Animal Life*	130
The Lion and the Cub,	Gay	133
Anecdotes of the Tiger,	*Anecdotes of Animal Life*	134

		PAGE
Adventure with a Bear,	Ballantyne	137
The Bears and Bees,	Merrick	141
The Wolf,	*Anecdotes of Animal Life*	142
Anecdote of the Wolf,	P. H. Gosse	145
The Beaver,	T. C. Keefer	146
The Fox and the Cat,	Cunningham	151
Buffalo-Hunting,	Ballantyne	152
St Nicholas and his Reindeer,	C. C. Moore	154
The Moose-Deer,	*Anecdotes of Animal Life*	155
A Whaler's Adventure,	Ballantyne	157
The Chain of Destruction,	Howitt	160

PART III.—INCIDENTS OF HISTORY AND ADVENTURE.

Creation,	Addison	165
Manual Labor,		166
The Prisoner's Flower,	Saintine's *Picciola*	167
A Nursery Song,		170
The Savages of North America,	Franklin	172
The Grand Falls of the St John,	Hon. Arthur Gordon	175
The Power of Kindness,	Law of Kindness	177
Poor Diggs!	Hughes	179
A Mother's Love,	Emily Taylor	181
The Abenaqui's Story,	Hind	182
The Lonely Cross,	Lanman	186
Falls of Niagara,	Warburton	189
Burial of Sir John Moore,	Wolfe	192
Heroism and Catastrophe,	Campbell's Readers	193
Loss of the Schooner *Drake,*	Golden Deeds	194
A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea,	Cunningham	197
The Railroad,		198
Twenty Years Ago,	*Anon.*	199
Lost in the Woods,	*Leisure Hour*	200
The Forest Fire,		205
The Solitude of Alexander Selkirk,	Cowper	209
A Hudson Bay Store,	Ballantyne	210
Life in the Wilderness,	*Idem*	213
Winter in the Arctic Regions,	*Idem*	218
The Arctic Regions,		221
Loss of the *Lady Elgin,*	Perils on the Deep	222
The Pilot	Bayley	225
The Pine-Tree Shilling,	*Sharpe's Magazine*	226
The Sleigh-Bells,	Mrs Moodie	230

		PAGE
An Acadian Heroine,	Campbell's Readers	232
The Taking of Louisburg,	M'Mullen	235
The Soldier's Dream,	Campbell	238
The Battle of Queenston Heights,	Campbell's Readers	239
Attempt to take Fort Detroit,	Richardson	243

PART IV.—MISCELLANEOUS.

Somebody's Darling,	Mrs Lacoste	249
The Story of Fine-Ear,		250
Beth Gelert,	Hon. W. R. Spencer	256
Daniel in the Lions' Den,		259
The Good Samaritan,		261
Who is my Neighbor?	*Anon.*	262
Scripture Manners and Customs,	Irish National Series	263
The Three Sons,	Rev. J. Moultrie	267
Midas; or, The Golden Touch,		271
Hohenlinden,	Campbell	276
The Saw and the Axe,		277
Travellers' Wonders,	*Evenings at Home*	279
Bingen on the Rhine,	Hon. Mrs Norton	284
Frederick the Great,		287
The *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon,*	*Adam's Famous Ships of the British Navy*	288
Home,	Montgomery	294
Hurrah! Hurrah for Canada,		295
Westminster Abbey,	Addison	296
The Death of the Flowers,	W. C. Bryant	297
Alfred the Great,		299
John Gilpin,	Cowper	304

THIRD BOOK OF READING LESSONS.

PART I.

THE PEACHES.

A FARMER brought with him from the city five peaches, the finest he could meet with. It was the first time that his children had ever seen this sort of fruit; and they admired greatly their red cheeks and soft down. The father gave one to each of his four boys, and the fifth to their mother.

At night, when the children were about to retire to their chamber, the father said, "Tell me: how did you like the pretty fruit?"

"Very much indeed, father," replied the eldest; "it was so juicy and of such a fine flavor. I have taken care of the stone, which I shall plant that I may raise a tree from it."

"Well done!" said the father, "thou hast shown forethought and prudence."

"I ate mine at once," cried the youngest, "and threw away the stone, and mother gave me half of hers. Oh, it tasted so sweet; it melted in my mouth!"

"Well," said the father; "thou hast acted, if not

very prudently, at least naturally, and as a child might be expected to do."

The second son then began: "I picked up the stone which Alfred threw away, and broke it. There was a kernel in it which tasted as sweet as a nut. But I sold my peach and got so much for it, that when I go to town, I can buy half a dozen with the money."

The father shook his head, and said, "This is prudent, indeed, but not childlike or natural. Heaven forbid that thou shouldst grow up a miser!"

"And thou, Edmund?" asked the father.

Edmund modestly replied, "I carried my peach to poor George, our neighbor's son, who is ill of a fever. He would not take it, so I laid it on his bed and came away."

"Well," said the father, "which of you has made the best use of his peach?"

"Brother Edmund!" cried the other three. Edmund was silent, and his mother tenderly kissed him with tears in her eyes.

—*Krummacher's Parables.*

NO PAY, NO WORK.

"LITTLE boy, will you help an old man up the hill with his load?" These words were spoken by an old gray-headed man, who was drawing a hand-cart with a bag of corn in it.

"I can't; I'm in a hurry," said Hanson, the boy addressed, who was in a hurry to get to the play-ground, that he might play with the boys before school began.

The old man sat down on a stone at the foot of the hill to rest himself, and gather strength for the ascent. He gazed after Hanson, and sighed as he thought of the days of his youth, now far back in the past. A

tear was beginning to gather in his eye when another little boy, John Wilson, came up to him and said, "Shall I help you up the hill with your load?"

The old man brushed his eyes with the cuff of his coat, and replied, "I shall be very glad to have your help." He then arose, and taking the tongue of his cart, pulled with all his strength, while John pushed behind. When they reached the top of the hill, John discovered a rent in the bag on the under side, from which the corn was dropping out, and putting forth all his strength, he turned the bag so that there might be no further loss of corn.

"I am much obliged to you," said the old man, as John set out upon a run for the school-house; "and may the Lord reward you!" But John was out of hearing before the last words were spoken.

When John reached the school-house, he was about ten minutes too late, so that he received a bad mark for want of punctuality. This was a very unusual thing for him, as he was remarkable for punctuality.

If he had told the master what had detained him he would have been excused; but he thought it would not look well to do so. So he took the mark without saying a word.

When the school was over, Hanson said to John, "What did you get a bad mark for?"

"Because I was too late," said John.

"I know that; but why were you not in time? I saw you at the foot of the hill, only a little way behind me. I suppose you stopped to help old Stevenson up the hill with his grist. He tried to stop me, but *I* did not work for nothing."

"Nor I either."

"Oh, you got a bad mark from the schoolmaster Do you call that pay for your work?"

"You don't know what else I got."

"*Did* you get anything else?"

"I did not do it expecting to get anything for it."

"Why did you do it then?"

"Because I thought I ought to help the poor old man."

"If you have a mind to be such a fool as to work for nothing, you may. *No pay, no work*, is my rule."

To be kind and useful is my rule, John might have said with truth; but he did not say so. Nor did John really work for nothing when he performed acts of kindness. In the first place, he had the approval of his conscience, which was worth something. In the second place, he had the pleasure of doing good, which was worth something. In the third place, he had the gratitude and love of many, also worth something. And lastly, and best of all, he had the approbation of God, who has promised that even a cup of cold water given to a disciple shall not lose its reward.

—ALDEN.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I LOVE it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedew'd it with tears, and embalm'd it with sighs:
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would you learn the spell?—a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I linger'd near
The hallow'd seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give
To fit me to die and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watch'd her many a day,
When her eyes grew dim, and her locks were grey:
And I almost worshipp'd her when she smiled
And turn'd from her Bible to bless her child.
Years roll'd on, but the last one sped—
My idol was shatter'd, my earth-star fled;
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow;
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died,
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

—ELIZA COOK.

COALS OF FIRE.

JOE BENTON lived in the country. Not far from his father's house was a large pond. His cousin Herbert had given him a beautiful boat, elegantly rigged with mast and sails, all ready to be launched. The boat was snugly stowed away in a little cave near the pond. At three o'clock on a Saturday afternoon the boys were to meet and launch the boat. On the morning of that day Joe rose bright and early. It was a lovely morning. Joe was in fine spirits. He chuckled with delight when he thought of the afternoon. "Glorious!" said he to himself, as he finished dressing. "Now, I have just time to run down to the pond before breakfast, and see that the boat is all right. Then I'll hurry home and learn my lessons for Monday, so as to be ready for the afternoon."

Away he went scampering towards the cave where the boat had been left ready for the launch. As he drew near he saw signs of mischief, and felt uneasy. The big stone before the cave had been rolled away.

The moment he looked within he burst into a loud cry. There was the beautiful boat, which his cousin had given him, with its mast broken, its sails all torn to pieces, and a large hole bored in the bottom!

Joe stood for a moment motionless with grief and surprise; then with his face all red with anger he exclaimed, "I know who did it! It was Fritz Brown; but I'll pay him for *this* caper—see if I don't!" Then he pushed back the boat into the cave, and, hurrying along the road a little way, he fastened a string across the footpath, a few inches from the ground, and carefully hid himself among the bushes.

Presently a step was heard, and Joe eagerly peeped out. He expected to see Fritz coming along; but instead of Fritz it was his cousin Herbert. He was the last person Joe cared to meet just then, so he unfastened the string and lay quiet, hoping that he would not observe him. But Herbert's quick eye soon caught sight of him, and Joe had to tell him all that had happened; and he wound up by saying, "But never mind; I mean to make him smart for it!"

"Well, what do you mean to do, Joe?" asked Herbert.

"Why, you see, Fritz carries a basket of eggs to market every morning, and I mean to trip him over this string, and smash them all!"

Joe knew that this was not a right feeling, and expected to get a sharp lecture from his cousin. But, to his surprise, he only said, in a quiet way, "Well, I think Fritz does deserve some punishment: but the string is an old trick; I can tell you something better than that."

"What?" cried Joe, eagerly.

"How would you like to put a few coals of fire on his head?"

"What! *burn* him?" asked Joe, doubtfully. His cousin nodded his head, and gave a queer smile. Joe clapped his hands. "Bravo!" said he. "that's just

the thing, cousin Herbert. You see, his hair is so thick he would not get burned much before he had time to shake them off; but I would just like to see him jump once. Now tell me how to do it—quick!"

"'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing, thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.' There," said Herbert, "that is God's way of doing it; and I think that is the best kind of punishment that Fritz could have."

You should have seen how long Joe's face grew while Herbert was speaking. "Now I do say, cousin Herbert," added Joe, "that is a real take in. Why, it is no punishment at all."

"Try it once," said Herbert. "Treat Fritz kindly, and I am certain that he will feel so ashamed and unhappy, that kicking or beating him would be like fun in comparison."

Joe was not really a bad boy, but he was now in a very ill temper; and he said sullenly, "But you have told me a story, cousin Herbert. You said this kind of coal would *burn*, it does not burn at all."

"You are mistaken about that," said Herbert. "I have known such coals burn up malice, envy, ill-feeling, and a great deal of rubbish, and then leave some cold hearts feeling as warm and pleasant as possible."

Joe drew a long sigh. "Well, tell me a good coal to put on Fritz's head, and I'll see about it."

"You know," said Herbert, "that Fritz is very poor, and can seldom buy himself a book, although he is very fond of reading; but *you* have quite a library. Now suppose—but no, I won't suppose anything about it. Just think over the matter, and find your own coal. But be sure to kindle it with love, for no other fire burns like that." Then Herbert sprang over the fence and went whistling away.

Before Joe had time to collect his thoughts, he saw Fritz coming down the road, carrying a basket of eggs

in one hand and a pail of milk in the other. For a moment the thought crossed Joe's mind, "What a *grand* smash it would have been, if Fritz *had* fallen over the string!" But he drove it away in an instant, and was glad enough that the string was in his pocket. Fritz started and looked very uncomfortable when he first caught sight of Joe; but the good fellow began at once with, "Fritz, have you much time to read now?"

"Sometimes," said Fritz, "when I have driven the cows home and done all my work, I have a little daylight left; but the trouble is, I have read every book I can get hold of."

"How would you like to read my new book of travels?"

Fritz's eyes fairly danced. "Oh! may I, may I? I would be *so* careful of it."

"Yes," answered Joe, "and perhaps I have some others you would like to read. And Fritz," he added, a little slyly, "I would ask you to come and help to sail my new boat this afternoon; but some one has gone and broken the mast, and torn the sails, and made a great hole in the bottom. Who *do* you suppose did it?"

Fritz's head dropped on his breast; but after a moment he looked up with great effort, and said—

"Oh, Joe, *I* did it; but I cannot tell you how sorry I am. You did not know I was so mean when you promised me the book, did you?"

"Well, I rather thought you did it," said Joe slowly.

"And yet you never—" Fritz could not get any further. He felt as if he would choke; his face was as red as a coal. He could stand it no longer, so off he walked without saying a word.

"That coal *does* burn," said Joe to himself. "I know Fritz would rather I had smashed every egg in his basket than that I had offered to lend him that book." Joe took two or three leaps along the road,

and went home with a light heart and a grand appetite for breakfast.

When the boys met at the appointed hour, they found Fritz there before them, eagerly trying to repair the injuries; and as soon as he saw Joe he hurried to present him with a beautiful flag, which he had bought for the boat with a part of his egg money! The boat was repaired and launched, and made a grand trip; and everything turned out as cousin Herbert had said, for Joe's heart was so warm and full of kind thoughts, that he never had been happier in his life. And Joe found out afterwards that the more he used of this curious kind of coal, the larger supply he had on hand —kind thoughts, kind words, and kind actions.

I should be glad to have all of you, my young friends, engage in this branch of the coal business. If all families were careful to keep a supply of Joe Benton's coals on hand, and make a good use of them, how happy they would be! A. P.

SPEAK GENTLY.

SPEAK gently! it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently! let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently! love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently friendship's accents flow,
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child;
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild;—
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run—
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor,
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring; know
They must have toil'd in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so,
Oh! win them back again!

Speak gently! He who gave His life
To bend men's stubborn will,
When elements were in fierce strife,
Said to them, "Peace, be still!"

Speak gently! 'tis a little thing
Dropp'd in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy which it may bring
Eternity shall tell.

THE LITTLE HERO OF HAARLEM.

At an early period in the history of Holland, a boy was born in Haarlem, a town remarkable for its variety of fortune in war, but happily still more so for its manufactures and inventions in peace. His father was a *sluicer*—that is, one whose employment it was to open and shut the sluices or large oak-gates, which placed at certain regular distances, close the entrance of the canals, and secure Holland from the danger to which it seems exposed, of finding itself under water, rather than above it. When water is wanted, the sluicer raises the sluices more or less, as required, as a cook turns the cock of a fountain, and closes them again carefully at night; otherwise the water would flow into the canals, then overflow them, and inundate the whole country; so that even the little children in Holland are fully aware of the importance of a punctual discharge of the sluicer's duties. The boy was about eight years old when, one day, he asked permission to take some cakes to a poor blind man, who lived at the other side of the dike. His father gave him leave, but charged

him not to stay too late. The child promised, and set off on his little journey. The blind man thankfully partook of his young friend's cakes, and the boy, mindful of his father's orders, did not wait, as usual, to hear one of the old man's stories, but as soon as he had seen him eat one muffin, took leave of him to return home.

As he went along by the canals, then quite full, for it was in October, and the autumn rains had swelled the waters,—the boy now stooped to pull the little blue flowers which his mother loved so well, now, in childish gaiety, hummed some merry song. The road gradually became more solitary, and soon neither the joyous shout of the villager returning to his cottage home, nor the rough voice of the carter grumbling at his lazy horses, was any longer to be heard. The little fellow now perceived that the blue of the flowers in his hands was scarcely distinguishable from the green of the surrounding herbage, and he looked up in some dismay. The night was falling; not, however, a dark winter night, but one of those beautiful, clear, moonlight nights, in which every object is perceptible, though not as distinctly as by day. The child thought of his father, of his injunction, and was preparing to quit the ravine in which he was almost buried, and to regain the beach, when suddenly a slight noise, like the trickling of water upon pebbles, attracted his attention. He was near one of the large sluices, and he now carefully examines it, and soon discovers a hole in the wood, through which the water was flowing. With the instant perception which every child in Holland would have, the boy saw that the water must soon enlarge the hole through which it was now only dropping, and that utter and general ruin would be the consequence of the inundation of the country that must follow. To see, to throw away the flowers, to climb from stone to stone till he reached the hole, and to put his finger into it, was the work of a moment, and to his delight he finds that he has succeeded in stopping the flow of the water.

This was all very well for a little while, and the child thought only of the success of his device. But the night was closing in, and with the night came the cold. The little boy looked around in vain. No one came. He shouted—he called loudly—no one answered. He resolved to stay there all night, but alas! the cold was becoming every moment more biting, and the poor finger fixed in the hole began to feel benumbed, and the numbness soon extended to the hand, and thence throughout the whole arm. The pain became still greater, still harder to bear, but yet the boy moved not. Tears rolled down his cheeks as he thought of his father, of his mother, of his little bed, where he might now be sleeping so soundly; but still the little fellow stirred not, for he knew that did he remove the small slender finger which he had opposed to the escape of the water, not only would he himself be drowned, but his father, his brothers, his neighbors — nay, the whole village. We know not what faltering of purpose, what momentary failures of courage there might have been during that long and terrible night; but certain it is, that at daybreak he was found in the same painful position by a clergyman returning from attendance on a deathbed, who, as he advanced, thought he heard groans, and bending over the dike, discovered a child seated on a stone, writhing from pain, and with pale face and tearful eyes.

"In the name of wonder, boy," he exclaimed, "what are you doing there?"

"I am hindering the water from running out," was the answer, in perfect simplicity, of the child, who, during that whole night, had been evincing such heroic fortitude and undaunted courage.

The Muse of History has handed down to posterity many a warrior, the destroyer of thousands of his fellow-men—but she has left us in ignorance of the name of this real little hero of Haarlem.

—*Sharpe's London Magazine.*

LUCY GRAY.

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray;
And, when I cross'd the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The ~~solitary~~ child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor,—
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door.

You yet may spy the ~~fawn~~ at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

"That, father, will I gladly do;
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The ~~minster~~ clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon."

At this the father raised his hook
And snapp'd a ~~fagot~~ band;
He plied his work; and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe:
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet ~~dispersed~~ the powd'ry snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time;
She wander'd up and down,
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reach'd the town.

The wretched parents, all that night,
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood
That overlook'd the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood
A furlong from their door.

They wept, and turning homeward, cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet!"
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hill's edge
They track'd the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone wall;

And then an open field they cross'd;
The marks were still the same;
They track'd them on, nor ever lost
And to the bridge they came.

They follow'd from the snowy bank
The footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!

Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

—WORDSWORTH.

ADHERENCE TO TRUTH.

PETRARCH, a famous Italian poet, who lived about five hundred years ago, recommended himself to the confidence and affection of Cardinal Colonna, in whose family he resided, by his candor and strict regard to truth. A violent quarrel occurred in the house of this nobleman, which was carried so far that recourse was had to arms. The cardinal wished to know the origin of this affair; and, that he might be able to decide with justice, he assembled all his people, and obliged them to bind themselves by a most solemn oath on the Gospels to declare the whole truth. Every one, without exception, took the oath; even the cardinal's brother was not excused. Petrarch, in his turn, presenting himself, the cardinal closed the book, and said, "As to you, Petrarch, your word is sufficient."

George Washington, the famous American general, and first President of the United States, when a boy, received a pretty little hatchet as a present. Like most boys, he was delighted to try the power of his new present on anything that came in his way, and among other things totally ruined a favorite cherry tree belonging to his father. Happening to pass the tree, his father at once remarked the mischief that had been done, and suspecting the culprit, asked his son if he knew who had done it. Washington at once replied, "You know, father, I can't tell a lie; I did it." His father was sadly grieved at the wanton destruction of his favorite tree, but was so delighted at the honest reply of his son, that he forgave him the injury, while he cautioned him to be more careful in future. Truthfulness is one of the brightest ornaments in a man's character, and one that may be attained by every one who chooses to exert himself for it.

THE DILIGENT EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.

It is said of Vespasian, the Roman emperor, that he made a practice every night of calling himself to account for the actions of the past day. When he found he had lived any one day without doing some good action, he entered upon his diary the notable confession, "I have lost a day."

A gentleman had a farm worth 1000 dollars a year, which he kept in his own hands; but, losing by it every year, he was at last obliged to sell half of it, and to let the rest to a farmer for one-and-twenty years. Before this term was expired, the farmer, one day bringing his rent, asked him if he would sell his land. "Why," said the gentleman, "will you buy it?" "Yes, if it please you," said the farmer. "How?" returned he; "that's strange! tell me how this comes to pass, that I could not live on twice as much land as you have, though it was my own, while you, after paying the rent for it, are able to buy it?" "Oh, sir!" said the farmer, "but two words make the difference; you said, Go, and I said, Come." "What's the meaning of that?" said the gentleman. "Why," replied the other, "you lay in bed or took your pleasure, and sent others about your business, and I rose betimes and saw my business done myself."

THE FARMER AND THE LAWYER.

One day, a farmer named Bernard, having finished his business at the market-town, found some hours of leisure at his disposal, and resolved to employ them in consulting a lawyer. He had often heard of Mr Longhead as a man of the highest reputation; and inquiring his address, he went to his house.

Having found his way into his presence, after numerous other clients had departed, he was asked to take a seat and state his business.

"The fact is, Mr Longhead," said the farmer, turning his hat round and round in his hand, "I have heard so much of your wisdom that, finding myself in town, and with an hour or two at my disposal, I thought I could not spend them better than by having an opinion from you."

"I am obliged by your confidence, my friend," said the lawyer; "no doubt you have some case going on in the courts of law?"

"Case! I hold all cases in horror; and never has Bernard had a word of dispute with any one."

"Then it is a division of family property?"

"Excuse me, sir; our family, living as we do all together, have never divided our inheritance."

"Some contract of sale or purchase, then, is what you want?"

"Oh, no—not at all!"

"What, then, can you want with me?" said the lawyer, much surprised.

"Why, sir," said Bernard, with a broad grin, "I have told you; I want an opinion—my money is ready, of course—for I wish to profit by being in town, do you see."

Mr Longhead smiled, took a pen, and asked the farmer his name.

"Peter Bernard," he replied, glad at being at last understood.

"Your age?"

"Forty years, or thereabouts."

"Your profession?"

"My profession! You mean what I do? Oh, I am a farmer."

The lawyer wrote two lines, folded the paper, and gave it to his strange client.

"Done already?" cried Bernard. "Well, to be

sure—before one can say Jack Robinson. What is to pay, learned sir?"

"Five dollars."

Bernard paid gladly, made his bow, and went away much pleased at having profited by the opportunity.

When he reached home, it was four o'clock. The journey had fatigued him, and he entered the house resolved to rest. His hay had been cut for some days, and was now dry; and a lad came to ask if it should be carried in.

"To-night!" said the farmer's wife, who had now joined her husband; "it would be a sin to go to work again so late, when the work can be done as well to-morrow."

The lad said that the weather might change, and that the carts and everything were ready; but the farmer's wife would not hear of it.

Bernard listened to the two, and was at a loss how to decide, when all of a sudden he recalled the lawyer's note. "A moment," he cried; "I have an *opinion*. I had it of a famous man, and it cost me five dollars. It will get us out of all our difficulties. Wife, you can read—here it is; what does it say?"

The wife took the paper and read these two lines: "PETER BERNARD, NEVER PUT OFF TILL TO-MORROW WHAT YOU CAN DO TO-DAY."

"There you have it," cried the farmer delighted. "Come, look sharp; out with the carts, the lads, and the lasses, and let us bring in the hay."

His wife would fain have resisted; but he declared that he was not going to pay five dollars for an opinion for no good, and that the advice of the lawyer must be followed; and he himself set the example by going out to the field at once.

What followed showed the wisdom of his conduct; for during the night the weather changed—an unforeseen storm burst over the valley; and on the following

day, the river had overflowed its banks, and dragged all the outstanding hay into its current. The harvest of the neighboring farmers was entirely destroyed; Bernard alone lost nothing.

This first experience gave him such faith in the lawyer's opinion, that he adopted it for a rule of conduct, and consequently became — thanks to his method and industry—one of the wealthiest farmers in the country. Nor did he forget that he owed it to the lawyer, to whom he carried every year a couple of fat fowls.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

BETTER than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank or titles a hundredfold,
Is a healthful body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please.
A heart that can feel for a neighbor's woe,
And share in his joy with a friendly glow,
With sympathies large enough to infold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in a humble sphere;
Doubly blest with content and health,
Untried by the lust or the cares of wealth
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennoble the poor man's cot;
For mind and morals, on Nature's plan,
Are the genuine test of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when their labors close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep;
Bring sleeping draughts to the downy bed,
Where Luxury pillows his aching head:

His simpler opiate Labor deems
A shorter road to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in realms of thought and books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and the good of yore.
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,
The glories of empires pass'd away,
The world's great drama will thus unfold,
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside charities come,—
The shrine of love and the haven of life,
Hallow'd by mother, or sister, or wife.
However humble that home may be,
Or tried with sorrows by heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And centre there, are better than gold.

Better than gold in affliction's hour
Is the balm of love, with its soothing power;
Better than gold on a dying bed
Is the hand that pillows the sinking head.
When the pride and glory of life decay,
And earth and its vanities fade away,
The prostrate suff'rer needs not to be told
That trust in heaven is better than gold.

—ALEXANDER SMART.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

MARY and her father still continued their painful journey, and had already walked more than twenty miles without being able to find a night's lodging. The little money which they had was nearly exhausted, and they knew not where to obtain subsistence. It cost them a

great trial to solicit charity, but they were obliged to submit to it. They presented themselves before a great number of doors, but they met with scarcely anything but repulses, accompanied by abuse. Sometimes, they could only get a little piece of dry bread, and some water from the nearest fountain. Sometimes, indeed, they received a little soup or some greens, and here and there some remains of meat or pastry. After having passed several days in this manner, they were very glad to be allowed to sleep in a barn.

One day the road appeared endless, as they travelled between hills and mountains covered with trees. They had walked a long time without seeing any village, when the old man began to feel very weak. He fell, pale and speechless, at the foot of a hill covered with pines, on a heap of dried leaves. Mary was overcome with fear and anxiety, and overwhelmed with grief. In vain did she seek for a little fresh water in the neighborhood, she could not find the least drop; in vain did she cry for assistance, the echo alone answered her.

On whatever side she looked, no house was to be seen. Almost worn out with fatigue, she ran to the top of the hill, in hopes of having a better view of the surrounding country; and at last she discovered behind the hill, and quite at its foot, a cottage, surrounded by fields and meadows and completely shut in by the forest. She ran down and arrived quite out of breath. With tears in her eyes she asked assistance in a broken voice. In God's providence both the peasant and his wife, who were advanced in years, were kind-hearted people. The paleness, and tears, and agony of the poor girl touched them. "Put a horse to the little waggon," said the farmer's wife to her husband, "we will bring this sick old man here." The farmer went out to get his horse and to harness it, and his wife took two mattresses, an earthen pitcher of fresh water, and a bottle of vinegar.

As soon as Mary knew that the waggon would be obliged to go round the hill, and that it was a good half-hour's ride, she went before with the water and vinegar the same path by which she had come, and by this means arrived sooner where she had left her father. He had recovered a little, and was sitting at the foot of a pine tree, and it was with great joy that he saw the return of his daughter, whose absence had caused him some anxiety. As soon as the farmer and his wife arrived, they placed him in the waggon, and carried him to the farm, where they gave him a neat little room, a closet and a kitchen, which were then unoccupied. The farmer's wife made him a nice bed, and a bench was sufficient for Mary, who would not quit her father's pillow.

The illness of James was but a weakness occasioned by bad food, bad rest, and the fatigue of the journey. The good farmer's wife spared nothing to relieve the sick man. These kind people had been in the habit of going every year to a fair in the neighbouring village, but they agreed this time to remain at home, and to employ the money which they would have spent, in

procuring medicines and delicacies for the invalid. Mary thanked them with tears in her eyes. "Oh! then," said she, "there are kind people everywhere, and it is often in the most unlikely places that we find the most compassionate hearts." As the old man grew better, Mary was constantly seated beside his bed; but she did not sit there idle—she had her knitting and sewing, and in these employments she occupied herself with great industry for the farmer's household. The farmer's wife was enchanted with her taste for work, and her modest and reserved demeanor.

By the great care which they had taken of James, and the excellent food which they had given him, he was so far restored as to be able to sit up; and as idleness had always been contrary to his habits, he began again to resume his basket-making. Mary, as before, gathered for him branches of willow and hazel twigs, and his first production was a pretty little convenient basket which he offered to the farmer's wife as a token of gratitude. He had exactly guessed her taste. The basket was elegant, but strong and solid; branches of willow, stained with deep red and interwoven in the cover, formed the initials of the farmer's wife, and the date. The border was formed of green, brown, and yellow branches, representing a thatched cottage, on each side of which was a pine tree. This pretty basket was the admiration of the whole house. The farmer's wife received the present with great joy, and the allusion made to her farm, which was called "Pine Cottage," gave her peculiar pleasure.

When James felt himself quite recovered, he said to his hosts, "We have been long enough a burden to you—it is time I should go and seek my fortune elsewhere." "What is the matter with you, my good James?" said the farmer, taking him by the hand. "I hope we have not offended you. Why, then, would you wish to leave us? The year is already very far advanced. Do you not see the leaves on the

trees, how yellow they are turning? Winter is at our doors. Do you wish to be sick again?" James assured them he had no other motive for leaving them than the fear of being troublesome.

"Troublesome, indeed!" said the farmer; "don't distress yourself about that—in the little room where you are you cannot incommode us in any way, and you gain enough to supply your wants." "Yes, yes," added the farmer's wife, "Mary alone earns enough with her needle and her knitting; and you, if you wish to continue to exercise the trade of basket-maker, be easy. Not long since, when I went to the mill, I took with me your pretty basket. All the countrywomen that were there wished to have one like it. I will undertake to procure customers. You will not soon be in want of work." So James and Mary consented to remain, and their hosts expressed a sincere pleasure at this decision. —SCHMIDT'S *Basket of Flowers.*

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.

AN old Clock, that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this the Dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the Hands made an ineffectual effort to continue their course, the Wheels remained motionless with surprise, the Weights hung speechless; each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the Dial instituted a formal inquiry into the cause of the stoppage; when Hands, Wheels, Weights, with one voice, protested their innocence. But now a faint tick was heard below the Pendulum, who thus spoke:—

"I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present

stoppage, and am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking."

Upon hearing this, the old Clock became so enraged that it was on the point of *striking*

"Lazy wire!" exclaimed the Dial-plate.

"As to that," replied the Pendulum, "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! you have had nothing to do all your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen! Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and wag backwards and forwards, year after year, as I do!"

"As to that," said the Dial, "is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?"

"But what," resumed the Pendulum, "although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out. Besides, I am really weary of my way of life; and, if you please, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. This morning I happened to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course only of the next twenty-four hours—perhaps some of you above there can give me the exact sum?"

The Minute Hand, being *quick at figures*, instantly replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times!"

"Exactly so," replied the Pendulum. "Well, I appeal to you all, if the thought of this was not enough to fatigue one. And when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect. So, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thought I to myself, I'll stop!"

The Dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but, resuming its gravity, at last replied,

"Dear Master Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this suggestion. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do; and though this may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is, will it fatigue us to *do?* Would you now do me the favor to give about half-a-dozen strokes to illustrate my argument?"

The Pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace.

"Now," resumed the Dial, "was that exertion at all fatiguing to you?"

"Not in the least!" replied the Pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of *sixty*, but of *millions*."

"Very good," replied the Dial; "but recollect, that though you may *think* of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to *execute* but one; and that however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the Pendulum.

"Then, I hope," added the Dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the maids will lie in bed till noon if we stand idling thus."

Upon this the Weights, who had never been accused of *light* conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the Wheels began to turn, the Hands began to move, the Pendulum to wag, and, to its credit, it ticked as loud as ever; while a beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen shutter, shining full upon the Dial-plate, made it brighten up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast, he declared, upon looking at the clock, that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

—JANE TAYLOR.

CONTENTED JOHN.

One honest John Tomkins, a hedger and ditcher,
Although he was poor, did not want to be richer;
For all such vain wishes in him were prevented,
By a fortunate habit of being contented.

Though cold was the weather, or dear was the food,
John never was found in a murmuring mood;
For this he was constantly heard to declare,—
What he could not prevent, he would cheerfully bear.

"For why should I grumble and murmur?" he said;
"If I cannot get meat, I can surely get bread;
And though fretting may make my calamities deeper,
It never can cause bread and cheese to be cheaper."

If John was afflicted with sickness or pain,
He wish'd himself better, but did not complain,
Nor lie down and fret in despondence and sorrow,
But said, that he hoped to be better to-morrow.

If any one wrong'd him, or treated him ill,
Why, John was good-natured and sociable still;
For he said, that revenging the injury done
Would be making two rogues when there need be but one.

And thus honest John, though his station was humble,
Pass'd through this sad world without even a grumble;
And I wish that some folks, who are greater and richer,
Would copy John Tomkins, the hedger and ditcher.

—Jane Taylor.

THE COW'S BELL.

FRANCIS, a farmer's son, took care of his father's cows in the forest. Each of them had a bell tied round her neck; but the most beautiful cow had the most beautiful bell. One day a man passing through the forest said to Francis, "What a beautiful bell that cow has! how much did it cost?" "Two dollars," answered Francis. "Not more than that!" cried the stranger; "I would gladly give four for it." The young shepherd, when he heard that, took off the bell, and gave it to the man, at the same time gladly putting the four dollars in his pocket.

But as the cow no longer had her bell, Francis could not hear in what part of the forest she was feeding. Soon she wandered far from the herd. The stranger, who was a thief, was watching for her, and hid behind some brushwood. When he saw her alone, he quietly drove her away.

Poor Francis went home, his eyes swollen with crying for the loss of the cow. "Ah!" said he, "how could I think the rogue paid me so much for the bell only to carry away the cow?" But his mother said, "Did you never think, my dear Francis, why the cows wore bells?" "No, indeed," said Francis. "I said to myself, here is two dollars to be gained; the bell is useless; the cow gives no more milk because of it. When the cow was lost, I at once saw the use of the bell."

"Take care in future, my boy," said his father, "never to throw away an old custom as useless, till you have found out why it first came into use. You are not the first who has suffered from the folly of slighting ancient foot-marks, nor the first who has been sorry for it, when too late."

—LAURIE'S *Series.*

THE MISER PUNISHED.

Francis [*At Mr Gripe's door.*] Is the master at home?

Gripe. What do you want with the master?

Francis. Mr Gripe has advertised that he has lost a bag containing a large sum of money.

Gripe. I am Gripe. Come in quickly, my worthy fellow! my good fellow! my brave fellow! Have you found my lost treasure?

Francis. I don't know if this is your treasure; but as £5 was offered to whoever found a bag containing £100, I should very much like to receive the £5.

Gripe. Nothing can be fairer. A promise is a promise. Let me see the bag.

Francis. Here it is; and if it belongs to you, I'll give it you for the £5.

Gripe. It is my lost treasure. I will give you 10s. reward!

Francis. But you promised £5 to whoever would bring you a bag containing £100.

Gripe. My bag contained £105. You have, I suspect, kept the £5 in your own hands.

Francis. I would not do such a base thing. If I had meant to do that, I might as well have kept the whole bag. The Justice will decide between us.

Justice. Mr Gripe, you advertised that you had lost a bag of money containing £100. Now, here is Francis, an honest man, well known to us all, who offers you a bag which you say is yours, and claims the promised reward. What have you to say?

Gripe. Mr Justice, allow me to point out to you that the bag I lost contained £105.

Justice. I understand you promised £5 to whoever brought you a lost bag containing £100. And now you offer only 10s., because you pretend that your bag

contained £105. However, I shall count the money. [*He counts the money.*] This money is not yours, for there are only £100 here. It is a clear case. Francis, you will keep this money till the proper owner reclaims it.

Gripe. But, Mr Justice——

Justice. Silence, Mr Gripe! The matter is settled.

ANTONY CANOVA, THE SCULPTOR.

It was in the little village of Possagno, in the Venetian territory, that Canova first saw the light of day. Falieri, the senator, was lord of this village. One day he gave a great dinner, and there was served up to his guests the image of a lion beautifully formed in butter. This unexpected dish gave as much surprise to the senator as to his numerous guests. He ordered his cook to come up stairs, that he might congratulate him in presence of the party, so much pleased was he with the marvellous work of art. The cook was introduced into the banqueting-hall, and was so overwhelmed with praises that the tears came into his eyes.

"You weep for joy?" said his master to him.

"No, my lord," he replied; "it is through despair at not having executed the work of art which is the object of so much admiration."

"I should like to make the artist's acquaintance," said the senator.

The cook withdrew, assuring his master that his wish would be gratified; and in a few minutes returned, leading in the artist. He was a little peasant boy, about ten years old, meanly clad, for his parents were poor. Poor as they were, however, these worthy people had exposed themselves to great straits rather than deny to their son lessons in the art of sculpture, which a professor had undertaken to give for a very moderate fee.

Antony Canova had early exhibited a strong faculty for statuary. He modelled clay when he could get it, and, with the help of his knife, carved little figures out of all the chips of wood he could lay his hands on. His parents were acquainted with the cook of Senator Falieri. On the morning of the great dinner, he came to impart the difficulty he had in giving a graceful finish to the table. He had exhausted all the resources of his skill; but he still wanted one of those effective dishes, capable of producing a great sensation, which rear on a solid basis the reputation of the cook of a great house. The little Canova thought for a minute, and then said: "Do not trouble yourself; I shall soon come to you. Leave it to me, and I shall answer for it that your table will be complete." The boy went as he had promised to the senator's house, showed the cook the design of the figure which he meant to execute, answered for the success of the attempt, and cut the block of butter with that purity of style and perfect taste which he afterwards displayed in cutting blocks of marble. Surprised as the guests had been by the work, they were much more so when they beheld the workman. He was loaded with attentions, and from this time forth Falieri was the patron of the young Canova.

The happy issue of the first attempt of the little peasant boy suddenly made his name famous, and opened up for him the road to permanent success. Falieri placed him as a pupil in the study of old Torretti, the best sculptor of the time. Two years after—that is to say, when Canova was only twelve years of age—he sent to his patron a gift of two marble fruit-baskets of his own workmanship, which still adorn the Falieri palace at Venice.

You will learn elsewhere the claims of this great artist to the admiration of posterity. All the academies of Europe solicited the honor of enrolling him among their members. All the kings vied with each

other in enriching their national museums with the beautiful products of his genius. He was elected Prince-perpetual of the Academy of St Luke at Rome —a title conferred on no other artist since his death. The funeral ceremony with which his remains were honored was the grandest which had ever occurred in connection with the fine arts since the death of Raphael.

"LOOK ALOFT!"

[An anecdote is told by Dr Godman of a ship boy who was about to fall from the rigging, when he was saved by the mate's calling out, "Look aloft, you lubber!"]

THE ship boy was clambering up the high mast,
When a glance on the deck far below him he cast;
His head swam with fear, and thick came his breath,
"Look aloft!" cried a sailor, and saved him from death.

So do you, boy—since up life's rough hill you must go,
And see the steep precipice far down below,
Pause not to gaze over it, raise up your head,
"Look aloft, look aloft!" and in safety you 'll tread.

When you find in yourself some low petty desire,
Feel cowardly, weak, lacking strength to aspire;
Take a noble example, don't stand still and fret,
"Look aloft, boy, aloft!" you may grow to it yet.

When, spite of all efforts, misfortune shall come,
Or sorrow shall darken your life or your home;
Raise your head and your heart with hope and with prayer,
"Look aloft, look aloft, boy!" no sorrow is there.

MAN OVERBOARD!"

THE order was given to reduce sail, and the men lay out on the topsail yards. I noticed that my friend Fred Borders was the first man to spring up the shrouds and lay out on the maintop-sail yard. It was so dark that I could scarcely see the masts. While I was gazing up, I thought I observed a dark object drop from the yard; at the same moment there was a loud shriek, followed by a plunge in the sea. This was succeeded by the sudden cry, "Man overboard!" and instantly the whole ship was in an uproar.

No one who has not heard that cry can understand the dreadful feelings that are raised in the human breast by it. My heart at first seemed to leap into my mouth, and almost choke me. Then a terrible fear, which I cannot describe, shot through me, when I thought it might be my comrade Fred Borders. But these thoughts and feelings passed like lightning —in a far shorter time than it takes to write them down. The shriek was still ringing in my ears, when the captain roared—

"Down your helm! stand by to lower away the boats."

At the same moment he seized a light hen-coop and tossed it overboard, and the mate did the same with an oar in the twinkling of an eye. Almost without knowing what I did, or why I did it, I seized a great mass of oakum and rubbish that lay on the deck saturated with oil; I thrust it into the embers of the fire in the try-works,* and hurled it blazing into the sea.

The ship's head was thrown into the wind, and we were brought to as quickly as possible. A gleam of hope arose within me on observing that the mass I had thrown overboard continued still to burn; but when I saw how quickly it went astern, notwithstanding our vigorous efforts to stop the ship, my heart began to sink, and when, a few moments after, the light suddenly disappeared, despair seized upon me, and I gave my friend up for lost.

At that moment, strange to say, thoughts of my mother came into my mind. I remembered her words, "Call upon the Lord, my dear boy, when you are in trouble." Although I had given but little heed to prayer, or to my Maker, up to that time, I did pray, then and there, most earnestly that my messmate might be saved. I cannot say that I had much hope that my prayer would be answered—indeed I think I had none—still the mere act of crying in my distress to the Almighty afforded me a little relief, and it was with a good deal of energy that I threw myself into the first boat that was lowered, and pulled at the oar as if my own life depended on it.

A lantern had been fastened to the end of an oar and set up in the boat, and by its faint light I could see that the men looked very grave. Tom Lokins was steering, and I sat near him, pulling the aft oar.

"Do you think we 've any chance, Tom?" said I.

* Try-works, or boilers for melting the blubber into oil, on board a whale ship.

A shake of the head was the only reply.

"It must have been here away," said the mate, who stood up in the bow with a coil of rope at his feet, and a boat-hook in his hand. "Hold on, lads, did any one hear a cry?"

No one answered. We all ceased pulling, and listened intently; but the noise of the waves and the whistling of the winds were all the sounds we heard.

"What's that floating on the water?" said one of the men suddenly.

"Where away?" cried every one eagerly.

"Right off the lee-bow—there, don't you see it?"

At that moment a faint cry came floating over the black water, and died away in the breeze.

The single word "Hurrah!" burst from our throats with all the power of our lungs, and we bent to our oars till we well-nigh tore the rollocks out of the boat.

"Hold hard! stern all!" roared the mate, as we went flying down to leeward, and almost ran over the hen-coop, to which a human form was seen to be clinging with the tenacity of a drowning man. We had swept down so quickly, that we shot past it. In an agony of fear lest my friend should be again lost in the darkness, I leaped up and sprang into the sea. Tom Lokins, however, had noticed what I was about; he seized me by the collar of my jacket just as I reached the water, and held me with a grip like a vice till one of the men came to his assistance, and dragged me back into the boat. In a few minutes more we reached the hen-coop, and Fred was saved.

He was half dead with cold and exhaustion, poor fellow, but in a few minutes he began to recover, and before we reached the ship he could speak. His first words were to thank God for his deliverance. Then he said—

"And, thanks to the man that flung that light overboard. I should have gone down but for that. It showed me where the hen-coop was."

I cannot describe the feeling of joy that filled my heart when he said this.

"Ay, who was it that threw that fire overboard?" inquired one of the men.

"Don't know," replied another, "I think it was the cap'n."

"You'll find that out when we get aboard," cried the mate; "pull away, lads."

In five minutes Fred Borders was passed up the side and taken down below. In two minutes more we had him stripped naked, rubbed dry, wrapped in hot blankets, and set down on one of the lockers, with a hot brick at his feet, and a stiff can of hot rum and water in his hand. —R. M. BALLANTYNE.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sail'd the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day;
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth;
And he watch'd how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sail'd the Spanish main,
"I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laugh'd he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the north-east;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shudder'd and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leap'd her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so,
For I can weather the roughest gale,
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapp'd her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"—
And he steer'd for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answer'd never a word,—
A frozen corpse was he.

Lash'd to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turn'd to the skies,
The lantern gleam'd through the gleaming snow
On his fix'd and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasp'd her hands, and pray'd
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Him who still'd the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

To the rocks and breakers right ahead
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Look'd soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass she strove and sank—
Ho! ho! the breakers roar'd!

At daybreak on the black sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lash'd close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow;
Oh! save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe.

—LONGFELLOW.

THE VISION OF MIRZA.

WHEN I was at Grand Cairo I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others, I met with one entitled the "Visions of Mirza," which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public, when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first division, which I have translated word for word as follows:—

"On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hill of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, surely, said I, man is but a shadow, and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a

musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard; they put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men, upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

"I had been often told, that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius, and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and, as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability, that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me up from the ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirza,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.'

"He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, 'Cast thy eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.' 'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.' 'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity.' 'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a

thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?' 'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of eternity, which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now,' said he, 'this sea that is thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.' 'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide.' 'The bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is human life; consider it attentively.' Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number to about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. 'But tell me further,' said he, 'what thou discoverest on it.' 'I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trode upon than they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

"There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through, one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

"I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes, and danced before them; but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sank. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors, which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped, had they not been thus forced upon them.

"The genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. 'Take thine eyes off the bridge,' said he, 'and tell me if thou yet seest any thing thou dost not comprehend.' Upon looking up, 'What mean,' said I, 'those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches.' 'These,' said the genius, 'are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.'

"I here fetched a deep sigh. Alas, said I, man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death! The genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye

on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.' I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the further end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one-half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean, planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death, that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. 'The islands,' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore: there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye, or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them: every island is a paradise accommodated to its

respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives the opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him.' I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. 'At length,' said I, 'show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds that cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.' The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but, instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it." —ADDISON.

CAUTIONARY VERSES TO YOUTH.

My little dears who learn to read, pray early learn to shun
That very silly thing indeed, which people call a pun;
Read Entick's rules, and 'twill be found how simple an offence
It is to make the self-same sound afford a double sense.

For instance, *ale* may make you *ail*, your *aunt* an *ant* may kill;
You in a *vale* may buy a *veil*, and *Bill* may pay the *bill*.
Or, if to France your bark you steer, at Dover it may be,
A *peer appears* upon the *pier*, who, *blind*, still goes to *sea*.

Thus one might say, when to a treat good friends accept
our greeting.
'Tis *meet* that men who *meet* to eat, should eat their
meat when *meeting*.
Brawn on the *board's* no *bore* indeed, although from
boar prepared ;
Nor can the *fowl* on which we feed, *foul* feeding be
declared.

Thus one ripe fruit may be a *pear*, and yet be *pared*
again,
And still be one, which seemeth rare until we do ex-
plain.
It therefore should be all your aim to speak with ample
care,
For who, however fond of game, would choose to
swallow *hair ?*

A fat man's *gait* may make us smile, who has no *gate*
to close ;
The farmer sitting on the *stile*, no *stylish* person
knows.
Perfumers men of *scents* must be ; some *Scilly* men
are bright ;
A *brown* man oft deep *read* we see—a *black*, a wicked
wight.

Most wealthy men good *manors* have, however wealthy
they ;
And actors still the harder slave, the oftener they *play*.
So poets can't the *baize* obtain, unless their tailors
choose ;
While grooms and coachmen, not in vain, each evening
seek the *mews*.

The *dyer*, who by *dyeing* lives, a *dire* life maintains ;
The glazier, it is known receives—his profits for his
panes.

By gardeners *thyme* is *tied*, 'tis true, when spring is in its prime,
But *time* and *tide* won't wait for you, if you are *tied* for *time*.

Then now you see, my little dears, the way to make a pun;
A trick which you, through coming years, should sedulously shun.
The fault admits of no defence; for wheresoeer 'tis found,
You sacrifice the *sound* for *sense*—the *sense* is never *sound*.

So let your words, and actions too, one single meaning prove,
And, just in all you say and do, you 'll gain esteem and love;
In mirth and play no harm you 'll know, when duty's task is done;
But parents ne'er should let you go un*pun*ish'd for a *pun*.

JOSEPH II. AND THE GRENADIER.

THE Emperor Joseph II. of Austria was very fond of seeking for adventures. One morning, dressed in a very ordinary way, he got into a public conveyance, and told the driver to take him through the town. The cab having been obstructed by some carts, a soldier came up to the disguised monarch and said: "Comrade, will you give me a lift?"

Emperor. Gladly; jump up quickly, for I am in a hurry.

Soldier. Ah! you are a fine fellow; you only want moustaches to look like a soldier. Tell me now, [*tap-*

ping his royal neighbor on the shoulder,] are you a good hand at guessing?

Emperor. Maybe I am. Try.

Soldier. Well then, friend, give your whole mind to it, and tell me what I ate this morning for breakfast?

Emperor. Saurkraut and a cup of coffee.

Soldier. Better than that.

Emperor. A slice of ham, then.

Soldier. Better than that.

Emperor. Then it must have been a sausage, with a glass of wine after it to help digestion.

Soldier. Better than that. But, friend, you will never be able to guess: I breakfasted off a pheasant killed in the emperor's park. What do you think of that?

Emperor. I think that very extraordinary indeed. Had you not told me, I should never have guessed it. Now it is my turn, grenadier. I will put your sharpness to the proof. Tell me who I am, and what rank I hold in the army?

Soldier. Well, I should have taken you for an ensign; but you are not well enough dressed to be an officer.

Emperor. Better than that.

Soldier. You are a lieutenant, perhaps?

Emperor. Better than that.

Soldier. A captain, then?

Emperor. Better than that.

Soldier. Why, then, you must be a general.

Emperor. Better than that.

Soldier. [*Very much excited, and taking off his cap.*] I beg a thousand pardons of your excellency; you are a field-marshal of the empire. [*He tries to get out of the cab.*]

Emperor. Better than that.

Soldier. Pardon, sire, you are the emperor—I am a lost man. [*He jumps out of the cab. The emperor, delighted with the adventure, and laughing heartily,*

throws him a purse.] "Take that, soldier, in proof that you have lost nothing!"

TYROLESE EVENING HYMN.

COME to the sunset tree,
The day is past and gone,
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done.
The twilight star to heaven,
And the summer dew to flowers,
And rest to us is given,
By the cool soft evening hours.

Sweet is the hour of rest,
Pleasant the wood's low sigh,
And the gleaming of the west,
And the turf whereon we lie,
When the burden and the heat
Of labor's task are o'er,
And kindly voices greet
The tired one at his door.

Yes! tuneful is the sound
That dwells in whispering boughs,
Welcome the freshness round,
And the gale that fans our brows;
But rest more sweet and still
Than ever night-fall gave,
Our yearning hearts shall fill,
In the world beyond the grave.

There shall no tempests blow,
No scorching noon-tide heat;

There shall be no more snow,
No weary wandering feet;
So we lift our trusting eyes,
From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies,
To the Sabbath of our God.

—Mrs Hemans.

BOOTS AND HIS BROTHERS.

There was once a man who had three sons—Peter, Paul, and John. John was boots, of course, because he was the youngest. I cannot say the man had much more than these three sons, for he had not one penny to rub against another; so he told his sons over and over again they must go out into the world and try to earn their bread, for at home there was nothing to be looked for but starving to death.

Now, a little way from the man's cottage was the king's palace; and, you must know, just against the king's windows a great oak had sprung up, which was so stout and big that it took away all the light from the king's palace. The king had said he would give many, many dollars to the man who would fell the oak; but no one was man enough for that, for as soon as ever one chip of the oak's trunk flew off, two grew in its stead. The king also wanted a well dug, which was to hold water for the whole year; for all his neighbors had wells, but he had not any, and that he thought a shame. So the king said he would give any one who would dig him such a well as would hold water all the year round, both money and goods; but no one could do it, for the king's palace lay high up on a hill, and

they had dug but a few inches before they came upon the living rock.

But as the king had set his heart on having these two things done, he had it given out far and wide, in all the churches of his kingdom, that he who could fell the big oak in the king's courtyard, and get him a well that would hold water the whole year round, should have the princess and half the kingdom. Well, you may easily imagine there was many a man who came to try his luck; but all their hacking and hewing, and all their digging and delving was in vain. The oak got bigger and stouter at every stroke, and the rock did not get softer either. So one day these three brethren thought they would set off and try too, and their father had not a word to say against it; for even if they did not get the princess and half the kingdom, they might chance get a place somewhere with a good master, and that was all he wanted. Thus when the brothers said they thought of going to the palace, their father said: "Yes, at once." So Peter, Paul, and Jack went off from their home.

Well, they had not gone far before they came to a pine wood, and on one side of it rose a steep hill; and as they went along, they heard something hewing and hacking away up on the hill-side among the trees.

"I wonder, now, what it is that is hewing away up yonder!" said Jack.

"You are always so clever with your wonderings!" said Peter and Paul both at once. "What wonder is it, pray, that a woodcutter should stand and hack up on a hill-side?"

"Still, I should like to see what it is, after all," said Jack, and up he went.

"Oh, if you are such a child, it will do you good to go and take a lesson!" bawled out his brothers after him.

But Jack did not care for what they said; he

climbed the hill towards the place from whence the noise came, and when he reached the place, what do you think he saw? Why, an axe that stood there hacking and hewing, all by itself, at the trunk of a tree.

"Good-day!" said Jack. "So you stand here all alone and hew, do you?"

"Yes; here I have stood and hewed and hacked a long, long time, waiting for you," said the axe.

"Well, here I am at last," said Jack, as he pulled off its haft, and stuffed both head and haft into his wallet.

So when he got down again to his brothers they began to jeer and laugh at him.

"And now, what funny thing was it you saw up yonder on the hillside?" they said.

"Oh, it was only an axe we heard," said Jack.

When they had gone a little further, they came under a steep spur of rock, and up there they heard something digging and shovelling.

"I wonder now," said Jack, "what it is that is digging and shovelling up yonder at the top of the rock!"

"Ah! you are always so clever with your wonderings!" said Peter and Paul again; "as if you had never heard a woodpecker hacking and pecking at a hollow tree!"

"Well, well," said Jack; "I think it would be a piece of fun just to see what it really is."

And so off he set to climb the rock, while the others laughed and made game of him. But he did not care a bit for that; up he climbed, and when he got near the top, what do you think he saw? Why, a spade that stood there digging and delving!

"Good-day!" said Jack. "So you stand here all alone and dig and delve?"

"Yes, that is what I do," said the spade, "and that is what I have done this many a long day, waiting for you."

"Well, here I am," said Jack again, as he took the spade and knocked it off its handle, and put it into his wallet, and then he went down again to his brothers.

"Well, what was it so rare and strange," said Peter and Paul, "that you saw up there at the top of the rock?"

"Oh," said Jack, "nothing more than a spade, that was what we heard!"

So they went on again, a good way, till they came to a brook. They were thirsty, all three, after their long walk, and so they lay down beside the brook to have a drink.

"I wonder now," said Jack, "where all this water comes from?"

"I wonder if you are right in your head!" said Peter and Paul in one breath. "If you are not mad already, you will go mad very soon with your wonderings. Where the brook comes from, indeed! Have you never heard how water rises from a spring in the earth?"

"Yes; but still I have a great fancy to see where this brook comes from," said Jack.

So up alongside the brook he went, in spite of all that his brothers bawled after him. Nothing could stop him. On he went. As he went up, and up, the brook got smaller and smaller; and at last, a little way further on, what do you think he saw? Why, a great walnut, and out of that the water trickled!

"Good-day!" said Jack again. "So you lie here, and let the water trickle and run down all alone?"

"Yes I do," said the walnut; "and here have I lain and let the water trickle and run this many a long day, waiting for you."

"Well, here I am," said Jack, as he took up a lump of moss and plugged up the hole that the water might not run out. Then he put the walnut into his wallet and ran down to his brothers.

"Well, now," said Peter and Paul, "have you found

out where the water comes from? A rare sight it must have been."

"Oh, after all, it was only a hole it ran out of!" said Jack. And so the others laughed and made game of him again; but Jack did not mind that a bit. "After all, I had the fun of seeing it," said Jack.

So, when they had gone a little further, they came to the king's palace; but as every one in the kingdom had heard how they might win the princess and half the realm, if they could only fell the big oak and dig the king's well, so many had come to try their luck, that the oak was now twice as stout and big as it had been at first, for two chips grew in the place of every one they hewed out with their axes, as I daresay you all bear in mind. Accordingly, the king had now laid it down as a punishment that if any one tried and could not fell the oak, he should be put on a barren island, and have both his ears clipped off. But the two brothers did not let themselves be scared by that; they were quite sure they could fell the oak. Peter, as he was the eldest, was to try his hand first; but it went with him as with the rest who had hewn at the oak—for every chip he cut out, two grew in its place. So the king's men seized him, and clipped off both his ears, and put him out on the island.

Now Paul had to try his luck, but he fared just the same; when he had hewn two or three strokes, they began to see the oak grow; and so the king's men seized him too, and clipped his ears, and put him out on the island. And they clipped his ears closer, because they said he ought to have taken a lesson from his brother.

So now Jack was to try.

"If you *will* look like a marked sheep, we are quite ready to clip your ears at once, and then you will save yourself some trouble!" said the king, for he was angry with him for his brothers' sake.

"Well, I should like just to try first," said Jack,

and so he got leave. Then he took his axe out of his wallet, and fitted it to its haft.

"Hew away!" said he to his axe; and away it hewed, making the chips fly again, so that it was not long before down came the oak.

When that was done, Jack pulled out his spade and fitted it to its handle.

"Dig away!" said he to his spade; and so the spade began to dig and delve, till the earth and rock flew out in splinters, and so he had the well soon dug out.

And when he had got it as big and deep as he desired, Jack took out his walnut, and laid it in one corner of the well, and pulled the plug of moss out.

"Trickle and run!" said Jack; and so the nut trickled and ran, till the water gushed out of the hole in a stream, and in a short time the well was brimful.

Thus Jack had felled the oak which shaded the king's palace, and dug a well in the palace-yard; and so he got the princess and half the kingdom, as the king had said. But it was lucky for Peter and Paul that they had lost their ears, else they would have heard each hour and day how every one said: "Well, after all, Jack was not so much out of his mind when he took to wondering!" —DASENT.

THE DISPUTED CASE.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose;
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong:
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of wit, and a wig full of learning.
While chief-baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

"In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,
And your lordship," he said, "will undoubtedly find,
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind."

Then holding the spectacles up to the court—
"Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is, in short,
Design'd to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

"Again: would your lordship a moment suppose
('Tis a case that has happen'd, and may be again)
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles then?

"On the whole it appears, that my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them."

Then shifting his side (as the lawyer knows how)
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes;
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave, solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one if or but,
That, whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By day-light, or candle-light, Eyes should be shut.

—COWPER.

OBSERVATION.

AN Indian, upon returning home to his cabin, found that his venison, which had been hung up to dry, was stolen. After taking notice of the marks about the

place, he set off in pursuit of the thief, whom he tracked through the woods.

Meeting with some persons on his route, he inquired if they had seen a little old white man with a short gun, and accompanied by a small dog with a bob-tail. They answered that they had; and, upon the Indian assuring them that the man thus described had stolen his venison, they desired to be informed how he was able to give so minute a description of a person whom, it appeared, he had never seen.

The Indian replied, "The thief, I know, is a little man, by his having heaped up a pile of staves to stand upon, in order to reach the venison from the height at which I hung it, while standing on the ground; that he is an *old* man, I know by his short steps, which I have traced over the dead leaves in the woods; and that he is a white man, I know by his turning out his toes when he walks, which an Indian never does.

"His gun I know to be short, from the mark which the muzzle made by rubbing the bark of a tree against which it had leant; that his dog is small, I know by his track; and that he has a bob-tail, I noticed from the mark it made in the dust where he was sitting, while his master was busied with my meat."

THE LOST CAMEL.

A DERVISE, while journeying alone in the desert, was met by two merchants. "You have lost a camel," said he to them. "We have," they replied.

"Was the camel blind in his right eye, and lame in one of his legs?" said the Dervise. "He was," answered the merchants.

"Had he lost a front tooth?" said the Dervise. "He had," was the reply.

"And was he not loaded with honey on one side,

and wheat on the other?" "Most certainly," was the answer; "and as you have seen him so lately, you can, doubtless, tell us where he may be found."

"My friends," said the Dervise, "I have neither seen your camel, nor even heard of him, except from you."

"A strange assertion, indeed!" said the merchants; "but where are the jewels which formed a part of his burden?"

"I have neither seen your camel nor your jewels," replied the Dervise.

He was now seized by them, and hurried before the Cadi. After the strictest inquiry, however, no evidence was found against him, either of falsehood or of theft.

They were then about to proceed against him as a sorcerer, when the Dervise, with perfect composure, thus addressed the court:—

"I have been greatly amused with your proceedings, and I confess there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have passed many years in this desert, and even here I find ample scope for observation.

"I saw the track of a camel, and I knew it had strayed from its owner; because there was no mark of any human footstep to be seen on the same route.

"I perceived the animal was blind in one eye, as it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path.

"I knew that it was lame, from the faint impressions that one of its feet had made in the sand.

"I concluded that the camel had lost one tooth; because wherever it grazed, the herbage was left uncropped in the centre of the bite.

"As to what composed the burden of the beast, I had only to look at the ants, carrying away the wheat on the one side, and at the clustering flies that were devouring the honey on the other."

THE POOR MATCH-GIRL.

It was New Year's Eve and a cold snowy evening On this night a poor little girl walked along the street with naked feet, benumbed with cold, and carrying in her hand a bundle of matches, which she had been trying all day to sell, but in vain; no one had given her a single penny. The snow fell fast upon her pretty yellow hair and her bare neck; but she did not mind that. She looked wistfully at the bright lights which shone from every window as she passed along; she could smell the nice roast goose, and she longed to taste it: it was New Year's Eve! Wearied and faint, she laid herself down in a corner of the street, and drew her little legs under her to keep herself warm She could not go home, for her father would scold her for not having sold any matches; and even if she were there, she would still be cold, for the house was but poorly protected, and the wind whistled through many a chink in the roof and walls. She thought she would try and warm her cold fingers by lighting one of the matches: she drew one out, struck it against the wall,

and immediately a bright clear flame streamed from it, like a little candle.

The little girl looked at the flame, and she saw before her a beautiful brass stove with a nice warm fire in it! She stretched out her feet to warm them—when, lo, the match went out; in a moment the stove and fire vanished, she sat again in the cold night, with the burnt match in her hand.

She struck another; the flame blazed on the opposite wall, and she saw through it into a room where a table was laid out with handsome dishes,—roast goose, and other nice things were there,—and, what was still more extraordinary, she saw the goose jump from the dish, knife, and fork, and all, and come running towards her. But again the match went out; and nothing but the dark wall and the cold street was to be seen.

The little girl drew another match; and as soon as it struck a light, she saw a most beautiful Christmas tree, much larger and more splendid than any she had ever seen before. A vast number of lighted candles hung among the branches; and a multitude of pretty variegated pictures, like those in the shops, met her eyes. The girl lifted up her little hands in rapture at the sight; but again the match fell; and in the same moment one of the blazing candles shot through the sky, like a falling star, and fell at her feet. "Now some one dies," cried she; for she had been told by her good old grandmother, that when a star falls, a soul returns to God.

Again she struck; and, behold, a bright light shone round about her, and in the midst of it stood her kind grandmother, looking calmly and smilingly upon her.

"Dear grandmother," said she, "take me, oh, take me! You will be gone from me when the match goes out, like the bright stove, the nice supper, and the Christmas tree;" and saying this, she struck all the rest of the matches at once, which made a light round

her almost like day. And now the good grandmother smiled still more sweetly upon her; she lifted her up in her arms, and they soared together, far, far away; where there was no longer any cold, or hunger, or pain, —they were in Paradise!

But the poor little match-girl was still in the corner of the street, in the cold New Year's morning. She was frozen to death, and a bundle of burnt matches lay beside her. People said, "She has been trying to warm herself, poor thing!" But ah, they knew not what glorious things she had seen; they knew not into what joys she had entered—nor how happy she was on this festival of the New Year!

—HANS ANDERSEN.

WE ARE SEVEN; OR, A CHILD'S NOTION OF DEATH.

A SIMPLE child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl,
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That cluster'd round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad:
Her eyes were fair, and very fair,—
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wonderi' g' look'd at me.

" And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answer'd, " Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea."

" Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

" You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea;
Yet you are seven!—I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
" Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

" You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then you are only five."

" Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
" Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

" My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

" And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was little Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain,
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid:
And all the summer dry,
Together round her grave we play'd,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
The little maiden did reply,
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead;
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven."

—WORDSWORTH.

PROMPTNESS.

THERE was once a young man who was commencing life as a clerk. One day his employer said to him, "Now, to-morrow that cargo of cotton must be got out and weighed, and we must have a regular account of it." He was an industrious young man,—a young man of great energy. This was the first time he had been intrusted with the management of work like this. He made his arrangements the night before,

spoke to the men about their carts and horses, and resolved to begin very early the next day. He instructed the laborers to be there at half-past four o'clock in the morning. They set to work, and the thing was done, and about ten o'clock the master came in, and saw the young man sitting in the counting-house, and seemed very much displeased with him, supposing his command had not been executed. "I thought," said he, "you were instructed to get out that cargo this morning?" "It is all done, sir," said the young man, "and here is the account of it!"

This one act made that young man's fortune. It fixed his character. It gave his employer a confidence in him that was never shaken.

HUMPHREY'S OBSERVATIONS ON TIME.

When I was a young lad, my father one day called me to him, that he might teach me what o'clock it was. He told me the use of the minute-finger and the hour-hand, and described to me the figures on the dial-plate, until I knew the whole perfectly.

No sooner was I quite master of this knowledge than I set off to join my companions at a game of marbles, but my father called me back. "Stop, Humphrey," said he; "I have something else to say to you."

Back again I went, wondering what else I had to learn, for I thought I knew all about the clock, quite as well as my father.

"Humphrey," said he, "I have taught you to know the time of the day; I must now teach you how to find out the time of your life."

All this was strange to me; so I waited with impatience to hear how my father would explain it; for I very much wished to go and play with my marbles.

"We are told," said he, "that the years of man are threescore and ten, or fourscore years. Now, life is very uncertain, and you may not live a single day longer; but if we divide the fourscore years of an old man's life into twelve parts, like the dial of a clock, it will allow almost seven years for every figure.

"When a boy is seven years old, then it is one o'clock of his life, and this is the case with you; when you arrive at fourteen years, it will be two o'clock with you; and when at twenty-one, it will be three o'clock, should it please God thus to spare your life. In this manner you may always know the time of your life, and looking at the clock may perhaps remind you of it.

"My great-grandfather, according to this rule, died at twelve o'clock; my grandfather at eleven, and my father at ten. At what hour you and I shall die, Humphrey, is only known to Him to whom all things are known."

Never since then have I heard the inquiry, "What o'clock is it?" nor do I think I have ever looked at the face of a clock, without being reminded of the words of my father.

I know not, my friends, what o'clock it may be with you; but I know very well what time it is with myself; and if I mean to do anything in this world, which hitherto I have neglected, it is high time to set about it.

The words of my father have given a solemnity to the dial-plate of a clock, which, perhaps, it never would have possessed in my mind, if these words had not been spoken. Look about you, my friends, I earnestly entreat you, and now and then ask yourselves what o'clock it is with you.

JOHN ADAMS AND HIS LATIN.

JOHN ADAMS, the second President of the United States, used to relate the following anecdote :—

"When I was a boy, I used to study the Latin Grammar ; but it was dull, and I hated it. My father was anxious to send me to college, and therefore I studied the grammar till I could bear it no longer, and going to my father, I told him I did not like study, and asked for some other employment. It was opposing his wishes, and he was quick in his answer. 'Well, John, if Latin grammar does not suit you, you may try ditching, perhaps *that* will; my meadow yonder needs a ditch, and you may put by Latin and try that.' This seemed a delightful change, and to the meadow I went; but I soon found ditching harder than Latin, and the first forenoon was the longest I had ever experienced. That day I ate the bread of labor, and right glad was I when night came on. That night I made some comparison between Latin and ditching, but said not a word about it. I dug next forenoon, but wanted to return to Latin at dinner, but it was humiliating, and I could not do it. At night toil conquered pride ; and though it was one of the severest trials I ever had in my life, I told my father that if he chose I would go back to Latin grammar. He was glad of it; and if I have since gained any distinction, it has been owing to the two days' labor in that abominable ditch."

Boys may learn several important lessons from this story. It shows how little they oftentimes appreciate their privileges. Those who are kept at study frequently think it a hardship needlessly imposed on them. The opportunity of pursuing a liberal course of study is what few enjoy ; and they are ungrateful who drag themselves to it as an intolerable task. Youth may also learn, from this anecdote, how much

better their parents are qualified to judge of these things than themselves. If John Adams had continued this ditching instead of his Latin, his name would not probably have been known to us. But, in following the path marked out by his parents, he rose to the highest honors which his country can bestow.

AMONG THE ICE.

For some hours the brig proceeded onward with a freshening breeze, winding and turning in order to avoid the lumps of ice. Many of the smaller pieces were not worth turning out of the way of, the mere weight of the vessel being sufficient to push them aside.

Up to this time they had succeeded in steering clear of everything without getting a thump; but they got one at last, which astonished those among the crew who had not been in the ice before. The captain, Gregory, and Dicey were seated in the cabin at the time taking tea. Ned Dawkins, the steward, an active little man, was bringing in a tea-pot with a second supply of tea. In his left hand he carried a tray of biscuit. The captain sat at the head of the table, Dicey at the foot, and the doctor at the side.

Suddenly a tremendous shock was felt! The captain's cup of tea leaped from him and flooded the centre of the table. The doctor's cup was empty; he seized the table with both hands and remained steady; but Dicey's cup happened to be at his lips at the moment, and was quite full. The effect on him was unfortunate. He was thrown violently on his back, and the tea poured over his face and drenched his hair as he lay sprawling on the floor. The steward saved himself by dropping the bread-tray and grasping the handle of the cabin door. So violent was the shock that the ship's bell was set a-ringing.

"Beg pardon, gentlemen," cried the first mate, looking down the skylight. "I forgot to warn you. The ice is getting rather thick round us, and I had to charge a lump of it."

"It 's all very well to beg pardon," said the captain, "but that won't mend my crockery!"

"Or dry my head," growled Mr Dicey, "it 's as bad as if I 'd been dipt overboard, it is."

Before Mr Dicey's grumbling remarks were finished, all three of them had reached the deck. The wind had freshened considerably, and the brig was rushing in a somewhat alarming manner among the floes. It required the most careful attention to prevent her striking heavily.

"If it goes on like this we shall have to reduce sail," observed the captain. "See, there is a neck of ice ahead that will stop us."

This seemed to be probable, for the lane of water along which they were steering was, just ahead of them, stopped by a neck of ice that connected two floe-pieces. The water beyond was pretty free from ice, but this neck or mass seemed so thick that it became a question whether they should venture to charge it or shorten sail.

"Stand by the fore and main-topsail braces!" shouted the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Now, Mr Mansell," said he, with a smile, "we have come to our first real difficulty. What do you advise? shall we back the topsails, or try what our little *Hope* is made of, and charge the enemy?"

"Charge!" answered the mate.

"Just so," said the captain, hastening to the bow to direct the steersman. "Port your helm."

"Steady."

The brig was now about fifty yards from the neck of ice, tearing through the water like a race-horse. In another moment she was up to it, and struck it fair

in the middle. The stout little vessel quivered to her keel under the shock, but she did not recoil. She split the mass into fragments, and, bearing down all before her, sailed like a conqueror into the clear water beyond.

"Well done the *Hope!*" said the captain, as he walked aft, while a cheer burst from the men.

"I think she ought to be called the *Good Hope* ever after this," said Tom Gregory. "If she cuts her way through everything as easily as she has cut through that neck of ice, we shall reach the North Pole itself before winter."

"If we reach the North Pole *at all*," observed Mr Dicey, "I 'll climb up to the top of it, and stand on my head, I will!"

The second mate evidently had no expectation of reaching that mysterious pole, which men have so long and so often tried to find in vain.

—R. M. BALLANTYNE.

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time;
Soon as the woods on the shore look dim,
We 'll sing at St Anne's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue waves to curl;
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh, sweetly we 'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Utawas' tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.

Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens, and favoring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past.
—T. MOORE.

A GHOST STORY.

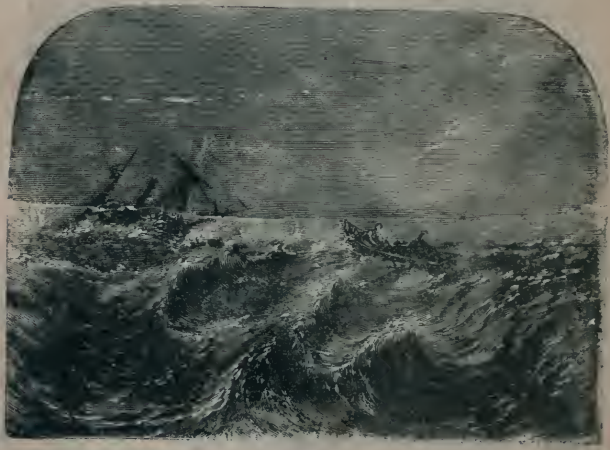
ONE night those of us who had just been relieved from watch on deck, were sitting on the lockers down below telling ghost stories.

It was a dead calm, and one of those intensely dark, hot nights that cause sailors to feel uneasy, they scarce know why. I began to feel so uncomfortable at last, listening to the horrible tales which Tom Lokins was relating to the men, that I slipt away from them with the intention of going on deck. I moved so quietly that no one observed me; besides, every eye was fixed earnestly on Tom, whose deep low voice was the only sound that broke the stillness of all around. As I was going very cautiously up the ladder leading to the deck, Tom had reached that part of his story where the ghost was just appearing in a dark churchyard, dressed in white, and coming slowly forward, one step at a time, towards the terrified man who saw it. The men held their breath, and one or two of their faces turned pale as Tom went on with his description, lowering his voice to a hoarse whisper. Just as I put my head up the hatchway, the sheet of one of the sails, which was hanging loose in the still air, passed gently over my head and knocked my hat off. At any other time I would have thought nothing of this, but Tom's story had thrown me into such an excited and nervous condition that I gave a start, missed my footing, uttered a loud cry, and fell down the ladder right in among the men with a tremendous crash, knocking over two

or three oil-cans and a tin bread-basket in my fall, and upsetting the lantern, so that the place was instantly pitch dark.

I never heard such a howl of terror as these men gave vent to when this misfortune befell me. They rushed upon deck with their hearts in their mouths, tumbling, and peeling the skin off their shins and knuckles in their haste; and it was not until they heard the laughter of the watch on deck that they breathed freely, and, joining in the laugh, called themselves fools for being frightened by a ghost story. I noticed, however, that, for all their pretended indifference, there was not one man among them—not even Tom Lokins himself—who would go down below to re-light the lantern for at least a quarter of an hour afterwards.

—R. M. BALLANTYNE.



GRACE DARLING.

IN the month of September, in the year 1838, the *Forfarshire*, a steam-vessel, proceeding from Hull in

England to Dundee in Scotland, encountered some rough weather off the north coast of England. The vessel not being strong, and the machinery of the steam-engine being defective, she was wrecked on the rocks. Many of the crew and passengers were washed off the deck and drowned. In a situation of such great peril, no one expected to escape.

Early in the morning, the family who dwelt in the North Sunderland lighthouse, beheld the vessel upon the rocks, with a powerful sea beating upon her, which threatened her with complete destruction. Darling, the keeper of the lighthouse, would fain have gone in his boat to rescue a few of the distressed passengers, but he despaired of carrying his little bark through such a heavy sea. When yielding to the difficulties before him, he was encouraged to make the attempt by his daughter Grace, a girl of twenty-two years of age, who offered to accompany him and work one of the oars. They went; they reached the vessel; nine persons trusted their lives to the boat; and, in spite of the raging of the sea, the whole party arrived safely at the lighthouse, where every necessary kindness was shown to the persons who had been rescued.

As no other persons were saved from the wreck, it may be concluded that these would have perished, had it not been for the heroism of Grace Darling, who was willing to risk her own life rather than allow so many fellow-creatures to sink before her eyes, without an effort being made in their behalf. The generous conduct of this young woman attracted much attention. Her praises were for a time in every mouth. Artists flocked to her lonely dwelling to take her portrait, and depict the scene in which she had been engaged. A sum exceeding five hundred pounds, collected by subscription, was presented to her; and some of the most eminent persons in the land wrote letters to her, containing warm expressions of regard.

It is probable that her name and her heroic act will

not soon be forgotten; for less admirable actions which took place several thousand years ago are still remembered. Yet this excellent girl, as modest as she was brave, was heard to remark that she never would have supposed she had done anything surprising, if her conduct had not been so much spoken of by others.

FEMALE HEROISM.

UPON the banks of the River Elkhorn, in the State of Kentucky, there was once a stockade fort to which the settlers frequently resorted as a place of refuge from the savages. Its gallant defence by a handful of pioneers against the allied Indians of Ohio, led by two renegade white men, was one of the most desperate affairs in the Indian wars of the West.

The pioneers had not the slightest idea of their approach, when, in a moment, a thousand rifles gleamed in the cornfields one summer's night. That very evening the garrison had chanced to gather under arms, to march to the relief of another station that was similarly invested. It was a fearful moment: an hour earlier, and the pioneers would have been cut off; an hour later, and their defenceless wives and daughters must have been butchered or carried into captivity, while their natural protectors were hurrying to the rescue of others. The Indians saw at a glance that the moment was not favorable to them; and having failed in surprising the Kentuckians, they attempted to decoy them from their fastness by presenting themselves in small parties before it. The whites were too wise to risk a battle till help should arrive, so they resolved to stand a siege. But the fort, which was merely a collection of log cabins arranged in a hollow square, was unhappily not supplied with water, and the besieged were aware that the enemy had concealed his real force in ambush

near a neighboring spring. The sagacity of a backwoodsman is sometimes more than a match for the cunning of an Indian; and the heroism of a woman may baffle the address of a warrior. The females of the station determined to supply it with water from this very spring. But how? Woman's wit never devised a bolder expedient, and woman's fortitude never carried one more hazardous into successful execution. These brave women, being in the habit of fetching the water every morning, saw that if armed men were now to take that duty upon them, the Indians would see that their ambuscade had been discovered, and instantly commence the assault, which, in that case, it would be useless to protract.

Morning came, and the random shots of the decoy party were returned with a quick fire from one side of the fort, while the women issued from the other, as if they apprehended no enemy in that quarter. Could anything be more appalling than the task before them? But they shrink not from it; they move carelessly from the gate; they advance with composure in a body to the spring; they are within shot of five hundred warriors. The slightest alarm will betray them; if they show any consciousness of their thrilling situation, their doom is inevitable. But their nerves do not shrink; they wait calmly for each other till each fills her bucket in succession. The Indians are completely deceived, and not a shot is fired. The band of heroines retrace their steps with steady feet; their movements soon become more agitated; and are at last hurried. But tradition says that the only water spilt was as their buckets crowded together in passing the gate.

A sheet of living fire from the garrison, and the shrieks of the wounded Indians around the spring, was at once a signal that the women were safe, and of the triumph of the white men. Insane with wrath to be thus outwitted, the foe rushed from his covert, and advanced with fury upon the

rifles of the pioneers. But who could conquer the fathers and brothers of such women? The Indians were foiled, and they withdrew their forces; but on counting the number of their slain, they burned with vengeance, and rallied once more to the fight. They were again and again repulsed. Assistance at last came to the pioneers, and the savages were compelled to retreat to their wildwood haunts once more.

—C. F. HOFFMAN.

BRAVE JOHN MAYNARD.

JOHN was well known as a sturdy, intelligent, and God-fearing pilot on Lake Erie. He had charge of a steamer from Detroit to Buffalo one summer afternoon. At that time these steamers seldom carried boats.

Smoke was seen ascending from below, and the cap-

tain called out, "Simpson, go down and see what that smoke is."

Simpson came up with his face as pale as ashes, and said—"Captain, the ship is on fire!"

Fire! fire! fire! fire! instantly resounded in all directions. All hands were called up. Buckets of water were dashed upon the flames, but in vain. There were large quantities of resin and tar on board, and it was useless to try and save the ship. The passengers rushed forward and inquired of the pilot, "How far are we from land?"

"Seven miles."

"How long before we reach it?"

"Three-quarters of an hour at our present rate of steam."

"Is there any danger?"

"Danger enough *here*—see the smoke bursting out! Go *forward* if you would save your lives!"

Passengers and crew, men, women, and children, crowded to the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at his post. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose; the captain cried out through his trumpet, "John Maynard!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded the brave tar.

"How does she head!"

"South-east by east, sir."

"Head her south-east, and run her on shore."

Nearer, nearer, yet nearer she approached the shore.

Again the captain cried out, "John Maynard!" The response came feebly, "Ay, ay, sir!"

"Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?"

"By God's help I will!"

The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp; one hand was disabled, and his teeth were set, yet he stood firm as a rock. He beached the ship; every man, woman, and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped overboard, and his spirit took its flight to his God. Noble John Maynard! —J. B. GOUGH.

CASABIANCA.

[Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son of the Admiral of the French fleet, remained at his post, in the Battle of the Nile, after his ship, the "Orient," had caught fire, and after all the guns had been abandoned. He perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder magazine. Vide "Battle of the Nile," p. 298.]

THE boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck,
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames roll'd on—he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below
His voice no longer heard.

He call'd aloud:—"Say, Father, say
If yet my task is done?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, Father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames roll'd on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And look'd from that lone post of death,
In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My Father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And stream'd above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strew'd the sea.

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part!
But the noblest thing that perish'd there
Was that young faithful heart.

—MRS HEMANS.

PART II.

DROWNING THE SQUIRREL.

When I was about six years old, as I was going to school one morning, a ground squirrel ran into its hole in the path before me. I thought, now I will have fine fun. As there was a stream of water just at hand, I determined to pour water into the hole till it should be full, and force the little animal up, so that I might kill it. I got a trough from beside a sugar-maple, used for catching the sweet sap, and was soon pouring the water in on the poor squirrel. I could hear it struggling to get up, and said, "Ah, my fellow, I will soon have you out now."

Just then I heard a voice behind me, "Well, my

boy, what have you got in there?" I turned and saw one of my neighbors, a good old man, with long white locks, that had seen sixty winters. "Why," said I, "I have a ground squirrel in here, and am going to drown him out."

Said he, "Jonathan, when I was a little boy, more than fifty years ago, I was engaged one day just as you are, drowning a ground squirrel; and an old man like me came along, and said to me, 'You are a little boy; now, if you were down in a narrow hole like that, and I should come along and pour water down on you to drown you, would not you think I was cruel? God made that little squirrel, and life is sweet to it as it is to you; and why will you torture to death a little innocent creature that God has made?'" He said, "I never have forgotten that, and never shall. I never have killed any harmless creature for fun since. Now, my dear boy, I want you to bear this in mind while you live, and when tempted to kill any poor little innocent animal or bird, remember that God does not allow us to kill His creatures for fun."

More than forty years have since passed, and I have never forgotten what the good man said, nor have I ever since killed even the least animal for amusement. Now you see it is ninety years since this advice was first given, and it has not lost its influence yet. How many little creatures it has saved from being tortured to death I cannot tell, but I have no doubt a great number, and I believe my whole life has been influenced by it. —J. C.

ANIMAL TRAINING.

Francesco Michelo was the only son of a carpenter, who resided at Tempio, a town in the island of Sardinia. He had two sisters younger than himself, and was only ten years old when a fire, which broke out in the house

of his father, reduced it to ashes, and the unfortunate carpenter was burnt to death. The family was completely ruined by this frightful event, and forced to implore the charity of strangers in order to supply their pressing wants.

At length, tired of his vain attempts to support his mother by the forced kindness of others, and grieved at seeing her and his sisters pining in want before his eyes, necessity and tenderness conspired to urge him to exertion and ingenuity. He made with laths a cage of considerable dimensions, and furnished it with everything needful for the reception of birds; and when spring returned he proceeded to the woods in the vicinity of Tempio, and set himself industriously to secure their nests of young. As he was active and skilful at the task, it was not long before he became tolerably successful. He climbed from tree to tree, and seldom returned without his cage being well stored with chaffinches, linnets, blackbirds, wrens, ringdoves, and pigeons. Every week, Francesco and his sisters carried their little favorites to the market of Sussari, and generally disposed of those which were most attractive and beautiful. Still, all the assistance they were able to procure for their mother was far from being enough to supply her wants. In this difficulty, Francesco conceived a new and original method of increasing his gains. Necessity is the mother of invention. He thought of no less a project than to train a young Angora cat to live harmlessly in the midst of his favorite songsters. Such is the force of habit, such the power of training, that, at last, he taught the mortal enemy of his winged pets to live, to drink, to eat, and to sleep in the midst of his little charges, without once attempting to devour or injure them. The cat, which he called Bianca, suffered the little birds to play all kinds of tricks with her, and never did she show her claws, or offer to hurt her companions.

He even went further: for, not content with teaching

them merely to live in peace and happiness together, he instructed the cat and the little birds to play a kind of game, in which each learned to perform readily its own part. Puss was instructed to curl herself into a circle, with her head between her paws, and appear buried in sleep. The cage was then opened, and the playful birds rushed out upon her, and tried to awaken her by repeated strokes of their beaks; then, dividing into two parties, they attacked her head and her whiskers, while the gentle animal never once appeared to take the least notice of their gambols. At other times she would seat herself in the middle of the cage, and begin to smooth her fur, and purr with great gentleness and satisfaction. The birds would sometimes even settle on her back, or sit like a crown upon her head, chirruping and singing as if in all the security of a shady wood.

The sight of a sleek and beautiful cat seated calmly in the midst of a cage of birds was so new and unexpected, that, when Francesco exhibited it at the fair of Sussari, he was surrounded instantly by a crowd of admiring spectators. Their astonishment knew scarcely any bounds when they heard him call each feathered favorite by its name, and saw it fly quickly towards him, till all were perched contentedly on his head, his arms, and his fingers.

Delighted with his ingenuity, the spectators rewarded him liberally; and Francesco returned in the evening, his little heart swelling with joy, to lay before his mother a sum of money which would suffice to support her many months.

This ingenious boy next trained some young partridges, one of which became exceedingly attached to him. This partridge, which he called Rosoletta, on one occasion did good service. A beautiful goldfinch had strayed from its cage, and was lost in a neighboring garden. Francesco was in despair at the loss, because it was a good performer, and he had promised it to

the daughter of a lady from whom he had received much kindness. On the sixth morning after the goldfinch had escaped, Rosoletta, the tame and intelligent partridge, was seen chasing the truant bird before her, along the top of the lime trees towards home; afterwards she led the way by little and little before him, and at length, getting him home, seated him, in apparent disgrace, in a corner of the aviary, whilst she flew from side to side in triumph at her success.

Francesco was now happy and contented, since, by his own industry and exertions, he was enabled to support his mother and sisters. Unfortunately, however, in the midst of all his happiness, he was suddenly torn from them by a very grievous accident. He was one evening engaged in gathering a species of mushroom very common in the southern countries of Europe; but not being able to distinguish the true mushroom from the toadstool, he ate of the latter to excess, and died in a few days, in spite of every remedy which skill could apply. During the three days of Francesco's illness, his birds flew incessantly round and round his bed; some lying sadly upon his pillow; others flitting backwards and forwards above his head; a few uttering brief but plaintive cries, and all taking scarcely any nourishment.

The death of Francesco showed in a remarkable manner what affections may be excited in animals by a course of gentle treatment. Francesco's birds appeared to be sensible of the loss of a benefactor; but none of his feathered favorites showed at his death such real and disconsolate grief as Rosoletta. When poor Francesco was placed in his coffin, she flew round it, and at last perched upon the lid. In vain they several times removed her: she still returned; and even persisted in accompanying the funeral procession to the cemetery. During the burial she sat upon a neighboring cypress, to watch where they laid the remains of her friend; and when the crowd had departed.

she forsook the spot no more, except to return to the cottage of his mother for her accustomed food. While she lived, she came daily to perch and to sleep upon the turret of the chapel, which looked upon his grave. Here she lived, and here she died about four months after the death of her beloved master.

—*Chambers's Miscellany.*

THE DOG.

THE dog stands to man in the relation both of a valuable servant and an engaging companion. In many employments, especially those of shepherds and herdsmen, he performs services of great importance, such as could not be supplied without him. In those sports of the field, such as hunting and shooting, which many persons pursue with such eagerness, the assistance of the dog is essential to success. By his keenness of scent he discovers the game, and by his swiftness of foot he runs it down. There is no period of time recorded by history in which we do not find the dog the friend and the servant of man; nor is there any literature which does not contain some tribute to his faithfulness and sagacity.

A long course of training, and peculiar modes of breeding and rearing, have divided the canine race into nearly a hundred varieties, many of which show marked differences in size and appearance. The savage bulldog seems hardly to belong to the same race as the delicate lap-dog, that sleeps on the rug, and is washed and combed by its fair mistress almost as carefully as an infant. The swift and slim greyhound looks very little like the sturdy and square-built mastiff. But there are certain marks of character, which, in a greater or less degree, are common to all the kinds. Sagacity, docility, benevolence, a capacity to receive instruction,

and attachment to his master's person, are qualities which belong to the whole race.

Many instances have been recorded in which persons have been saved from drowning by dogs, especially by those of the Newfoundland breed, which have a natural love for the water. A gentleman connected with the Newfoundland fishery, was once possessed of a dog of singular fidelity and sagacity. On one occasion a boat and a crew in his employ were in circumstances of considerable peril, just outside a line of breakers, which, owing to some change in wind or weather, had, since the departure of the boat, rendered the return passage through them most hazardous.

The spectators on shore were quite unable to render any assistance to their friends afloat. Much time had been spent, and the danger seemed to increase rather than diminish. Our friend, the dog, looked on for a length of time, evidently aware of there being a great cause for anxiety in those around. Presently, however, he took to the water, and made his way through the raging waves to the boat. The crew supposed he wished to join them, and made various attempts to induce him to come aboard; but no, he would not go within their reach, but continued swimming about at a short distance from the boat. After a while, and several comments on the peculiar conduct of the dog, one of the hands suddenly divined his apparent meaning, "*Give him the end of a rope,*" he said, "*that is what he wants.*" The rope was thrown, the dog seized the end in an instant, turned round, and made straight for the shore, where, a few minutes afterwards, boat and crew—thanks to the intelligence of their four-footed friend—were placed safe and sound!

One of the magistrates at Harbor Grace, in Newfoundland, had an old dog of the regular web-footed species, peculiar to that island, which was in the habit of carrying a lantern before his master, at night, as steadily as the most attentive servant could do, stopping

short when his master made a stop, and proceeding when he saw him disposed to follow. If his master was absent from home, and the lantern being fixed to his mouth, the command given, "Go fetch thy master," he would immediately set off, and proceed directly to the town, which lay at the distance of more than a mile from his master's residence; he would then stop at every house which he knew his master was in the habit of frequenting, and, laying down his lantern, growl, and strike the door until it was opened; if his master was not there, he would proceed further in the same manner until he had found him. If he had accompanied him only once into a house, this was sufficient to induce him to take that house in his round.

—*British Workman.*

FIDELITY.

A BARKING sound the shepherd hears,
A cry as of a dog or fox;
He halts and searches with his eye
Among the scatter'd rocks;
And now at distance can discern
A stirring in a brake of fern;
And instantly a dog is seen,
Glancing through that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed;
Its motions, too, are wild and shy;
With something, as the shepherd thinks,
Unusual in its cry:
Nor is there any one in sight
All round, in hollow or on height;
Nor shout nor whistle strikes his ear;
What is the creature doing here?

It was a cove, a huge recess,
That keeps, till June, December's snow;

A lofty precipice in front,
A silent tarn below;
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
Remote from public road or dwelling,
Pathway, or cultivated land;
From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;
The crags repeat the raven's croak,
In symphony austere;
Thither the rainbow comes, the cloud—
And mists, that spread the flying shroud,
And sunbeams; and the sounding blast,
That, if it could, would hurry past;
But that enormous barrier holds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, awhile
The shepherd stood, then makes his way
O'er rocks and stones, following the dog
As quickly as he may;
Nor far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground;
The appall'd discoverer with a sigh
Looks round to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
The man had fallen, that place of fear!
At length upon the shepherd's mind
It breaks, and all is clear:
He instantly recall'd the name,
And who he was, and whence he came,
Remember'd, too, the very day
On which the traveller pass'd that way.

But here a wonder for whose sake
This lamentable tale I tell!
A lasting monument of words
This wonder merits well.

The dog, which still was hovering nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry,
This dog had been through three months' space
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that since the day
When this ill-fated traveller died,
The dog had watch'd about the spot,
Or by his master's side:
How nourish'd there through that long time,
He knows who gave that love sublime;
And gave that strength of feeling great,
Above all human estimate.

—WORDSWORTH.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG'S REVENGE.

I WAS always fond of dogs. Goldsmith, in his touching and eloquent plea for the dog, in alluding to a sort of mania for dog-killing, which prevailed at the

time of which he speaks, in consequence of an unreasonable apprehension of hydrophobia, says, among other fine things, that the dog is the only animal which will leave his own kind voluntarily to follow man. It is true, and the truth should bind man to be the dog's protector and friend.

The American brig *Cecilia*, Captain Symmes, on one of her voyages, had on board a splendid specimen of the Newfoundland breed, named Napoleon, and his magnificent size and proportions, his intelligent head, broad, white feet, and white-tipped tail, the rest of his body being black, made him as remarkable as his peerless namesake, who would, no doubt, have been proud to possess him.

Captain Symmes, however, was not partial to animals of any kind, and had an unaccountable and especial repugnance to dogs—so much so, indeed, as if all his ancestors had died of hydrophobia, and he dreaded to be bitten like his unfortunate predecessors.

This dislike he one day manifested in a shocking manner; for Napoleon had several times entered his room, and, by wagging his great banner of a tail, knocked paper and ink off his desk. On the next occasion, the captain seized a knife and cut the poor animal's tail off.

The dog's yell brought his master to the spot, and, seeing the calamity and the author of it, without a moment's hesitation he felled Captain Symmes to the cabin floor, with a sledge-hammer blow, which, had it hit the temple, would have for ever prevented him from cutting off any more dogs' tails.

The result was that Lancaster was put in irons, from which he, however, was soon released. Captain Symmes repented his cruel deed on learning that Napoleon had once saved his owner's life.

The white shark, as all my nautical friends are well aware, is one of the largest of sharks. It averages over twenty, and I have seen one twenty-seven and

a-half feet long. It is generally considered to be the fiercest and most formidable of sharks.

But a few days elapsed after this catastrophe of poor Napoleon, ere he became the hero of a more thrilling occurrence, the very thought of which has often filled me with horror. During the interval, the noble beast was not at all backward in exhibiting his wrath at the captain, by his growls, whenever he approached. In vain did his master, fearful for the life of his dog, essay to check these signs of his anger. Captain Symmes, however, made allowance, and offered no further harm to him.

One morning, as the captain was standing on the bowsprit, he lost his footing and fell overboard, the *Cecilia* then running at about fifteen knots. "Man overboard! Captain Symmes overboard!" was the cry, and all rushed to get out the boat as they saw a swimmer striking out for the brig, which was at once rounded to; and as they felt especially apprehensive on account of the white sharks in those waters, they regarded his situation with the most painful solicitude.

By the time the boat touched the water, their worst fears were realised; for at some distance behind the swimmer they beheld, advancing toward him, the fish most dreaded in those waters.

"Hurry! hurry, men, or we shall be too late!" exclaimed the mate. "What's that?" The splash which caused this inquiry was occasioned by the plunge of Napoleon into the sea. The noble animal, having been watching the cause of the tumult from the captain's fall, had heard the shout, and for a few moments had vented his feelings in deep growls, as if he was conscious of the peril of his enemy, and gratified at it.

His growls, however, were soon changed into those whines of sympathy which so often show the attachment of the dog to man, when the latter is in danger. At last he plunged, and rapidly made his way toward

the now nearly exhausted captain, who, aware of his double danger, and being but a passable swimmer, made fainter and fainter strokes, while his adversary closed rapidly upon him.

"Pull, boys, for the dear life!" was the shout of the mate, as the boat now followed the dog. Slowly the fatigued swimmer made his way; ever and anon his head sank in the waves, and behind him the back of the voracious animal told him what fearful progress he was making, while Lancaster, in the bow of the boat, stood with a knife in his upraised hand, watching alternately the captain and his pursuer and the faithful animal which had saved his own life.

There was a fixed look of determination in his face, which convinced all that, should the dog become a sacrifice to the shark, Lancaster would revenge his death, if possible, even at the risk of his own life.

"What a swimmer!" exclaimed the men, who marked the speed of the animal. "The shark will have one or both if we don't do our best." The scene was of short duration. Ere the boat could overtake the dog, the enormous shark had arrived within three oars'-length of the captain, and suddenly turned over on his back, preparatory to darting on the sinking man and receiving him in his vast jaws, which now displayed their long triangular teeth.

The wild shriek of the captain announced that the crisis had come. But now Napoleon, seemingly inspired with increased strength, had also arrived, and with a fierce howl leaped upon the gleaming belly of the shark, and buried his teeth in the monster's flesh, while the boat swiftly neared them.

"Saved! if we are half as smart as the dog is!" cried the mate, as we all saw the voracious monster shudder in the sea, and, smarting with pain, turn over again, the dog retaining his hold and becoming submerged in the water.

At this juncture the boat arrived, and Lancaster, his

knife in his teeth, plunged into the water, where the captain also now had sunk from view. But a few moments elapsed ere the dog rose to the surface, and soon after Lancaster, bearing the insensible form of the captain.

"Pull them in and give them a bar," cried the mate, "for that fellow is preparing for another launch." His orders were obeyed, and the second onset of the marine monster was foiled by the mate's splashing water in his eyes. He came again, and but a few seconds too late to snap off the captain's leg, as his body was drawn into the boat. Foiled the second time, the shark plunged and was seen no more, but left a track of blood on the surface of the water, a token of the severity of the wound made by the dog.

The boat was now pulled towards the brig; and not many hours elapsed before the captain was on deck again, very feeble, but able to appreciate the services of our canine hero, and most bitterly to lament the cruel act which had mutilated him for ever.

"I would give my right arm," he exclaimed, as he patted the Newfoundland who stood by his side, "if I could only repair the injury I have done that splendid fellow. Lancaster, you are now avenged, and so is he, and a most Christian vengeance it is, though it will be a source of grief to me as long as I live."

—*British Workman.*

COUNTING CHICKENS BEFORE THEY ARE HATCHED.

A MILKMAID, who poised a full pail on her head,
Thus mused on her prospects in life, it is said;
"Let me see—I should think that this milk will procure
One hundred good eggs, or fourscore to be sure.

"Well then—stop a bit—it must not be forgotten,
Some of these may be broken, and some may be rotten;

But if twenty for accident should be detach'd,
It will leave me just sixty sound eggs to be hatch'd.

"Well, sixty sound eggs—no, sound chickens, I mean.
Of these some may die—we'll suppose seventeen,
Seventeen! not so many—say ten at the most,
Which will leave fifty chickens to boil or to roast.

"But then there's their barley, how much will they need?
Why they take but one grain at a time when they feed—
So that's a mere trifle; now then, let us see,
At a fair market price how much money there 'll be.

"Six shillings a pair—five—four—three-and six,
To prevent all mistakes, that low price I will fix:
Now what will that make? fifty chickens I said—
Fifty times three-and-sixpence—*I'll ask brother Ned.*

"Oh! but stop, three-and-sixpence a pair I must sell 'em
Well, a pair is a couple—now then let us tell 'em:
A couple in fifty will go—(my poor brain!)
Why just a score times, and five pair will remain.

"Twenty-five pair of fowls—now how tiresome it is
That I can't reckon up such money as this!
Well, there's no use in trying, so let's give a guess,
I 'll say twenty pounds, *and it can be no less.*

"Twenty pounds, I am certain will buy me a cow,
Thirty geese and two turkeys—eight pigs and a sow;
Now if these turn out well, at the end of the year,
I shall fill both my pockets with guineas, 'tis clear."

Forgetting her burthen when this she had said,
The maid superciliously toss'd up her head:
When alas for her prospects, her milkpail descended,
And so all her schemes for the future were ended;
This moral I think may be safely attach'd,
Reckon not on your chickens before they are hatch'd.

"THE DARLING."

ROFESSOR YOUATT, of the Royal Veterinary College, gives the following interesting fact in one of his valuable works:—

A horse in the depot at Woolwich had proved so unmanageable to the rough-riders, that at length no one among them durst even mount him. His mode of throwing or dismounting his rider, consisted in lying down and rolling over him, or else crushing his leg against some wall, or post, or paling. All means to break him of these perilous tricks proving unavailing, the animal was brought before the commanding officer with the character of being "*incurably vicious*," and with a recommendation on that account, that he should be *cast*, and sold out of His Majesty's service.

Colonel Quest, hearing of this, and knowing the horse to be thorough-bred, and one of the best actioned and cleverest horses in the regiment, besought the commanding officer to permit him to be transferred into the riding school. This was consented to, and the transfer was no sooner accomplished than Colonel Quest determined to pursue a system of management directly opposite to that which had been already attempted. He had him led daily into the riding-school, suffered no whips even to be shown to him while there, but petted him, and tried to make him execute this and the other little manœuvre, and as often as he proved obedient rewarded him with a handful of corn, or beans, or a piece of bread with which bribes his pockets were invariably well supplied. In this manner, and in no great distance of time, was the rebel not only subdued and tamed, but rendered so perfectly quiet that a little child could ride him. He became at length taught to kneel down while his rider mounted, and to perform several evolutions, and dances, and tricks in the *menage* which no other horse in the school could be brought to do. In fine, so great a

favorite did he become, that his master gave him the appellation of "The Darling."

THE ARAB AND HIS STEED.

My beautiful! my beautiful! that standest meekly by,
With thy proudly arch'd and glossy neck, and dark and fiery eye;
Fret not to roam the desert now, with all thy wingéd speed,
I may not mount on thee again—thou'rt sold, my Arab steed.

Fret not with that impatient hoof, snuff not the breezy wind,
The further that thou fliest now, so far am I behind:
The stranger hath thy bridle-rein—thy master hath his gold—
Fleet-limb'd and beautiful! farewell! thou'rt sold, my steed, thou'rt sold!

Farewell! those free untired limbs full many a mile must roam,
To reach the chill and wintry sky which clouds the stranger's home:
Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn and bed prepare;
The silky mane I braided once must be another's care.

The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more with thee
Shall I gallop through the desert paths, where we were wont to be:
Evening shall darken on the earth; and o'er the sandy plain
Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear me home again.

Yes, thou must go! the wild free breeze, the brilliant
sun and sky,
Thy master's home—from all of these my exiled one
must fly.
Thy proud, dark eye will grow less proud, thy step
become less fleet,
And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck, thy master's hand
to meet.

Only in sleep, shall I behold that dark eye glancing
bright;
Only in sleep, shall hear again that step so firm and
light;
And when I raise my dreaming arm to check or cheer
thy speed,
Then must I, starting, wake to feel—thou 'rt *sold*, my
Arab steed!

Ah! rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may
chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie like crested waves, along thy
panting side;
And the rich blood, that's in thee, swells in thy indig-
nant pain,
Till careless eyes, which rest on thee, may count each
started vein.

Will they ill-use thee? If I thought—but no, it cannot
be—
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed; so gentle, yet so
free.
And yet, if haply, when thou 'rt gone my lonely heart
should yearn,
Can the hand which casts thee from it now, command
thee to return?

Return! alas! my Arab steed! what shall thy master do,
When thou, who wert his all of joy, hath vanish'd from his view?
When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and through the gathering tears,
Thy bright form, for a moment, like the false mirage, appears.

Slow and unmounted will I roam, with weary step alone,
Where with fleet step and joyous bound thou oft hast borne me on!
And sitting down by that green well, I'll pause and sadly think,
It was *here* he bow'd his glossy neck when last I saw him drink!

When last I saw thee drink!—Away! the fever'd dream is o'er;
I could not live a day, and *know* that we should meet no more!
They tempted me, my beautiful! for hunger's power is strong,
They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have loved too long.

Who said that I had given thee up, who said that thou wert sold?
'Tis false—'tis false, my Arab steed! I fling them back their gold.
Thus, thus I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant plains,
Away! who overtakes us now shall claim *thee* for his pains!

—THE HONORABLE MRS NORTON.

STORY OF A GOAT.

AFTER the final suppression of the Scottish rebellion of 1715, by the decisive battle of Preston, a gentleman who had taken a very active share in it escaped to the West Highlands, to the residence of a female relative, who afforded him an asylum. As, in consequence of the strict search which was made after the ringleaders, it was soon judged unsafe for him to remain in the house of his friend, he was conducted to a cavern in a sequestered situation, and furnished with a supply of food. The approach to this lonely abode consisted of a small aperture, through which he crept, dragging his provisions along with him. A little way from the mouth of the cave the roof became elevated; but, on advancing, an obstacle obstructed his progress. He soon perceived that, whatever it might be, the object was a living one; but suspicious of danger though he was, he felt unwilling to strike at a venture with his dirk, so he stooped down and discovered a goat and a

kid lying on the ground. The animal was evidently in great pain, and on passing his hand over her body, he discovered that one of her legs was fractured. He accordingly bound it up with his garter, and offered her some of his bread; but she refused to eat, and stretched out her tongue, as if her mouth was parched with thirst. He gave her water, which she drank greedily, and then she ate the bread. At midnight he ventured out, pulled a quantity of grass and tender branches of trees, and carried them to the poor sufferer, who received them with demonstrations of gratitude.

The only thing which the fugitive had to occupy his attention in his dreary abode was administering comfort to the goat, and secluded and solitary as he was, he was thankful to have any living creature beside him. Under his care, the animal quickly recovered, and became tenderly attached to him. It happened that the servant who was intrusted with the secret of his retreat fell sick, when it became necessary to send another with the daily provision. The goat, on this occasion, happening to be lying near the mouth of the cavern, violently opposed the entrance of the stranger, butting him furiously with her head. The fugitive, hearing the noise, advanced, and receiving the watch-word from his new attendant, interposed, and the faithful goat permitted him to pass. So resolute was the animal on this occasion, that the gentleman was convinced, she would, if necessary, have died in his defence.

SAGACITY OF THE SHEEP.

THE following instance of sagacity in an animal not distinguished for that quality, is given in the words of an eye-witness. Walking with a lady through some

meadows, lying between two villages, in the county of Gloucester, the path conducted us within a hundred yards of a small brook. Many ewes and lambs were in the meadow; we were about half-way over it, when a ewe came up to me and bleated very loudly, looking up in my face, and then ran off towards the brook. I could not help remarking this extraordinary behavior; but my attention was particularly roused when she repeated it, and bleating louder, seemed to wish to signify something in particular; she then ran off in the same direction, repeatedly looking behind her, till she reached the brook, where she stood still. After standing to look at her some time, we continued our walk, and had nearly reached the gate that led into the next meadow, when she came running after us the third time, and seemed, if possible, more earnest than before. I then determined to discover the cause of this singular procedure; I followed the ewe towards the brook; seeing me advance, she ran as fast as she was able, looking behind her several times; when she came to the brook, she peeped over the edge of a hillock into the water, looked up in my face, and bleated with the most significant voice I ever heard uttered by a quadruped. Judge of my surprise, when, on looking into the stream, I saw her lamb just under the hillock, nearly immersed in water, and unable to extricate itself. I at once drew it out; it was still alive. The fond mother instantly began to lick and suckle it, and looking up to me, muttered several sounds very different from those I had heard before, and evidently expressing satisfaction and pleasure. I needed not her thanks, for I never performed an action that gave me more unmixed pleasure, nor did dumb creature ever appear more grateful.—*British Workman.*

MY PET MONKEY.

A CRICKET that had been singing merrily in the ashes came a little too far out on the hearthstone: his fate was sealed—the next jump he made was down the throat of Jacko, my pet monkey, who munched him up as an epicure does the leg of a woodcock. The next tit-bit was a black-beetle, who ran out to secure a crumb dropped from the servants' supper-table: he, too, became a victim to his rashness; and not he alone, but many of his black friends and relatives, who incautiously exposed themselves before the candles were put out.

Having ascertained that these beetles were nuts to Jacko, I one day gave him a great treat by upsetting the kitchen beetle-trap in his presence. Both paws instantly went to work;—whole bunches of the unfortunate insects he crammed into the pouches, (which he, like most other monkeys, has on the sides of his mouth, and which serve as pockets,) munching away as hard as he could at the same time. His paws could not catch the prey fast enough, so he set his feet to work, and grasped with them as many as he could hold. This was not enough: he swept a lot together with his tail, and coiling it up closely, kept them there close prisoners, till his mouth was a little empty, and he had time to catch and devour them. This was really too greedy. I took him away from the feast, still, however, munching with all his might, and looking back at the box with wistful eyes. If we wanted at any future period to put him in a good humor, his flagging spirits were instantly roused by the sight of the beetle-trap.

Almost all monkeys have pouches in their cheeks. I recollect, one Saturday night, hearing a man who was selling riddles at a penny per yard, in long slips of paper, in the neighborhood of Westminster, propose the following riddle, as a specimen of the best of

the pennyworth:—"Why does a dog carry a bone in his mouth?" He volunteered the answer immediately afterwards:—"Because he has no pocket to put it in." Now the monkey, like the dog, carries his food in his mouth; but that mouth contains a pocket. The skin of the cheek is very loose; when empty it falls in wrinkles, which gives the "old-man like" appearance to his face. In this natural pocket he places his food, and keeps it there till he wishes to devour it.

Jacko's insectivorous propensities were not confined to black-beetles alone. Spiders formed a pleasant variety; not a spider was left alive either in the stable or outside the stable where he was confined; and most enormous stones would he pick out of the wall with his nimble fingers, in search of a runaway web-spinner. He was really of great use in clearing the house of this housemaid's pest. I often used to put a bit of string to the end of his chain, and make him run up the curtains of the rooms of the house. He would then completely rummage out and devour every spider, who, having had their webs so frequently knocked down by the merciless broom, had thought to spin them in security on the top of the cornices and among the curtain rods.

On one of these occasions, he watched his opportunity, and suddenly snatching the string out of my hand, straightway bolted out of the window, the top part of which happened to be open. Away he went over the garden wall, down the road, up into the village. The parish school turned out from their lessons at this moment, and a regular pursuit took place: the boys shouted and threw up their caps, the girls did not know whether to laugh or be frightened. In an instant Jacko was on the top of the nearest cottage, and returned the derisive shouts of the boys by angry and incessant chattering: he grinned from ear to ear, and showed an array of sharp teeth,

as much as to say, "Touch me if you dare." His hair was all erect, as was always the case when he was alarmed or excited, so that he looked double his natural size, and he shook his tail in angry defiance. The numerous stones and sticks thrown at him in fun by the boys—for they knew him well, and did not want to hurt him—soon made him decamp, and off he went along the roofs of the cottages, his chain making a fearful clatter on the tiles, to the alarm of the aged inmates sitting at their ease within. The crowd collected, the excitement became immense; the police were not called out, because there is only one constable: he, being a baker, turned out in his white cap, and sleeves tucked up, armed with the official wand of office, determined to take up somebody. Next came the churchwarden. "Lay hold of the rascal, boys," cries he, "and we will put him in the pound." "Likely I'll stay there," chatters Jacko, "and, moreover, you must catch me first," and off he goes again, followed by the whole village. The fun gets warm, Jacko begins to repent, jumps on to a tree, and slips down one side while the boys are watching on the other. He bounds across the road, over the garden gate, through the broken stable-window, to his own bed in the hayloft, where he lies, his eyes closed, his little sides ready to burst from running, and his mouth half open. Doubtless, at this moment, he came to the determination never to leave home again, for he certainly never did, and likewise to have his revenge upon the parish boys for persecuting him; for from this day he always flew at, and tried to bite, any boy wearing the parochial livery.

Jacko once got loose again. Remembering his previous adventure with the schoolboys, he ventured not beyond the premises, but quietly sneaked into the knife-house, and tried his hand at cleaning the knives. In this attempt he was evidently not successful, inasmuch as the handles were the parts he attempted to

polish on the brick-board, and a cut was found in the middle of his hand the next day. Resolved, however, not to be defeated, he set to work to clean the shoes in imitation of the man William, his kind and indulgent keeper. Again, he had not distinctly recollected the various steps necessary for the right performance of the operation, for he covered an unfortunate shoe all over, sole and all, with the blacking which he got out of the blacking-bottle, and then he emptied what was left into the hollow of the shoe, nearly filling it: his coat was in a nice mess for some days afterwards.

One morning, again, when the servants returned from the parlor into the kitchen, they found Jacko had taken all the kitchen candlesticks out of the cupboard and arranged them on the fender before the fire, as he had seen done before. Finding the black-lead in the same place, he took it to a bowl of water which was at hand, wetted it, and was diligently rubbing the table all over with it when he was caught in the act. On the entrance of the servants, he immediately retreated to his basket in the corner, and tried to look as though nothing had happened. A great treat to this would-be kitchen-maid was to have a large bowl of warm water given him. He would first of all cunningly test the warmth with his hand, and then gradually step into the bath, first one foot and then the other, finally completely sitting down in it. Comfortably placed, he would then take the soap in his hands or feet, as the case might be, and rub himself all over. Having made a dreadful mess on the table, and finding the water becoming cold, the next part of the play was to get out and run as quickly as he could to the fire, where his coat soon became dry. If anybody laughed at him during this performance, he would chatter and grin at them, and frequently even splash water out of the bath towards, and sometimes over, them.—*Curiosities of Natural History.*

THE MONKEY.

MONKEY, little merry fellow,
Thou art Nature's Punchinello!
Full of fun as Puck could be,
Harlequin might learn of thee!

Look now at his odd grimaces!
Saw you ever such queer faces?
Now like learned judge sedate,
Now with nonsense in his pate!

Look now at him! Gently peep!
He pretends he is asleep;
Fast asleep upon his bed,
With his arm beneath his head.

Now that posture is not right,
And he is not settled quite—
There! that 's better than before,
And the knave pretends to snore!

Ha! he is not half asleep;
See, he slyly takes a peep.
Monkey, though your eyes were shut,
You could see this little nut.

You shall have it, pigmy brother!
What! another? and another?
Nay, your cheeks are like a sack
Sit down and begin to crack.

There, the little ancient man
Cracks as fast as crack he can!
Now good-by, you merry fellow;
Nature's primest Punchinello!

—MARY HOWITT.

THE RABBIT.

It is the fashion to say that only the regular domesticated rabbits can be tamed; but experience proves that such is not the case. As a proof of this, I cite an interesting account sent by a lady to Mr Jesse.

"One evening last spring my dog barked at something behind a flower pot that stood in the door porch. I thought a toad was there, but it proved to be a very young rabbit, a wild one. The poor thing was in a state of great exhaustion, as if it had been chased, and had been a long time without food. It was quiet in the hand, and allowed a little warm milk to be put into its mouth. Upon being wrapped in flannel and placed in a basket by the fire, it soon went to sleep. When it awoke, more milk was offered in a small spoon, which this time was sucked with right good will; and the little creature continued to take the milk in this way for several days, until strong enough to help itself out of a cup. It appeared to become tame immediately, soon learnt its name, and I never saw a happier

or merrier little pet. Its gambols on the carpet were full of fun. When tired with play, it would feed on the green food and nice bits placed there for it; and when satisfied, it used to climb up the skirt of the dress, nestle in the lap or under the arm, and go to sleep. If this indulgence could not be permitted, then Bunny (as we called it) would spring into my work-basket and take a nap there. At mid-day it liked to sit in the sun on the window-seat, when it would clean its fur and long ears, each being separately drawn down, and held by one foot while brushed by the other. This duty performed, it would stretch at full length, and, basking in the sunbeams, fall asleep. Strange to tell, all this was going on with the dog in the room, who had been made to understand that the rabbit was not to be touched; stranger still, the rabbit ceased to show any fear of the dog, but, on the contrary, delighted in jumping on the dog's back, and running after his tail. These liberties, however, were not pleasing to Jewel; they were evidently only endured in obedience to the commands of the mistress. Not approving of one favorite being made happy at the other's expense, I was obliged to interfere on these occasions, and call Bunny to order.

"Being frequently told that a wild rabbit could not be so thoroughly domesticated but that it would return to the woods if it regained its liberty, I feared that if mine got loose it would certainly run away. Yet I wished it should be sometimes in the garden to feed upon such green food as it liked best; for this purpose I fastened it with a collar and small chain, and thus secured, led it about. One evening the chain unfortunately broke, and Bunny was free! At first we saw it running from place to place with wild delight, but after a little while we could not see it, and we hunted in vain under the shrubs, calling it by name, until it became dark; we then ceased to search any longer and I concluded my pretty pet was gone.

"Before retiring for the night, I gave a last look out of the window, in the hope I might chance to see it once more. The moon was then shining brightly, and I distinctly saw my little rabbit sitting at the door, with head and ears erect, as if listening for its friends within; anxious, perhaps, for its accustomed nice supper, and soft warm bed. I hastened down-stairs to let it in, calling it by name, when, the moment I opened the door, a strange cat darted forward, seized it by the neck, and bore it screaming away!

"I feel convinced that this fond little creature would not have left us to return to the wood. That it did not come when called was the effect of excessive joy for its newly found freedom, which must have been doubly delightful while we were near, as no doubt it saw us when we could not see it, and was only quietly feeding when we thought it was gone away. Four months must have been the extent of poor Bunny's short life."—*Anecdotes of Animal Life.*

CANADIAN SQUIRRELS.

Charles.—The ground squirrel is quite numerous [illegible]. It does not migrate, I believe.

Frank.—No: all our squirrels are residents, not sojourners here. I think the ground squirrel, however, retires to a burrow during the winter, and hybernates. I have never seen it, so far as I can recollect, abroad during that season; but the red squirrel may often be seen on a fine day at the foot of some beech or maple, and if disturbed, he quickly runs to his hole under the snow.

C.—The striped or ground squirrel is a very pretty animal. It has not the roguish saucy familiarity of the red, and has little of the appearance of a squirrel. Its bright fawn color is well marked by the three black stripes down its back and sides.

F.—He rarely, if ever, climbs trees, but is fond of

playing bo-peep around old logs or among a heap of stones, now poking out his head to take a sly peep at you; then gone again. His note is a single chuck, uttered at intervals, like the cluck of a hen: he is commonly known here by the name of the *chipmunk*.

C.—The red squirrel is a very fantastic little gentleman. He plays as many tricks as a monkey, and were it not that he is so fond of grain, and has such very loose ideas on the subject of *meum* and *tuum*, he would be a universal favorite.

F.—As it is, however, he is sorely persecuted with powder and shot, and even periodical hunts are made up, as a kind of frolic, in which men and boys eagerly join—any old rusty musket being a sufficient qualification. Two leaders choose sides, each alternately taking a man, till the whole are engaged, just as in cricket, &c.; then they sally forth, and the party that brings in most squirrels is the victor. Notwithstanding all this, and the numbers that are shot about the barns in winter by vindictive farmers, they are not a whit less impudent or familiar, nor do they seem diminished in numbers. His jerks and motions are very amusing. If you go under a tree where one is sitting, he sets himself firmly on the branch, flourishes his tail over his back, and looks fiercely at you, making a most angry chattering all the time, or rather a reiterated chirping, every now and then giving a start as if he had a mind to fly at you, jerking his tail, too, with a convulsive sort of motion. If you are pretty close to him, you may hear at every chirp, and simultaneous with it, a sort of low undertone of a mournful sound, something like the coo of a pigeon, but much shorter.

C.—How very nimble they are. They leap to a great distance, and run very swiftly. I have often chased them along the rails of a fence, I running on the road beside it; but though I ran with all my speed, and though the squirrel had to run nearly double the distance, from the zig-zag form of the fence, he

would keep a-head of me. He is a cunning fellow, too; for after running from rail to rail, he will often suddenly crouch down on one of the projecting ends where they cross each other, in hope of remaining unseen. I have often lost them in that way.

F.—Do you see that little grove in yonder bottom, exactly between our house and the village? There I once put the agility of a little rogue of a red squirrel to a pretty severe test. The trees are chiefly maple, cherry, and elm; all, or nearly all, though of considerable height, so slender as to be easily shaken with my hands. My little gentleman was enjoying himself on one of those trees, when, as "his evil stars" would have it, I espied him. I knew that he would not leave the grove, and for a frolic I commenced shaking the tree violently, which put him at his wit's end. He ran from bough to bough, and at length leaped to another tree; this I instantly shook in the same manner, and so kept him flying from tree to tree, sometimes at an astonishing distance, backward and forward through the grove, for more than half an-hour, without a moment's cessation. He several times missed his hold, but always caught a bough in his fall, except once, when he came rather heavily on the ground from one of the topmost branches. He was instantly on his feet again, and up in the tree before I could come near him. I don't know whether *he* was tired, but *I* was, and was fain to yield him the point, and leave him in quiet possession of his trees. —P. H. Gosse.

THE RAT.

The rat is in nature, appearance, and habits, one of the least amiable of all the lower animals. Yet it is not wholly destitute of traits which recommend it to a lenient judgment. Almost all animals are kind to their young; but the aged and infirm among the brute

creation are usually left to perish of neglect, when they are not designedly put to death by their fellows. Now, it is singular that we should have to say of a creature in other respects so unattractive as the rat, that it carefully tends the aged of its own species. Such, at least, would appear to be the case from anecdotes similar to the following:—"One morning," relates a truthful and sharp-sighted observer, "as I lay in bed, I heard all at once a noise, such as rats or mice make behind a wainscot, when they are trying to gnaw their way through. It ceased for some minutes and then began anew. In a short time a rat came out of a hole, and, after quietly taking a survey of the room, disappeared again. In a few minutes it re-appeared, bringing with it a larger and older-looking rat, which it led by the ear. The first rat now left its companion at the hole, and, along with a third, which had followed them, ran about the room, gathering some crumbs which lay upon the floor. These they brought and laid before the old rat at the hole. Astonished at what I saw, I redoubled my attention, and now perceived that the one to which the other two brought food was blind, and only became aware of what was put before it by feeling. Meanwhile some one entered the room, upon which the two younger rats immediately began to squeal, apparently with the view of warning the old one of impending danger; but, great as their own alarm was, they refused to rescue themselves till their old companion was in safety. They kept close beside it, and seemed as if they wished to shield it from harm."

Rats, both old and young, can be tamed, and taught various amusing performances. Bonnet informs us, in his "History of Music," that he saw rats in the market of St Germain dancing upon the tight-rope to music, and, like rope-dancers, holding little rods to balance themselves with in their forepaws. When the celebrated French author, Crebillon, was sent to prison at Vincennes, he was awakened the first night by some-

thing beside him in bed. It felt warm and soft, and taking it for a kitten, he threw it out and fell asleep again. Next morning he looked everywhere for the kitten, thinking it might be some company to him in his lonely captivity, but in vain. At dinner-time, however, he suddenly saw an animal sitting on the other side of the table, which he supposed was the kitten, for the gloom of his prison-chamber did not allow of his discerning objects clearly. He persuaded it to come nearer him, and then, to his horror, he perceived the creature to be a huge rat. The cry of astonishment and disgust, which he could not restrain, brought a turnkey to see what was the matter. When the man learned what had occurred he burst into a loud laugh, and told Crebillon, that a prisoner, who had formerly occupied the same room, had brought up this rat and tamed it. The turnkey then cried, "Naton, Naton, come here, won't you!" and immediately Naton peeped slyly out of his hole; but as soon as he saw his acquaintance, he jumped upon his arm, and began eating some crumbs of bread with great satisfaction. After this Crebillon overcame his dislike for the rat, and, indeed, grew so fond of it, that he would have taken it with him to Paris when he was set at liberty, had not the turnkey wished to keep it.

THE MOUSE'S PETITION.

Oh, hear a pensive prisoner's prayer,
For liberty that sighs;
And never let thine heart be shut
Against the wretch's cries!

For here forlorn and sad I sit,
Within the wiry grate,
And tremble at the approaching morn,
Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breast with freedom glow'd,
And spurn'd a tyrant's chain,
Let not thy strong oppressive force
A free-born mouse detain!

Oh, do not stain with guiltless blood
Thy hospitable hearth!
Nor triumph that thy wiles betray'd
A prize so little worth.

The scatter'd gleanings of a feast
My frugal meals supply;
But if thy unrelenting heart
That slender boon deny—

The cheerful light, the vital air,
Are blessings widely given;
Let Nature's commoners enjoy
The common gifts of heaven

Beware lest in the worm you crush,
A brother's soul you find;
And tremble lest thy luckless hand
Dislodge a kindred mind.

Or if this transient gleam of day
Be *all* the life we share,
Let pity plead within thy breast,
That little *all* to spare.

So may thy hospitable board
With health and peace be crown'd;
And every charm of heartfelt ease
Beneath thy roof be found.

So when destruction works unseen,
Which man, like mice, may share,
May some kind angel clear thy path,
And break the hidden snare.

—A. L. BARBAULD.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

HUMMING-BIRDS are natives of America. They are at once the smallest and the most brilliantly-colored of the whole feathered race. There are many species, all varying in size, from that of a wren to a humble bee, and exhibiting a splendor and beauty of plumage which it is hardly possible to describe. These gems of animated nature are to be seen clad in the loveliest crimson, blue, and green, laid on a ground of gold; but much of their varied elegance is lost when they are not seen in their native woods. Nothing can be more beautiful than to see them glittering like gems among the highly-scented blossoms of the warm countries which they inhabit.

They possess a long and extremely slender bill, with which they extract the nectar, and the small insects which lurk in the recesses of the flowers. They are formed for rapid flight, and are almost ever on the

wing. "Wherever a creeping vine opens its fragrant clusters, or wherever a tree-flower blooms, these lovely creatures are to be seen. In the garden, in the woods, over the water, everywhere they are darting about,—of all sizes, from one that might easily be mistaken for a different variety of bird to the tiny hermit, whose body is scarcely so large as that of the bee buzzing about the same sweets. Sometimes they are seen chasing each other with a rapidity of flight and intricacy of path the eye is puzzled to follow. Again, circling round and round, they rise high in mid-air, then dart off to some distant attraction. Perched upon a little limb they smooth their plumes, and seem to delight in their dazzling hues; then darting off again, they skim along, stopping now and then before a flower, and extracting its honey as they hover in the air. Their wings vibrate with such rapidity that the motion is scarcely visible; and it is from the constant murmur or humming sound caused by the rapid vibration that these beautiful little creatures derive their name."

The nest of the humming-bird is very beautifully constructed of the softest down, gathered from the silk-cotton tree, and covered on the outside with bits of leaves and moss. The nest of the smallest species is about as big as the half of a walnut, and in this tiny cup the lovely creature rests.

Minutest of the feather'd kind,
Possessing every charm combined,
Nature, in forming thee, design'd
That thou shouldst be
A proof within how little space
She can comprise such perfect grace,
Rendering thy lovely fairy race
Beauty's epitome.

ANECDOTE OF THE HUMMING-BIRD.

THE most interesting anecdotes of the ruby-throat which I have read, were published in a Quaker publication of Philadelphia, called *The Friend*. The correspondent says, "Sometime in the seventh month of the present year, (1834,) one of my family caught a small humming-bird, which appeared quite debilitated for want of food. We presented it with some sugar and cream mixed together, which it sucked up with avidity; after which it was restored to liberty. In the course of a short interval it again made its appearance, was taken in the hand, and a mixture of sugar made into the consistence of a syrup was poured into the corolla of a trumpet honeysuckle, from which it eagerly extracted it. From that time forward it became quite familiar, and would come a dozen times a day, or more, to be fed. After fluttering a few seconds at the door or window to attract notice, it would alight on a neighboring tree or rose-bush until its food was prepared for it; and then, upon calling 'peet, peet,' it would dart in a straight line with the velocity of an arrow to receive it.

"We generally filled two or three tubes of the honeysuckle with syrup, which it extracted while on the wing, buzzing around the flower held in our hand, and inserting its bill, which was about three-fourths of an inch in length, from which it protruded its tongue, at least half-an-inch longer, with which it sucked up the liquid. This generally sufficed it; but sometimes it did not appear satisfied, but would repair to its resting-place, and wait until the flowers were again filled, when, upon being called, it would return and finish its repast.

"But if, after flying to its perch, it wiped its bill upon the limb, we were then assured it wanted no more at that time; all the solicitations we could make would have no other effect than to hasten its departure. In

the course of half-an-hour it would be back again after more food, and if the member of the family to whom he applied was engaged, and not ready to attend to him, he would try over and over again to excite attention by flying into different apartments of the house, and buzzing within a few inches. Peet's solicitations generally succeeded, as the younger branches of the family were delighted with attending to him. He appeared to be more fond of syrup when made thick than any other food which was offered to him. If it was too much diluted, he would fly to his resting-place, and wait until it was altered. We also, at times, gave sugar and cream, wine and water mixed with sugar, and once some honey obtained from a humble bee's nest, which he appeared to treat with great contempt. Sometimes, when he was fluttering around the flower held outside of the doorway, a stranger of the same species, having less confidence in human nature, would dart at the little fellow, and drive him away, as if anxious for him to escape from so perilous a situation. But it only had a momentary effect on our little friend, as he would return with as confiding an assurance of safety as before. His little twittering noise and averted eye, as he momentarily withdrew his bill from the flower, appeared to say, 'Surely thou wilt not hurt me.' After he had visited us every day so frequently for about three weeks, and been admired by numerous persons, he disappeared on the 11th of August, being fed about the middle of the day, which was the last time that he was seen. As the wild humming-birds, which were quite numerous before, disappeared about the same time, it is probable he accompanied them to more southern regions. As we were on terms of the most friendly kind, it is hoped our little traveller will again revisit us, after he has finished his peregrinations among the flowers of the south, as it is very doubtful whether he will find them as sweet as he did the honeysuckles of Delaware."

—P. H. GOSSE.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

To bring up a young mocking-bird is rather a difficult task, as it must be taken from the nest at a very early period of its life, and therefore requires the most unremitting attention. In the work of Mr Webber is a very interesting account of the successful rearing of four very young mocking-birds. They had been cruelly taken out of their nests by some mischievous and hard-hearted person before they had opened their eyes on life, and left to die on a small piece of carpeting. Mr Webber and his sister happening to look at the nest, which they had long watched, discovered the poor little things lying cold and apparently lifeless on the carpet. He, however, found that the tiny hearts were still beating, and after inducing his sister to place them in her bosom, rode homewards at full speed. The rest of the story shall be told in his own words:—

"We were at home, and we passed hurriedly into the garden. I called a little brother to join us; in a moment we were all three standing beneath the eaves of the summer-house. There was a small hole in the cornice of the eaves, and I knew that in this a pair of

blue-birds had nested, and supposed that they must be just about hatched now. My sister stood watching my proceedings with great anxiety, for they were entirely mysterious to her. She saw me take my little brother aside, and whisper my directions to him ; then the little fellow prepared to climb up the columns of the summer-house, and with my assistance reached the cornice. His little hand was inserted into the hole, and with the greatest care not to touch either the sides of the hole, or the nest within, he daintily plucks out the young ones, one by one, and hands them down to me. They are the same age with the mocking-birds, but smaller.

"'Now, sister, give me those little ones ; and haste, dear, for I am afraid the old ones, who have gone out for food, will come back.'

"She is so flurried she does not realize what I am about to do, but hastily places the young birds, now warm and fully alive, in my hand. They are reached to my brother. 'Drop them in quick, quick ! and come down. Jump ! I'll catch you.'

"Down he comes, and then, after my whispering something more to him, he snatched the young blue-birds from my hand, and ran off among the shrubbery. At this moment we heard the sweet, clear warble of the blue-birds, and I drew my sister a short distance away, where, from behind a tall rose-bush, we could watch the proceedings of the old birds.

"'What does all this mean, brother ? What do you expect ?' she asked, in a low, puzzled voice, for she did not know that the young blue-birds had been taken out, so dexterously had we managed, and only understood that her charge had been transferred to the nest. 'Brother, you surely can't expect that little blue-bird to take care of eight young ones—your fairy will have to help, sure enough !'

"'Hush ! hush !' said I, all eagerness, for, with an insect in its mouth, one of the old birds, twitting

merrily, had alighted near the hole, and without hesitation glided in, and in a moment or two came forth again, without seeming to have observed that there was anything wrong. My heart beat more freely, for I saw that the insect had been left behind, clearly, in the throat of one of the intruders, for the bird plumed himself gaily outside, as if happy in having performed a pleasant duty. But this was the male bird, and it was the arriving of the female that I knew was most to be dreaded,—for if the sharp instinct of the mother did not detect the fraud, I felt that it would succeed.

"In my elation at my success so far, I had explained my object to my sister, who, as she did not understand about the making away with the young blue-birds, was now infinitely delighted at the probable success of the scheme, and I could scarcely keep within bounds her dancing impatience to see what the mother would do, hear what the mother would say. Here she comes! and in a business-like and straight-forward way glided directly into the hole. We held our breaths, and stood on tiptoe. Out she darts with a low cry, still holding the insect in her mouth. Our hearts sank; she has discovered all, and refuses to adopt the strangers! She flew to her mate, and seemed to communicate some sad intelligence to him.

"He was busily engaged in trimming his feathers, and merely straightened himself up for a moment, and then, with an air of the coolest indifference, proceeded with his occupation. The poor female seemed to be sadly distressed and puzzled; she flew around the nest, uttering a low, mournful cry, then returned to her philosophical mate for sympathy, which he seemed to be too busy with his feathers to spare now. Then she would dart into the hole, stay a moment, and out again with the insect still in her mouth. Then she would circle round and round on the wing, as if searching for the cause of the disturbance, the nature of which she

evidently did not clearly understand. So she continued to act, until the male, having arranged his feathers to his liking, flew off, with a pleasant call to her, in search of more food. This seemed to decide her uncertainty, for darting now into the nest, she immediately fed the worm to one of those lusty young fellows that had grown so wonderfully since she last went out, and then came forth chirping, and apparently reconciled, and followed her mate.

"'There! it succeeds! it succeeds! they are safe now; these birds are more industrious than the mocking-birds, and will feed them better! good! good!'

"'Your fairy spell has succeeded, brother, sure enough!' and she clapped her hands and danced for joy; and I am not sure that I did not join her most obstreperously, for I never was more delighted in my life at the success of any little scheme.

"I knew the birds were safe if the female ever fed them once. So it proved; for never did I see little fellows grow with greater lustihood than they. Daily we watched them; and in ten days, or two weeks, were greatly amused to see the industrious old birds perseveringly laboring to fill gaping throats that were nearly large enough to swallow them bodily whole. I now narrowed the hole with wire, so that the blue-birds could get in, and the mocking-birds could not get out, for they were quite double the size of their foster-parents.

"When they were full fledged we took them to the house, and placed them in an aviary I had prepared for them, in a recess which contained a large window, and looked out upon the gardens. In two days I found, to my great astonishment, the old blue-birds endeavoring to feed them through the wires. They had found them out, the faithful creatures, and not content with having already spent double the amount of labor upon them that they would have bestowed

upon their own offspring, they followed them up with their unwearying solicitude.

"I was greatly shocked at first to observe the cool indifference with which the young aristocrats of song surveyed their humble foster-parents. After a while it came, in spite of the shameful ingratitude it exhibited, to be a constant source of merriment with us to watch the lordly and impudent nonchalance with which they would turn their heads to one side, and look down at the poor blue-birds, fluttering against the bars with tender cries to attract their notice, with an expression which seemed as plainly as could be to say, 'Who are you, pray? get away, you common fellows!'

"A fine pair of old mocking-birds found them, too; but when they came, our gentry behaved very differently, and seemed crazy to get out. They became very tame, and I finally fulfilled my vow of turning them loose, and for a long time they were so tame that they would take food from our hands anywhere. They lived on the place, and we felt ourselves for years afterwards plentifully, ay, bounteously rewarded for our anxiety on account of the little outcasts, by the glorious songs they sang for us the summer nights to dream by. Thus it was my fair sister helped me out of the scrape with my young mocking-birds!"

—WOOD'S *Natural History.*

THE SONG OF THE BEES.

WE watch for the light of the morn to break
And color the eastern sky,
With its blended hues of saffron and lake,
Then say to each other, "Awake! awake!
For our winter's honey is all to make,
And our bread for a long supply."

Then off we hie to the hill and the dell,
To the field, the meadow, and bower;
In the columbine's horn we love to dwell,
To dip in the lily with snow-white bell,
To search the balm in its odorous cell,
The mint and the rosemary flower.

We seek the bloom of the eglantine,
Of the painted thistle and brier;
And follow the steps of the wandering vine,
Whether it trail on the earth supine,
Or round the aspiring tree-top twine,
And reach for a state still higher.

As each on the good of her sisters bent,
Is busy and cares for all,
We hope for an evening with heart's content,
For the winter of life without lament,
That summer is gone with its hours misspent,
And the harvest is past recall.

—Miss Gould.

TRY AGAIN.

It is related of Timour, the great conqueror, that he was once forced in flying from his enemies, to hide in an old ruined building, where he sat alone many hours. He tried to turn his mind from his troubles and to forget danger, by watching very closely an ant, that was carrying a grain of corn larger than itself, up a high wall.

In its efforts to get up, he found that the grain fell sixty-nine times to the ground; but the seventieth time, the ant reached the top of the wall with it. "This sight," said Timour, "gave me hope and courage at the moment, and I have never forgotten the lesson taught me by the little ant."

Now, children, when you have a difficult lesson to learn, and have tried sixty-nine times in vain to get it, *try again;* there is yet hope of success in the *seventieth* effort. You surely would be ashamed to show less perseverance than this little insect.

And yet how much might man learn even from the inferior animals, if he would but *see* and *think!* I will tell you of one, who took a lesson of hope and courage from the conduct of a little spider.

Robert Bruce was at one time almost in despair of making good his right to the throne, and of restoring freedom to Scotland; he had been so often defeated, and there seemed so little chance of success, that he doubted whether it was his duty to try again.

While thus doubtful what he should do, Bruce looked upward to the roof of the cabin where he lay on his bed, and saw a spider, which, hanging at the end of a long thread of its own spinning, was trying to swing itself from one beam in the roof to another, for the purpose of fixing the line for its web.

The insect made the attempt again and again without success; and at length Bruce counted that it had tried to carry its point six times, and had been as often unable to do so.

It reminded him that he had himself fought just six battles, and that the poor, persevering spider was exactly in the same situation with himself, having made as many trials, and as often failed in what it aimed at.

"Now," thought Bruce, "as I do not know what is best to be done, I will be guided by the spider. If the insect shall make another effort to fix its thread and shall be successful, I will venture a seventh time to try my fortune in Scotland; but if the spider shall fail, I will go away and never return to my native country again."

While Bruce was forming this resolution, the spider made another attempt with all the force it could muster, and fairly succeeded in fastening its thread on the beam, which it had so often in vain tried to reach.

Bruce seeing the success of the spider, was encouraged to make one more effort for his country, and as he never before gained a victory, so he never afterwards met with any great defeat.

LATREILLE AND THE BEETLE.

At the end of last century there lived, in a town of France, a celebrated naturalist named Latreille. He spent much of his time in watching the habits of insects, and took little interest in anything else. Suspected, however, of being an enemy to the government, he was seized and cast into prison. But it was the will of God to save Latreille, and a messenger was

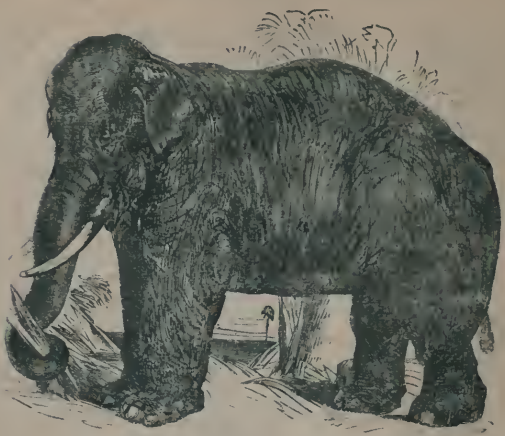
sent to deliver him. This messenger was a little blue beetle! This little creature was crawling on the wall of his prison, and Latreille was watching it attentively at the very moment when the doctor of the prison was going his rounds. The doctor had a young friend who was fond of curious insects, and when Latreille told him that this little creature was a rare specimen, he carried it off to his friend.

This friend wished to see the man who had sent him such a rare beetle. He visited Latreille in prison, was delighted with his conversation, and as he happened to have some influence with the government, he persuaded them to set Latreille free.

Soon after, Latreille's fellow-prisoners were banished. They were sent in a ship bound to Cayenne, which foundered in the Bay of Biscay, and every one on board perished. This would probably have been Latreille's fate, but for the visit to his prison of the little blue red-shouldered beetle.

He ever after loved the little creature, which he called "the miraculous cause of his liberty"—"an insect very dear to him." When he was an old man, one of these little beetles used to be his gift to his favorite pupils, and was highly prized by them, as a distinguished mark of his favor.

This little insect was as truly the means used by God to deliver Latreille, as if God had sent an angel to open the prison doors. When it pleases God to deliver any one from prison, or from death, an insect may be His messenger, and do His will as well as an angel; for the smallest and least of His creatures obey His will, and are not beneath His notice.



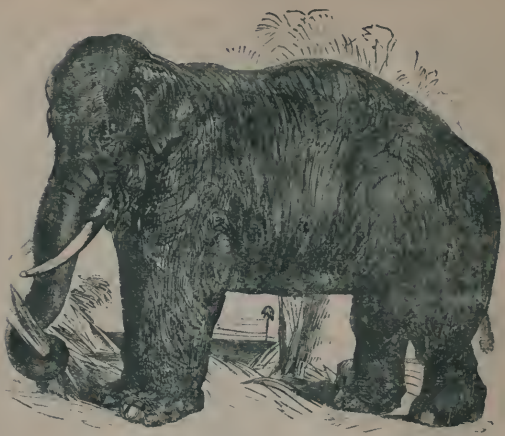
ADVENTURE WITH AN ELEPHANT.

FEW sportsmen have been placed in a more terrible predicament than was Mr Anderson, while halting at Kobis, on his road to Lake Ngami. Hearing that elephants and rhinoceroses were in the habit of frequenting certain pools to drink, he set out alone one moonlight night, carrying a blanket and two or three guns, and took up his position on a strip of land that divided two pools. "Just as I had completed my arrangements," says he, "a noise like that of the passage of artillery broke the stillness of the air—it evidently came from the direction of one of the numerous stony paths, or rather tracks, leading to the water. Raising myself from my recumbent position, I fixed my eyes steadily on the part of the bush whence the strange sounds proceeded, but for some time I was unable to make out the cause. All at once, however, the mystery was explained by the appearance of an immense elephant, immediately followed by others, amounting to eighteen. Their towering forms told me at a glance that they were all males.

"Crouching down as low as possible, I waited with beating heart and ready rifle the approach of the leading male, who, unconscious of peril, was making straight for my hiding-place. The position of his body, however, was unfavorable for a shot; and knowing from experience that I had little chance of obtaining more than a single good one, I waited for an opportunity to fire at his shoulder, which, as before said, is preferable to any other part when shooting at night. But this chance, unfortunately, was not afforded me till his enormous bulk towered above my head. The consequence was that, while in the act of raising the muzzle of my rifle, my body caught his eye, and before I could place the piece to my shoulder, he swung himself round, and, with trunk elevated and ears spread, desperately charged me. My life was now in imminent jeopardy; and seeing that if I remained partially erect he would inevitably seize me with his proboscis, I threw myself on my back with some violence, in which position, and without shouldering the rifle, I fired upwards at random towards his chest, uttering, at the same time, the most piercing shouts and cries. The change of position, in all human probability, saved my life; for at the same instant the trunk of the enraged animal descended precisely on the spot where I had been previously crouched, sweeping away the stones like so many pebbles. In another moment his broad fore-feet passed directly over my face.

"I now expected nothing short of being crushed to death; but imagine my relief when, instead of renewing the charge, he swerved to the left, and moved off with considerable rapidity—most happily without my having received other injuries than a few bruises, occasioned by the falling of the stones. Under Providence, I attribute my extraordinary escape to the confusion of the animal caused by the wound I had inflicted on him, and to the cries elicited from me when in my utmost need."

—*Wild Sports of the World.*



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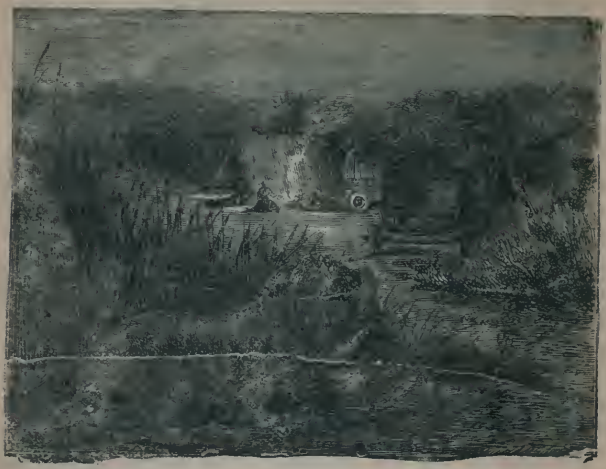

LION-HUNTING.

LIONS seldom choose to attack mankind, unless they are very hungry or unless they are first assaulted. When, however, they have once tasted human blood, they are said to prefer it to any other food, and will seek their prey in the most determined manner. Such lions are significantly called by the natives, "man-eaters." As an example of the resolute manner in which a hungry "man-eater" will attack a human being, the account of Cumming will suffice :—

"After supper, three of my men returned before their comrades, and lay down; those were John Stofolus, Hendrick, and Ruyter. In a few minutes an ox came out by the gate of the kraal, and walked round the back of it. Hendrick got up and drove him in again, and then went back to his fireside and lay down; Hendrick and Ruyter lay on one side of the fire under one blanket, and John Stofolus lay on the other. At this moment I was sitting taking some barley broth.

Our fire was very small, and the night was pitch-dark and windy. Owing to our proximity to the native village, the wood was very scarce, the Bakalahari having burnt it all in their fires.

"Suddenly the appalling and murderous voice of an angry bloodthirsty lion burst upon my ear, within a few yards of us, followed by the shrieking of the Hottentots. Again and again the murderous roar of attack was repeated. We heard John and Ruyter shriek, 'The lion! the lion!' still for a few minutes we thought he was chasing one of the dogs round the kraal; but the next instant John Stofolus rushed into the midst of us, almost speechless with fear and terror, his eyes bursting from their sockets, and shrieked out, 'The lion! the lion! he has got Hendrick; he dragged him away from the fire beside me; I struck him with the burning brands upon his head; but he would not let go his hold. Hendrick is dead! O God! Hendrick is dead! Let us take fire and seek him.' The rest of my people rushed about, shrieking and yelling as if they were mad. I was at once angry with them for their folly, and told them if they did not stand still and keep quiet, the lion would have another of us, and that very likely there was a troop of them. I ordered the dogs, which were nearly all fast, to be set loose, and the fire to be increased as far as could be. I then shouted Hendrick's name, but all was still. I told my men that Hendrick was dead, and that a regiment of soldiers could not now help him; and hunting my dogs forward, I had everything brought within the cattle-kraal, when we lighted our fire, and closed the entrance as well as we could.

"My terrified people sat round the fire with guns in their hands till the day broke, still fancying that every moment the lion would return, and spring again into the midst of us. When the dogs were first let go, the stupid brutes, as dogs often prove when most required, instead of going at the lion, rushed fiercely on one an-

ANECDOTES OF THE TIGER.

MRS LEE tells us of a wild tiger actually frightened away by a simple stratagem. Her brother had just returned from the tent of a brother officer, when his servant came running up to him in a state of great alarm, saying that a tiger was near. Having given the alarm, they immediately ran away, leaving their master alone in his garden, rather wishing to see the tiger than otherwise. In a very short time the tiger actually did make his appearance, and, stopping short in front of the officer, began to growl, and then crouched in that most ominous attitude assumed by a cat when about to spring on a mouse. This convinced the officer that he had not escaped the animal's observation, as he had at first supposed; and on the impulse of the moment, he took off his big bear-skin grenadier's cap, and putting it before his face, roared in it,

endeavoring with some success to make his roar as different as possible from that of honest Snug, the joiner. The tiger, naturally astounded at such an uncouth sound, proceeding from such an uncouth object, turned tail and leaped into the thicket. All danger being over, the servants courageously came to help their master with drums and torches. Really the tiger's panic is not at all to be wondered at. We English are proudly pre-eminent among the nations for an execrable taste in hats, the officer's foraging cap and the "wide-awake" being the only exceptions; and among these caps, that of the grenadier is almost the most absurd, while as a soldier's cap it is most senseless, its only recommendation being that the wearer is forced to walk very upright to prevent it from tumbling off. No wonder, then, that a shapeless mass of black fur, suddenly protruded in the tiger's face, and animated with a rough voice reverberating in its wicker recesses, should scare away an animal who was not sufficiently civilized to be accustomed to such monstrosities.

The same writer heard from an eye-witness of the scene, an anecdote showing that the tiger sometimes snatches away his prey without springing. A gentleman was proceeding along a narrow, high-banked river, in a covered boat, on the roof of which his principal servant had gone to smoke. He did not long enjoy his quiet and elevated position, for a tiger put its paw out, dragged the man off the roof of the boat as it passed, and carried him away into the jungle.

The tiger, as well as the lion, has often permitted the company of other animals in its cage; and in one instance, after it had made friends with a dog, another was substituted, the precaution having been taken to make the exchange after the tiger had been fed. The second companion was welcomed as warmly as the first, and was permitted to take all kinds of liberties with its enormous friend, who even suffered it to

bark at and bite him without displaying the slightest resentment.

It is a great mistake to imagine that the tiger is morose and untamable, as it can be tamed quite as easily as the lion, and displays as much affection for its keeper, if he treats it kindly. Great care, however, must be taken with all these animals, as, even although they are apparently quite tame, their savage nature sometimes breaks out on very slight occasions, even though they had previously endured great provocations without complaint. Such was the case a short time since, when the celebrated "lion queen" at Wombwell's fell a victim to the sudden irritability of the tiger. She had been forced to chastise the tiger for some disobedience of orders, when the animal suddenly turned upon her, grasped her by the throat, and in a very short time after she was taken out of the cage she died. Death in this case was probably as much occasioned by fear as by the injuries inflicted by the tiger, as, on examination, no wound was found that would have caused death. In all probability, the tiger had no intention of carrying his revenge so far, but, unconscious of his strength, turned on his assailant in a moment of irritability and bit at her, with no more intention of killing her than a cat has when she snaps at the hand which pulls her tail. The effects, however, of the pat of a cat's paw, or the snap of a cat's teeth, are very different from the effects of a blow from a tiger's talons, or the grasp of a tiger's jaws, although they may be dealt with equally harmless intentions. The strength of this creature is most extraordinary, especially when we consider in what a small compass it is comprised. —*Anecdotes of Animal Life.*

ADVENTURE WITH A BEAR.

THE position which Heywood occupied was rather dangerous. The tree lay on the edge of an overhanging bank of clay, about ten feet above the water, which was deep and rapid at that place. At first the young man sat down on the tree-trunk near its root; but after a time, finding the position not quite to his mind, he changed it, and went close to the edge of the bank. He was so much occupied with his drawing, that he did not observe that the ground on which his feet rested actually overhung the stream. As his weight rested on the fallen tree, however, he remained there safe enough and busy for half an hour.

At the end of that time he was disturbed by a noise in the bushes. Looking up, he beheld a large brown bear coming straight towards him. Evidently the bear did not see him, for it was coming slowly and lazily along, with a quiet, meditative expression on its face. The appearance of the animal was so sudden and

unexpected, that poor Heywood's heart almost leaped into his mouth. His face grew deadly pale, his long hair almost rose on his head with terror, and he was utterly unable to move hand or foot.

In another moment the bear was within three yards of him, and, being taken by surprise, it immediately rose on its hind legs, which is the custom of bears when about to make or receive an attack. It stared for a moment at the horrified artist.

Let not my reader think that Heywood's feelings were due to cowardice. The bravest of men have been panic-stricken when taken by surprise. The young man had never seen a bear before, except in a cage, and the difference between a caged and a free bear is very great. Besides, when a rough-looking monster of this kind comes unexpectedly on a man who is unarmed, and has no chance of escape, and rises on its hind legs, as if to let him have a full view of its enormous size, its great strength, and its ugly appearance, he may well be excused for feeling a little uncomfortable, and looking somewhat uneasy.

When the bear rose, as I have said, Heywood's courage returned. His first act was to fling his sketch-book in Bruin's face, and then, uttering a loud yell, he sprang to his feet, intending to run away. But the violence of his action broke off the earth under his feet. He dropt into the river like a lump of lead, and was whirled away in a moment!

What that bear thought when it saw the man vanish from the spot like a ghost, of course I cannot tell. It certainly *looked* surprised, and, if it was a bear of ordinary sensibility, it must undoubtedly have *felt* astonished. At any rate, after standing there, gazing for nearly a minute in mute amazement at the spot where Heywood had disappeared, it let itself down on its fore-legs, and, turning round, walked slowly back into the bushes.

Poor Heywood could not swim, so the river did what

it pleased with him. After sweeping him out into the middle of the stream, and rolling him over five or six times, and whirling him round in an eddy close to the land, and dragging him out again into the main current, and sending him struggling down a rapid, it threw him at last, like a bundle of old clothes, on a shallow, where he managed to get on his feet, and staggered to the shore in a most melancholy plight. Thereafter he returned to the encampment, like a drowned rat, with his long hair plastered to his thin face, and his soaked garments clinging tightly to his slender body. Had he been able to see himself at that moment, he would have laughed, but, not being able to see himself, and feeling very miserable, he sighed and shuddered with cold, and then set to work to kindle a fire and dry himself.

Meanwhile the bear continued its walk up the river. Arrowhead, after a time, lost the track of the bear he was in search of, and, believing that it was too late to follow it up further that night, he turned about, and began to retrace his steps. Not long after that, he and the bear met face to face. Of course, the Indian's gun was levelled in an instant, but the meeting was so sudden, that the aim was not so true as usual, and, although the ball mortally wounded the animal, it did not kill him outright.

There was no time to re-load, so Arrowhead dropped his gun and ran. He doubled as he ran, and made for the encampment; but the bear ran faster. It was soon at the Indian's heels. Knowing that further flight was useless, Arrowhead drew the hatchet that hung at his belt, and, turning round, faced the infuriated animal, which instantly rose on its hind legs and closed with him.

The Indian met it with a tremendous blow of his axe, seized it by the throat with his left hand, and endeavored to repeat the blow. But brave and powerful though he was, the Indian was like a mere child in the paw of the bear. The axe descended with a crash

on the monster's head, and sank into its skull. But bears are notoriously hard to kill. This one scarcely seemed to feel the blow. Next instant Arrowhead was down, and, with its claws fixed in the man's back, the bear held him down, while it began to gnaw the fleshy part of his left shoulder.

No cry escaped from the prostrate hunter. He determined to lie perfectly still, as if he were dead, that being his only chance of escape; but the animal was furious, and there is little doubt that the Indian's brave spirit would soon have fled, had not God mercifully sent Jasper Derry to his relief.

That stout hunter had been near at hand when the shot was fired. He at once ran in the direction whence the sound came, and arrived on the scene of the struggle just as Arrowhead fell. Without a moment's hesitation he dropt on one knee, took a quick but careful aim and fired. The ball entered the bear's head just behind the ear and rolled it over dead!

Arrowhead's first act on rising was to seize the hand of his deliverer, while in a tone of deep feeling he exclaimed, "My brother!"

"Ay," said Jasper with a quiet smile, as he reloaded his gun; "this is not the first time that you and I have helped one another in the nick of time, Arrowhead; we shall be brothers, and good friends to boot, I hope, as long as we live."

"Good," said the Indian, a smile lighting up for one moment his usually grave features.

"But my brother is wounded, let me see," said Jasper.

"It will soon be well," said the Indian carelessly, as he took off his coat and sat down on the bank, while the white hunter examined his wounds.

This was all that was said on the subject by these two men. They were used to danger in every form, and had often saved each other from sudden death. The Indian's wounds, though painful, were trifling.

Jasper dressed them in silence, and then, drawing his long hunting-knife, he skinned and cut up the bear, while his companion lay down on the bank, smoked his pipe, and looked on. Having cut off the best parts of the carcass for supper, the hunters returned to the canoe, carrying the skin along with them.

—R. M. BALLANTYNE.

THE BEARS AND BEES.

As two young bears, in wanton mood,
Forth issuing from a neighb'ring wood,
Came where th' industrious bees had stored
In artful cells their luscious hoard,
O'erjoy'd they seized, with eager haste,
Luxurious on the rich repast.
Alarm'd at this, the little crew
About their ears vindictive flew.
The beasts, unable to sustain
The unequal combat, quit the plain.
Half blind with rage, and mad with pain,
Their native shelter they regain;
There sit, and now discreeter grown,
Too late their rashness they bemoan;
And this by dear experience gain—
That pleasure's ever bought with pain.
So when the gilded baits of vice
Are placed before our longing eyes,
With greedy haste we snatch our fill,
And swallow down the latent ill;
But when experience opes our eyes,
Away the fancied pleasure flies:
It flies, but oh! too late we find
It leaves a real sting behind.

—MERRICK

THE WOLF.

I SHALL not in these pages attempt to describe one species of wolf more than another, as the character of all wolves is so very similar. When a wolf is supported by plenty of comrades, it is a most daring animal, fearing not to attack foes far superior to itself; but if it is pursued when alone, it instantly becomes a slinking cowardly animal, and often yields the battle easily. Sometimes, however, when it sees no hope of escape, it turns upon its pursuers, and fights with obstinate valor until the very last. In no case is the cowardice of a wolf so conspicuous as when it is taken in a trap. Wolves are at all times very suspicious, and stand in great awe of anything that looks like a trap. There are many authenticated accounts of travellers who, when met by wolves, would have inevitably been devoured had they not terrified their enemies by letting a piece of cord trail behind their carriage. The wolves were so much afraid of this suspicious looking piece of cord, that they dared not venture to approach it, lest they should be caught. The hunters take advantage of this trait of character, and when they kill a beast too large to carry away,

they keep off the wolves by a similar stratagem. Suppose a hunter has shot a bison, he may only want the tongue, or a piece of the hump at present; but next day he may want the skin, or wish to make another meal. Now, if he were to leave the carcass as he shot it, very few hours, or even minutes, would elapse before it would be converted into a skeleton. In order, then, to preserve his prey for himself, the hunter generally places a stick upright in the ground near the carcass, and to that stick he ties, by a loose string, the inflated bladder of the slaughtered animal. This so effectually terrifies the wolves that, although they run round it all night, they dare not approach it, on account of the bladder, which is blown about in the wind. Sometimes a strip of skin is fastened to the stick; but anything to which wolves have not been accustomed will answer the hunter's purpose.

Major Strickland's account of the wolf closes with the following anecdote, which I must be permitted to give in his own words:—

"A perilous adventure once befel my brother-in-law, James. He was a bold brave boy, of ten years old at the time, and was on his return home with a pair of oxen, with which he had been assisting a neighbour, residing about six miles from his father's house. His road lay by the river shore, which was dreary enough in the fall of the year, and at the evening hour; but the child was fearless and saw the deepening shades sink into night without experiencing anything like apprehension.

"He was trudging on steadily, singing cheerfully as he walked, when a sound came on the night air, that sent a shiver through the young pedestrian's frame—the war-cry of the wolves. At first, he hoped he was not the object of pursuit; but the hideous uproar came nearer and nearer, and then he knew that he must instantly adopt some plan for his escape.

"His route lay by the river shore, and he could

swim well; but the night was dark, and he might be hurried into the rapids; and to be dashed to pieces on the rocks was scarcely less dreadful than to be mangled and devoured by wolves. In this extremity, the child lifted up his brave young heart to God, and resolved to use the only chance left him of escape. So he mounted Buck, the near-ox, making use of his goad, shouting at the same time to the animal to excite him to his utmost speed.

"In most cases, the horned steed would have flung off his rider, and left him for wolves' meat without hesitation; but Buck set off with the speed of a race-horse, as if fully aware of his young rider's peril. Nor was his companion less tardy. Fast, however, as the trio fled, still faster came on the yelling pack behind; and James could ever hear

> 'Their long hard gallop, which could tire
> The hounds' deep hate and hunters' fire.'

"Fortunately for him, old Buck heard it too, and galloped on and on; but still the wolves came nearer and nearer; James shouted to keep them off; the oxen almost flying; their chains rattling as they went. This clanking sound, to which the hateful pack were unaccustomed, made them pause whenever they came close upon the oxen, whilst the latter redoubled their speed, till at length these gallant racers left the wolves behind; and never stopped till they had brought the brave little fellow to his own door.

"He had felt afraid but once, and that was when those dismal yells first broke upon his ear, but he never lost his presence of mind. He trusted in God, and used the means within his reach for preservation, and arrived safe at last. Few boys would have displayed so much sense and spirit; but the boy is almost always the father of the man; and what James was then, he is now." —*Anecdotes of Animal Life.*

much difficulty in that ; but as neither beaver nor any other animal, except man, is addicted to works of supererogation, we may be sure that the former, in all his laborious arrangements, and those too which alter the face of nature to such an important degree, does no more than is absolutely necessary for him to do. Cast in an inhospitable climate, nearly the whole of his labor is for the purpose of laying in his necessary winter supplies, and water is the only medium by which he can procure and preserve these. Too highly civilized for a nomadic life, he builds permanently, and does not quit his habitation until driven from it. like other respectable emigrants, by stern necessity. We cannot better illustrate the habits of this interesting animal than by accompanying a beaver family, on some fine evening in May, in search of a new home. The papa beaver, with his sons and sons-in-law, wife, daughters and daughters-in-law, and it may be grand-children, sally forth "prospecting" the country for a good location —*i.e.*, a stream of easy navigation, and having an abundant supply of their favorite food, the silver birch and poplar growing as near the river as possible. Having selected these "limits," the next step is to place their dwelling so as to command the greatest amount of food. For this purpose, they go as far below the supplies as the character of the stream will permit. A pond of deep, still water being an indispensable adjunct to their dwelling, this is obtained by the construction of a dam ; and few engineers could select a site to produce the required result so efficiently and [illegible] The dam and dwelling are forthwith [illegible]e materials employed in both being [illegible] mud, and stones—the two former being [illegible]y the teeth, the latter carried between the [illegible]s and the chin. If the dam is extensive, whole [illegible]re gnawed down, the largest of which are of the [illegible]er of an ordinary stovepipe, the stump being [illegible]ding about eighteen inches above the ground,

and pointed like a crayon. Those trees which stand upon the bank of the stream, they contrive to fall into the water as cleverly as the most experienced woodman; those which are more distant are cut up by their teeth into pieces which can be dragged to the water. These trees and branches are floated down to the site of the dam, where they are dragged ashore, and placed so that the tops shall be borne down by the current, and thus arrest the descending *detritus*, and form a strong and tight dam. Critical parts are built up "by hand," the sticks and mud, when placed, receiving a smart blow from the beaver's tail, just as a bricklayer settles his work with the handle of his trowel. The habitation or hut of the beaver is almost bomb-proof, rising like a dome from the ground on the margin of the pond, and sometimes six or eight feet in thickness at the crown. The only entrance is from a level of three or four feet under the water of the pond. These precautions are necessary, because, like all enterprising animals, the beaver is not without its enemies. The wolverine, who is as fond of beaver tail as an old "nor'wester," would walk into his hut if he could only get there; but having the same distaste for water as the cat, he must forego the luxury. It is not, however, for safety that the beaver adopts the submarine communication with his dwelling, although it is for that he restricts himself to it. The same necessity which compels him to build a dam, and thus create a pond of water, obliges him to maintain communication with that pond when the ice is three feet thick upon its surface. Living upon the bark of trees, he is obliged to provide a comparatively great bulk for his winter's consumption, and he must secure it at the season when the new bark is formed, and before it commences to dry; he must also store it up where it will not become frozen or dried up. He could not reasonably be expected to build a frost-proof house large enough to contain his family supply, but if he

did, it would wither and lose its nutriment; therefore, he preserves it in water. But the most remarkable evidence of his instinct, sagacity, or reason is one which I have not seen mentioned by naturalists. His pond, we have seen, must be deep, so that it will not freeze to the bottom, and so that he can communicate with his food and the dam, in case of any accidents to the latter requiring repairs; but how does he keep his food—which has been floated down to his pond—from floating when in it, and thus becoming frozen in with the ice? I said that in gnawing down a tree, the top of the stump was left pointed like a crayon; the fallen tree has the same form—for the beaver cuts like a woodman, wide at the surface, and meeting in an angle at the centre, with this distinction, the four-legged animal does his work more uniformly, cutting equally all round the log, while the two-legged one cuts only from two opposite sides. Thus, every stick of provender cut by the animal is pointed at both ends, and when brought opposite his dwelling, he thrusts the pointed ends into the mud bottom of his pond, sufficiently firm to prevent their being floated out, at the same time placing them in a position in which the water has the least lift upon them, while he carefully apportions his different lengths of timber to the different depths of water in his pond, so that the upper point of none of them shall approach near enough to the surface to be caught by the winter ice.

When the family is in comfortable circumstances, the winter supply nicely cut and stored away, the dam tight, and no indications of a wolverine in the neighborhood, the patriarch of the hut takes out the youthful "greenhorns" to give them lessons in topographical engineering; and in order to try the strength of their tails, encourages them to indulge in amateur damming. The beaver works always by night; and to "work like a beaver" is a significant term for a man who not only works earnestly and understandingly,

but one who works late and early—a species of "mud-lark," not afraid of soiling his hands.

From what has been said, it will be readily seen that the maintenance of the dam is a matter of vital importance to the beaver. Some say that the pilot beaver sleeps with his tail in the water, in order to be warned of the first mishap to the dam; but, as there is no proof given for such a *cool* assertion, it may be set down as a very improbable tale. The Indians avail themselves of this well-known solicitude to catch them. Having broken the dam, the risk is immediately perceived by the lowering of the water in the hut, and the beavers sallying forth to repair the breach, are slaughtered in the trenches.

As the supply of food in the vicinity of the dam becomes diminished, the beaver is obliged to go higher up the stream, and more distant from its banks, to procure his winter stores; and this necessity gives rise to fresh displays of his lumbering and engineering resources. In consequence of the distance, and the limited duration of the high-water period favorable to transport, the wood is collected into a sort of raft, which, a lumberman has asserted, is manned by the beavers and steered by their tails, in the same manner as Norway rats are known to cross streams of water. When the raft grounds, forthwith a temporary dam is thrown across the stream below the "jam," by which the waters are raised, and the raft floated off, and brought down to the dam, which is then torn suddenly away, and the small raft thereby flushed over the adjoining shallows.

—KEEFER'S *Montreal and the Ottawa.*

THE FOX AND THE CAT.

THE fox and the cat, as they travell'd one day,
With moral discourses cut shorter the way:
"'Tis great," says the Fox, "to make justice our guide!"
"How god-like is mercy!" Grimalkin replied.

Whilst thus they proceeded, a Wolf from the wood,
Impatient of hunger, and thirsting for blood,
Rush'd forth—as he saw the dull shepherd asleep—
And seized for his supper an innocent sheep.

"In vain, wretched victim, for mercy you bleat,
When mutton's at hand," says the Wolf, "I must eat."
Grimalkin's astonish'd—the Fox stood aghast,
To see the fell beast at his bloody repast.

"What a wretch," says the Cat, "'tis the vilest of brutes;
Does he feed upon flesh, when there's herbage and roots?"
Cries the Fox, "While our oaks give us acorns good,
What a tyrant is this to spill innocent blood!"

Well, onward they march'd, and they moralized still,
Till they came where some poultry pick'd chaff by a mill.
Sly Reynard survey'd them with gluttonous eyes,
And made, spite of morals, a pullet his prize.
A mouse, too, that chanced from her covert to stray,
The greedy Grimalkin secured as her prey.

A Spider that sat on her web on the wall,
Perceived the poor victims, and pitied their fall;
She cried, "Of such murders how guiltless am I!"
So ran to regale on a new-taken fly.

—F. CUNNINGHAM.

BUFFALO HUNTING.

In the Saskatchewan, the chief food both of white men and Indians is buffalo meat; so that parties are constantly sent out to hunt the buffalo. They generally chase them on horseback, the country being mostly prairie land, and, when they get close enough, shoot them with guns. The Indians, however, shoot them oftener with the bow and arrow, as they prefer keeping their powder and shot for warfare. They are very expert with the bow, which is short and strong, and can easily send an arrow quite through a buffalo at twenty yards off. One of these parties, then, was ordered to procure two calves alive, if possible, and lead them to the company's establishment. This they succeeded in doing in the following manner:—Upon meeting with a herd, they all set off full gallop in chase; away went the startled animals at a round trot, which soon increased to a gallop, as the horsemen neared them, and a shot or two told that they were

coming within range. Soon the shots became more numerous, and here and there a black spot on the prairie told where a buffalo had fallen. No slackening of the pace occurred, however, as each hunter, upon killing an animal, merely threw down his cap or mitten to mark it as his own, and continued in pursuit of the herd, loading his gun as he galloped along. The buffalo hunters, by the way, are very expert at loading and firing quickly while going at full gallop. They carry two or three bullets in their mouths, which they spit into the muzzles of their guns, after dropping in a little powder, and instead of ramming it down with a rod, merely hit the butt-end of the gun on the pommel of their saddles, and in this way fire a great many shots in quick succession. This, however, is a dangerous mode of shooting, as the ball sometimes sticks half-way down the barrel and bursts the gun, carrying away a finger, and occasionally a hand.

In this way they soon killed as many buffaloes as they could carry in their carts, and one of the hunters set off in chase of a calf. In a short time he edged one away from the rest, and then, getting between it and the herd, ran straight against it with his horse and knocked it down. The frightened little animal jumped up again, and set off with redoubled speed, but another butt from the horse again sent it sprawling; again it rose, and was again knocked down; and in this way was at last fairly tired out; when the hunter, jumping suddenly from his horse, threw a rope round its neck, and drove it before him to the encampment, and soon after brought it to the fort. It was as wild as ever when I saw it at Norway House, and seemed to have as much distaste to its thraldom as the day it was taken.

—R. M. Ballantyne.

ST NICHOLAS AND HIS REINDEER.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;
When out in the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys, and St Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling, I heard on the roof,
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof—
As I drew in my head and was turning around,

Down the chimney St Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dress'd all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnish'd with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looking like a pedlăr just opening his pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples—how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of his pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laugh'd, like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laugh'd when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And fill'd all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

THE MOOSE-DEER.

THE real moose-deer, or elk, is nearly double the size of the wapiti, and bears large palmated horns. It is rather a clumsy animal in its movements, and shuffles along in a very awkward way, but with great swift-

ness. It is an easy animal to tame when it is taken very young; but after it has attained to some age, it is very fierce, as the following anecdote, by Audubon, will show. He is speaking of a young moose-deer that had been captured:—

"The moose was so exhausted and fretted, that it offered no opposition to us as we led it to the camp; but in the middle of the night we were awakened by a great noise in the hovel, and found that, as it had in some measure recovered from its terror and state of exhaustion, it began to think of getting home, and was much enraged at finding itself so securely imprisoned. We were unable to do anything with it; for if we merely approached our hands to the openings of the hut, it would spring at us with the greatest fury, roaring and erecting its mane in a manner that convinced us of the futility of all attempts to save it alive. We threw to it the skin of a deer, which it tore to pieces in a moment. This individual was a yearling, and about six feet high."

The moose is generally caught in the winter time by hunters mounted on snow shoes, which enable them to skim over the surface of the snow, whilst the moose breaks through the snow at every stride, and is soon wearied out. Enterprising individuals have tried the experiment of taming the moose, and employing it in various kinds of labor; their efforts have mostly been successful, and the animal is found to answer very well as a beast of draught. The mouth is very tender, and the bit must be applied and removed with great care. The docility of the young moose is quite on a par with that of the young horse or mule.

It is a rather remarkable circumstance, that when the moose is alarmed at a sudden noise, and endeavors to make its escape, it sometimes falls down suddenly, as if in a fit. The paroxysm only lasts for a very short time, and the moose leaps up again and runs as if nothing had happened.

The flesh of the moose is tolerable; but is rather tougher and coarser than venison is expected. The tongue and nose, however, are considered a delicacy.

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; and, on looking more closely, the fine
head of the spider was seen attached to the tree at one end and his body at the other, strong enough to prevent the poor bird from escaping from his enemy. Soon the little wings ceased to move. The boys could see that the bird was dead, and the mandibles of the spider were buried in its shining throat.

And now the spider began reeling in his line, in order to carry up his prey to his nest among the branches. But the eyes of the boys were caught at this moment by a shining object stealing down the tree. It was a lizard of the most brilliant colors; its back of golden green, the underneath part of its body a greenish-white, its throat of the brightest scarlet. It was not more than six inches in length. As it was crawling onward, its bright eye fell on the spider and his prey. All at once the lizard stopped, its color changed; the red throat became white, the green body brown, so that it

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ming-bird. Its body consisted of two pieces joined about the middle, and covered all over with a reddish-brown wool or hair, that stood upright like bristles. It had eight limbs, long, crooked, and covered with hair like the body—two curved claw-like feelers in front, and two horns projecting behind, so that but for its sharp fiery eyes, it would have been difficult to tell which was its head.

"The leaping-spider," whispered Lucien to his brothers; "see, it is after the humming-bird!"

Sometimes the spider would hide itself among the leaves of the vine, then when the bird settled for a moment to feed, it would advance nearer by a quick run or a leap, concealing itself again to await a fresh opportunity. At last, the bird poised itself at the mouth of a flower, sucking out the honey with its long tongue, and in a moment the spider sprang forward and clutched it round the body with his feeler. The bird, with a wild chirrup, flew outwards and upwards as if to carry the spider away. But its flight was suddenly checked; and, on looking more closely, the fine thread of the spider was seen attached to the tree at one end and his body at the other, strong enough to prevent the poor bird from escaping from his enemy. Soon the little wings ceased to move. The boys could see that the bird was dead, and the mandibles of the spider were buried in its shining throat.

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could hardly be distinguished from the bark of the tree on which it crouched. Soon it was evident that it meant to attack the spider, and to do this it ran round the tree to the nest, waiting the return of the master of the house. The spider, little suspecting a foe so near, came up. In a moment the lizard sprang upon him, and lizard, spider, and bird fell to the ground. There was a short struggle between the first two, but the spider was no match for the lizard, who in a few moments had ground off his legs, and killed him by thrusting his sharp teeth into the spider's skull. From the moment the lizard sprang upon his prey all his bright colors had returned. And now the lizard began dragging the body of the spider across the grass, when suddenly, from a tree close by, out of a dark round hole, some twenty feet from the ground, a red head and brown shoulders were visible. It was moving from side to side, and evidently preparing to come down. Lucien when he saw the red head, olive-brown body, and fierce dark eyes, knew it for a scorpion-lizard.

The little green lizard, rustling over the dead leaves with the spider, caught the scorpion's attention, and he resolved to deprive him of the prey. But the green lizard was brave, and turned to fight—his throat swelled out, and looked brighter than ever.

After a while they sprang at each other open-jawed —wriggled over the ground, their tails flying in the air; then separated, and again assumed defiant attitudes, their forked tongues shot forth, and their sparkling eyes glittering in the sun.

The weakest part of the green lizard lies in his tail. So tender is it that the slightest blow will separate it from the body. Its foe evidently knew this, and tried to attack the tail, but the lizard carefully faced him whichever way he turned. For several minutes they fought, and then the bright colors of the green lizard grew paler; the scorpion rushed forward, threw the other on his back, and before he could recover himself,

bit off his tail. The poor little fellow, feeling he had lost more than half his length, ran off and hid himself.

It was well for him that he did so, and it would have been better for the scorpion had he stayed in his hole, for a new enemy had drawn near while the battle was raging. From the leafy spreading branches of a mulberry-tree, a red snake, about the thickness of a walking-cane, was hanging down a full yard. Just as the lizard ran off without its tail, the scorpion perceived the long red body of the serpent dangling above him, and knowing it was a terrible enemy, ran off to hide himself. But instead of taking to a tree, where he might have escaped, he ran out, in his fright, to the open ground. The snake dropped down, overtook him in a moment, and killed him on the spot. Snakes do not chew their food, but swallow it whole, sucking it gradually down their throats. This the red snake began to do with the scorpion-lizard, and the boys watched it with much interest.

But other eyes were bent upon the reptile. A dark shadow was seen moving over the ground; and on looking up, the boys saw a large bird, with snow-white head and breast, wheeling in the air. It was the great southern kite, with his wide-spread tapering wings.

Nearer and nearer he came, till the boys could see the red gleam of his eyes; and now for the first time the snake caught sight of him too. It had hitherto been closely occupied with its prey, which it had just swallowed. When it looked up and saw the kite, its red color turned pale, and it struck its head into the grass as if to hide itself. It was too late. The kite swooped gently down, and when it rose again, the reptile was seen wriggling in his talons!

But as the kite rose, it was evident that his flight was impeded. The cause soon appeared. The snake was no longer hanging from his talons, it had twined itself round his body. All at once the kite began to flutter, and both bird and serpent fell heavily to the ground.

A violent struggle ensued—the bird trying to free himself from the folds of the snake, while the snake tried to squeeze the kite to death. How was it to end? The kite could not free itself from the snake. The snake dared not let go the kite, for it would have been seized by the head, and have lost its power.

At length the kite got his beak close to the head of the serpent, then seized the reptile's lower jaw; the serpent tried to bite, without effect, and now the kite had the best of it—planting his talons round his adversary's throat, he held him as in a vice. The coils of the reptile were seen to loosen and fall off. In a few moments its body lay along the grass motionless.

The kite raised his head, extended his wings to make sure he was free; then, with a scream of triumph, rose upward, the long body of the serpent trailing after him.

At this moment another scream reached the ears of the young hunters. All eyes were turned in the direction whence it came. The boys knew very well that it was the white-headed eagle.

The kite had heard the cry too, and at once tried to rise higher into the air, resolved to hold on to his hard-earned plunder. Up rose the kite, straining every pinion of his pointed wings; and upward goes the pursuing eagle. Soon both disappear beyond the reach of vision. Hark! there is a sound like the whirling of a rocket—something has fallen on the tree-top. It is the kite—dead, and the blood spurting from a wound in his shoulder!

And now the eagle has shot down with the snake in her talons, gliding slowly over the top of the trees, and alighted on the summit of a dead magnolia.

Basil seized his rifle, sprang on his horse, and rode off among the bushes. He had been gone but a few minutes, when a sharp crack was heard, and the eagle was seen tumbling from her perch.

This was the last link in the Chain of Destruction.

—*Abridged from Howitt's Boy Hunters.*

PART III.

CREATION.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And, nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;

While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What, though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball:
What, though no real voice, nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found?

In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

—ADDISON.

MANUAL LABOR.

A LABORIOUS nail-maker worked all day at his forge, and under his strong, quick blows, thousands of sparks arose round him and filled his workshop. The son of his rich neighbor, Mr Von Berg, came to see him almost every day, and would watch him with delight for hours.

One day the busy nail-maker said to him in joke, "Would you not like to make some nails? Just try, my young master, if it be only to pass time away. It may be useful to you some day."

The young gentleman, having nothing else to do, consented. He placed himself before the anvil, and, laughing as he sat down, began to hammer. Before very long he was able to finish off a good shoe-nail.

Some years after, the misfortunes of war deprived this young man of all his wealth, and forced him to emigrate to a foreign country. Far from his native land, stripped of all resources, he halted at a large village, where the majority of the people were shoemakers. He ascertained that they expended yearly a large sum of money in the purchase of shoe-nails from a neighboring town, and that often they could not obtain the quantity they needed, because so many were required for the shoes of the army, most of which were made in that district.

The young Von Berg, who already saw himself threatened with starvation, remembered that he knew perfectly the art of making shoe-nails. He offered to supply the shoemakers of the village with as large a quantity of nails as they required, if they would only establish a workshop, and to this they cheerfully consented. He began to work with enthusiasm, and soon found himself in easy circumstances.

"It is always good," he used often to say to himself, "to learn something, if it be only to make a shoe-nail.

As they went to sleep on the hill-side warm,
While my little lammie lies here on my arm.

I went to the kitchen, and what did I see
But the old gray cat with her kittens three!
I heard her whispering soft—said she,
"My kittens, with tails all so cunningly curled,
Are the prettiest things that can be in the world.
The bird on the tree,
And the old ewe, she
May love their babies exceedingly;
But I love my kittens there,
Under the rocking-chair.
I love my kittens with all my might,
I love them at morning, and noon, and night.
Which is the prettiest, I cannot tell,—
Which of the three, for the life of me,—
I love them all so well.
Now I'll take up my kitties, the kitties I love,
And we'll lie down together beneath the warm stove."
Let the kitties sleep under the stove so warm,
While my little darling lies here on my arm.

I went to the yard and saw the old hen
Go clucking about with chickens ten.
She cluck'd, and she scratch'd, and she bristled away;
And what do you think I heard the hen say?
I heard her say, "The sun never did shine
On anything like to these chickens of mine.
You may hunt the full moon, and the stars, if you please,
But you never will find ten such chickens as these.
The cat loves her kitten, the ewe loves her lamb;

But they do not know what a proud mother I am;
Not for lambs nor for kittens will I part with these,
Though the sheep and the cat should get down on their knees:
No, no! not though
The kittens could crow,
Or the lammie on two yellow legs could go.
My own dear darlings! my sweet little things!
Come, nestle now cosily under my wings."
So the hen said,
And the chickens all sped
As fast as they could to their nice feather-bed;
And there let them sleep, in their feathers so warm,
While my little chick nestles here on my arm.

THE SAVAGES OF NORTH AMERICA

SAVAGES we call them, because their manners differ from ours, which we call the perfection of civility; they think the same of theirs. Perhaps if we could examine the manners of different nations with impartiality, we should find no people so rude as to be without any rules of politeness; nor any so polite as not to have some remains of rudeness. Our laborious manner of life, compared with theirs, they think slavish and base; and the learning on which we value ourselves they regard as frivolous and useless. An instance of this occurred at the treaty of Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, in the year 1744, between the government of Virginia and the Six Nations. After the principal business was settled, the commissioners from Virginia

acquainted the Indians, by a speech, that there was at Williamsburg a college, with a fund for educating Indian youth; and if the chiefs of the Six Nations would send down half-a-dozen of their sons to that college, the government would take care that they should be well provided for, and instructed in all the learning of the white people. It is one of the Indian rules of politeness not to answer a public proposition the same day that it is made; they think it would be treating it as a light matter, and they show it respect by taking time to consider it, as of a matter of importance. They, therefore, deferred their answer till the day following. Then their speaker began, by expressing their deep sense of the kindness of the Virginia government, in making them that offer; "For we know," said he, "that you highly esteem the kind of learning taught in those colleges, and that the maintenance of our young men, while with you, would be very expensive to you. We are convinced, therefore, that you mean to do us good by your proposal, and we thank you heartily. But you, who are wise, must know, that different nations have different conceptions of things; and you will, therefore, not take it amiss if our ideas of this kind of education happen not to be the same with yours. We have had some experience of it: several of our young people were formerly brought up at the colleges of the northern provinces; they were instructed in all your sciences; but when they came back to us, they were bad runners; ignorant of every means of living in the woods; unable to bear either cold or hunger, knew neither how to build a cabin, catch a deer, or kill an enemy; spoke our language imperfectly; were therefore neither fit for hunters, warriors, nor councillors; they were totally good for nothing. We are, however, not the less obliged by your kind offer, though we decline accepting it; and to show our grateful sense of it, if the gentlemen of Virginia will send us a dozen of their sons we

will take great care of their education, instruct them in all we know, and make *men* of them."

When any Indians come into our towns, our people are apt to crowd round them, gaze upon them, and incommode them when they desire to be private; this they consider great rudeness, and the effect of the want of instruction in the rules of civility and good manners. "We have," said they, "as much curiosity as you, and when you come into our towns, we wish for opportunities of looking at you; but for this purpose we hide ourselves behind bushes, where you are to pass, and never intrude ourselves into your company."

Their manner of entering one another's villages has likewise its rules. It is reckoned uncivil in travelling for strangers to enter a village abruptly, without giving notice of their approach. Therefore, as soon as they arrive within hearing, they stop and halloo, remaining there till invited to enter. Two old men usually come out to them and lead them in. There is in every village a vacant dwelling, called the stranger's house. Here they are placed, while the old men go round from hut to hut, acquainting the inhabitants that strangers have arrived, who are probably hungry and weary, and every one sends them what he can spare of victuals, and skins to repose on. When the strangers are refreshed, pipes and tobacco are brought; and then, but not before, conversation begins, with inquiries who they are, whither bound, what news, &c., usually ending with offers of service; and if the strangers have occasion for guides, or any necessaries for continuing their journey, these are freely given.

The same hospitality, esteemed among them as a principal virtue, is practised by private persons. "If a white man," said an Indian to me, "in travelling through our country, enters one of our cabins, we all treat him as I do you: we dry him if he is wet, we warm him if he is cold, and give him meat and drink that he may allay his thirst and hunger; and we

spread soft furs for him to rest and sleep on; we demand nothing in return. But if I go into a white man's house at Albany, and ask for victuals and drink, they say, 'Where is your money?' and if I have none, they say, 'Get out, you Indian dog.'"

—FRANKLIN.

THE GRAND FALLS OF THE ST JOHN.

THE falls are certainly fine, and consist of what may by courtesy be called a horse-shoe, but which is in reality the junction of two walls of perpendicular rock, placed nearly at right angles to each other, down which the whole waters of the St John tumble in one leap, and then rush boiling through a deep and narrow gorge of rock for nearly a mile. They are the scene of an Indian legend, which is probably not untrue.

It is related, that a large war-party of Mohawks

made a descent on the upper St John from Canada, for the purpose of exterminating the Melicetes. They carried their canoes with them, and embarked on the St John, below Edmunston, from which point to the Grand Falls the river is perfectly smooth and deep. Not knowing the navigation, they landed and seized two squaws, whom they compelled to act as guides down the river. When night fell, the different canoes were tied together, so that the warriors might sleep, whilst a few only paddled the leading canoes under direction of the women, whose boats were tied, the one on the right, the other on the left, of the flotilla, They neared the falls, and still the women paddled on. The roar of the falling waters rose on the still night air. Those who paddled looked anxious; some few of the sleepers awoke. To lull suspicion, the women spoke of the great stream which here fell into the Walloostook, the Indian name of the St John, and still they paddled on. When they saw, at length, that the whole mass of canoes in the centre of the river was well entered on the smooth treacherous current, which, looking so calm and gentle, was bearing them irresistibly to the falls, the women leaped into the water, and strove to reach the shore by swimming in the comparatively feeble stream near the banks. Tied inextricably together, the centre canoes drew the others on, and the whole body of the invaders plunged down the cataract, and perished in the foaming waters of the gorge below. I asked eagerly whether the women escaped. It does not speak highly of Indian chivalry that no one knew, or seemed to think it matter worthy of recollection, whether the two squaws had, or had not, sacrificed their own lives in defending those of their tribe.

This fall was also the scene of a tragedy of more recent occurrence. Two young men, in a canoe, found themselves sucked into the current, while engaged in drawing logs to the shore. They were still some way

above the fall, and there was yet a chance of escape. Through vigorous exertion they might yet reach the bank—perilously near the fall, perhaps, but yet safely. They plied their paddles desperately—too desperately; for one broke with the violence with which it was wielded, and then all hope was over; though some minutes elapsed before, in the sight of the horrified population of Colebrooke, utterly unable to render the least help, the canoe shot over the precipice. The man whose paddle broke threw himself down in the bottom of the canoe; the other never ceased paddling towards the side, though hopelessly, till just before the final plunge, when, with his paddle, he waved adieu to the spectators, and then folded his arms calmly on his breast. No trace of the canoe, or of the bodies, was ever seen again.

—Hon. Arthur Hamilton Gordon.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

William Penn, the founder of Philadelphia, in the United States, always treated the Indians with justice and kindness. The founders of colonies have too often trampled on the rights of the natives, and seized their lands by force. But this was not the method of Penn. He bought their land from the Indians, and paid them; he made a treaty with them, and kept it. He always treated them as men.

After his first purchase was made, Penn became desirous of obtaining another portion of their lands, and offered to buy it. They returned for answer that they had no wish to sell the spot where their fathers were buried; but to please their father Onas, as they named Penn, they said that they would sell him a part of it. A bargain accordingly was concluded, that in return for a certain amount of English goods, Penn

should have as much land as a young man could travel round in one day. But after the land was measured, the Indians were greatly dissatisfied; for the young Englishman walked much faster and further than they had expected. Penn noticed their dissatisfaction, and asked the cause.—"The walker cheated us," they replied. "Ah, how can that be?" said Penn, "did you not yourselves choose to have the land measured in this way?"—"True," answered the Indians, "but white brother make a big walk." Some of Penn's comrades became indignant, and insisted that as the bargain was a fair one, the Indians should be compelled to abide by it. "Compelled," exclaimed Penn; "how can you *compel* them without bloodshed?" Then, turning to the Indians, he said, "Well, brothers, if we have given you too little for your land, how much more will satisfy you?" This proposal gratified them. The additional cloth and fish-hooks which they asked were cheerfully given; and the Indians, shaking hands with Penn, went away perfectly pleased. When they were gone, the governor, looking round on his friends, exclaimed, "Oh, how cheap and mighty a thing is kindness? Some of you spoke of *compelling* these poor creatures to abide by their bargain; *I have* compelled them, but by another force than the sword—the force of kindness!"

Nor did Penn go unrewarded for this kind conduct. The red men of the forest became the warm friends of the white stranger. Towards Penn and his followers they buried the war-hatchet. And when the colony of Pennsylvania was pressed for provisions during a time of scarcity, the Indians came cheerfully forward to its assistance with the produce of their hunting.

—*The Law of Kindness.*

POOR DIGGS!

THE quarter-to-ten bell rang, and the small boys went off up-stairs, praising their champion and counsellor, who stretched himself out on the bench before the hall fire. There he lay, a very queer specimen of boyhood, by name Diggs. He was young for his size, and very clever. His friends at home having regard, I suppose, to his age, and not to his size and place in the school, had not put him into tails, and even his jackets were always too small, and he had a talent for destroying clothes and making himself look shabby. He was not intimate with any of the bigger boys, who were warned off by his oddnesses, for he was a very queer fellow; besides, among other failings, he had that of lack of cash in a remarkable degree. He brought as much money as other boys to school, but got rid of it in no time, no one knew how. And then being also reckless, he borrowed from any one; and when his debts increased, and his friends pressed for their money, he would have an auction in the hall of everything he possessed in the world, selling even his school-books, candlestick, and study-table. For weeks after one of these auctions, having rendered his study uninhabitable, he would live about the schoolroom and hall, doing his exercises on old letter backs and odd scraps of paper, and learning his lessons no one knew how. He never meddled with any little boy, and was popular among them, though they all looked upon him with a sort of compassion, and called him "poor Diggs," not being able to resist appearances. However, he seemed equally indifferent to the sneers of big boys and the pity of small ones, and lived his own queer life with much apparent enjoyment to himself.

Greatly were East and Tom drawn towards old Diggs, who, in an uncouth way, began to take a good deal of notice of them, and once or twice came to their

study when Flashman, the bully of the school, was there who immediately decamped in consequence. The boys thought that Diggs must have been watching.

When, therefore, about this time, an auction was one night announced to take place in the hall, at which, amongst the superfluities of other boys, all Diggs's household goods for the time being were going to the hammer, East and Tom devoted their ready cash (some four shillings sterling) to redeem, on behalf of their protector, such articles as that sum would cover. Accordingly they duly attended to bid, and Tom became the owner of two lots of Diggs's things. Lot 1, price one-and-threepence, consisted (as the auctioneer remarked) of a "valuable assortment of old metals," in the shape of a mouse-trap, a cheese-toaster without a handle, and a saucepan; lot 2, of a dirty tablecloth and green baize curtain. East, for one-and-sixpence, purchased a leather paper-case, with a lock, but no key, once handsome, but now much the worse for wear.

But they had still the point to settle of how to get Diggs to take the things without hurting his feelings. This they solved by leaving them in his study, which was never locked when he was out. Diggs remembered who had bought the lots, and came to their study soon after, and sat silent for some time, cracking his great red finger-joints. Then he laid hold of their exercises and began correcting them, and at last got up, and, turning his back on them, said, "You're uncommon good-hearted little beggars, you two. I value that paper-case; my sister gave it me last holidays. I won't forget;" and so he stumbled out into the passage, leaving them embarrassed, but not sorry that he knew what they had done.

—Tom Brown's *Schooldays*.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Hast thou sounded the depths of yonder sea,
And counted the sands that under it be?
Hast thou measured the height of heaven above?
Then mayst thou mete out a mother's love.

Hast thou talk'd with the blessed of leading on
To the throne of God some wandering son?
Hast thou witness'd the angels' bright employ?
Then mayst thou speak of a mother's joy.

Evening and morn hast thou watch'd the bee
Go forth on her errands of industry?
The bee for herself has gather'd and toil'd,
But the mother's cares are all for her child.

Hast thou gone, with the traveller Thought, afar,
From pole to pole, and from star to star?
Thou hast—but on ocean, earth, or sea,
The heart of a mother has gone with thee.

There is not a grand inspiring thought,
There is not a truth by wisdom taught;
There is not a feeling pure and high,
That may not be read in a mother's eye.

And ever since earth began, that book
Has been, to the wise, an open book,
To win them back, from the lore they prize,
To the holier love that edifies.

There are teachings on earth, and sky, and air,
The heavens the glory of God declare!
But louder than the voice beneath, above,
He is heard to speak through a mother's love.

—Emily Taylor.

THE ABENAQUI'S STORY.

I WAS going along my line of traps when I met an Indian with a sledge hauled by two dogs. He was a Montagnais, so that I could not understand much of his language, but he spoke English a little, and we could easily make one another out. I said to him, "You have a heavy load on your sledge."—"A heavy load," he replied, in a mournful tone.

I saw he did not like to talk, so I asked him to come to my lodge and pass the night. We got there early and cooked some supper. The Indian had plenty of caribou meat with him, and gave me some, which he took from the sledge. After a smoke he began to talk, and said he came from Ste. Marguerite, which enters the Gulf a few miles above Seven Islands.* He had a nice little pack of furs with him, more than I had; and the caribou were numerous about seventy miles up the river; but there was a camp of Nasquapees there

* In Labrador.

who were killing them off. After a while, just as it was growing dusk, he asked me if he might bring his sledge into my lodge, "For," said he, "I have a body there, and I am afraid the dogs will eat it if it is left outside."

He brought the body in and laid it in the coldest part of the lodge, where there was a little snow drifted through a crack.

"Oh!" said the Indian, "if the snow does not melt here, the body will take no hurt."

We sat and smoked together.

After a while I said, "Did you bring the body far?"

"Six days up the Ste. Marguerite; perhaps eight days from here. I came across the country with some Nasquapees, who had come from the Trinity River, and were following the caribou. The Nasquapees got enough meat and went back. I came on to go down the Moisie to Seven Islands, and leave it there till the spring."

"How did he die?" said I, at length.

The Indian looked at the fire and said nothing. I knew there was some very sorrowful tale to tell or he would have spoken at once.

After a long pause, the Indian said, "He is my cousin; I am taking him to be buried at the Post. He asked me—I promised him. It is a long journey in winter, but he wished it, and he will soon be there."

The Indian then began to tell me how it happened. "He and I," he said, pointing to the body—but he mentioned no name—"were hunting together; we came upon the track of a cat."

"By cat you mean lynx, of course," said one of the listeners.

"Yes, we always call them cats; many white folk call them lynx. It's an animal about the size of a big dog, only lower and stronger, with sharp-pointed ears, and a tuft at the end of each."

"Yes, that's the lynx. Go on."

"Well," the Indian said, "we came upon the track of a cat, and we followed it. My cousin was first and he turned round and said to me, 'I'll go round that mountain if you go up the valley with the dogs, and we are sure to get him.' We separated. In an hour I heard a gun, and then sat down, and I waited long. Night was coming on; I thought I would go and look. I could find nothing, so as it was getting dark I fired my gun—no answer. I fired again—no answer. Something, I said, has happened to my cousin; I must follow his track as soon as it is daylight.

"I pulled some sapin,* made a bed on the snow, drew some branches over me, and slept well. Next morning I followed the tracks, and before I got half round the mountain I saw my cousin. He was nearly dead—could just speak. Close to him was the cat, frozen stiff. My cousin had slipped into a crack of the rock just after he had fired and wounded the cat, when he was within twenty yards of it. One of his legs was broken. As soon as he fell the cat sprung upon him, and tore off part of his scalp; he killed it with his knife, but could not get out of the crack on account of his broken leg; he could not reach his gun to fire it off and let me know. There he must have remained, and died alone, if I had not chanced to come. I lifted him out of the crack, but his fingers snapped off—they were frozen. He just said to me, 'Nipi! nipi!—water! water!' I quickly made a fire, put some snow in my blanket, held it over the flame, and got him some water. He told me to take him to Seven Islands or the Moisie, and bury him there. He pointed to his gun. I brought it to him; he put it into my hand, turned round his head, and died."

The Indian sat looking at the fire for many minutes. I did not want to interrupt his thoughts. After a while I filled his pipe, put a coal in it, and gave it to

* Branches of the spruce.

him. He took it, still looking at the fire. Perhaps he saw the spirit of his cousin there, as Indians often say they do. He smoked for a long time. At length he spoke, looking at the body, and pointing to it, saying, "He said last winter, that some one would die before the year was out."

I knew well enough that it was one of their superstitions that had troubled him, for he was a heathen not more than a year ago; and a man does not get rid of his heathen notions by being touched with a drop of Manitou water. So I said to him, "Did he see anything?"

"He came across tracks."

"Tracks?"

"A Wendigo," said the Indian.

"Have you ever seen one?" I asked him.

"I have seen tracks."

"Where?"

"On the Ste. Marguerite, the Mingan, the Manitou, the Ou-na-ma-ne. My cousin saw tracks on the Manitou last winter, and he said to me, and to many of us, 'Something will happen.'"

"What were the tracks like?" I said to him.

"Wendigoes," he replied.

"Well, but how big were they?"

He looked at me but said nothing, nor would he speak on the subject again.

"These Montagnais think," continued Pierre, "that the Wendigoes are giant cannibals, twenty and thirty feet high. They think that they live on human flesh, and that many Indians who have gone hunting, and have never afterwards been heard of, have been devoured by Wendigoes. They are dreadfully superstitious in the woods, but brave enough when they get on the coast. —H. Y. Hind.

THE LONELY CROSS.

MIDWAY between the St Louis River and Sandy Lake, in the territory of Minnesota, is to be found one of the largest and most gloomy of tamarack swamps. From time immemorial it has been a thing of dread, not only to the Indians, but also to the traders and voyagers. For a good portion of the year it is blocked up with snow, and during the summer it is usually so far covered with water as only to consist of a number of islets. It is so desolate a place as to be uninhabited even by wild animals, and hence the pleasures of travelling over it are far from being exciting. In fact, the only way in which it can be overcome in spring is by employing a rude causeway of logs for the more dangerous places. As it happens to be directly on the route of a portage over which canoes and packs of furs are annually transported, we cannot wonder that it should frequently be the scene of mishaps and accidents. All along the trail lie the skeletons of canoes, abandoned by their owners, together with broken paddles and remnants of camp furniture. But the most interesting object that we witnessed in this remote corner of the wilderness was a rude wooden cross, surmounting a solitary grave. And connected with this grave is the following story, obtained from one who assisted at the burial:—

It was a summer day, and many years ago, when a stranger arrived at St Marie. He reported himself as having come from Montreal, and he was anxious to obtain a canoe passage to the head waters of the Mississippi. He was a Frenchman, of elegant address, and in easy circumstances, so far as one could judge from his stock of travelling comforts. His name and business, however, were alike unknown, and hence a mystery attended him. Having purchased a new canoe and a comfortable tent, he secured the services

of four stalwart Chippeways, and started upon his western pilgrimage. He sailed along the southern shore of Lake Superior, and as its lovely features developed themselves to his view one after another, he frequently manifested the pleasure he experienced in a manner so singularly enthusiastic as to increase the mystery which surrounded him. In due time they reached the superb and most picturesque St Louis River, surmounted its water-falls by means of many portages, entered and ascended one of its tributaries, and finally drew up their canoe at the eastern extremity of the portage which led over the swamp.

The tent of the stranger was erected; and while the Indians busied themselves in preparing the evening meal, the former amused himself by exploring the neighborhood of the encampment. He gathered a few roots of the *sweet flag*,* of which he was particularly fond, and, on his return to the tent, ate a quantity of what he had collected. On that night he was taken sick; and while endeavoring to account for heart-burning and severe pains that he experienced, he pulled out of his pocket a specimen of the root he had eaten, and handed it to the Indians. They were surprised at this movement, but, on examining the root, they found it to be a deadly poison. This intelligence was, of course, received with amazement and horror, and the unhappy man spent a most agonizing night. At day-break he was a little better, and insisted upon continuing his journey. The voyagers obeyed, and, packing up their baggage, started across the portage in single file. The excitement which filled the mind of the stranger seemed to give new energy to his sinews, and he travelled for about an hour with great rapidity; but by the time he reached the centre of the swamp,

* *Sweet flag*, or flower-de-luce, a useful plant; the roots of which are used as a cure for toothache, and as a black dye; the leaves for thatch and chair-bottoms, and the seeds as a substitute for coffee.

his strength failed him, and he was compelled to call a halt.

Upon one of the green islands, already mentioned, the Indians erected his tent, and, with all the blankets and robes belonging to the company, made him as comfortable as possible. The hours of the day were nearly numbered; the stranger had endured the severest agony, and he knew that he was about to die! He divested himself of his clothes, and, with all his papers and other personal property, motioned that they should be placed in a heap a few paces from the door of his tent. His request was obeyed. He then handed them all the money he had, and despatched all his attendants upon imaginary errands into the neighboring woods; and when they returned, they found the heap of clothes and other property changed into heaps of ashes. They supposed the sick man had lost his reason, and therefore did not consider his conduct surprising. They only increased their kind attentions, for they felt that the stream of life was almost dry. Again did the stranger summon the Indians to his side, and pulling from his breast a small silver crucifix, made signs to them that they were to plant upon his grave a similar memento; and hiding it again in the folds of his shirt, cast a lingering and agonizing look upon the setting sun, and in this manner breathed his last.

By the light of the moon the Indians dug a grave on the spot where the stranger died, in which they deposited his remains, with the crucifix upon his breast. At the head of the grave they planted a rude cross made of the knotty tamarack wood; and after a night of troubled repose, started upon their return to St Marie, where they related the catastrophe of their pilgrimage. —LANMAN.

FALLS OF NIAGARA

WHERE the river Niagara leaves Lake Erie, it is three quarters of a mile in width. Before reaching the falls, it is a mile broad, and twenty-five feet deep, and flows with great swiftness, having a descent of fifty feet in half a mile. An island, on the verge of the cataract, divides it into two sheets of water. One of these, called from its shape the Horse-shoe Fall, is six hundred yards wide and a hundred and fifty-eight feet in height. The other, called the American Fall, is two hundred yards wide, and a hundred and sixty-four feet high.

About once in ten years, generally in January or the beginning of February, the ice, at the foot of the falls, makes a complete bridge from one shore to the other. A great frozen mass, of irregular shape, is formed on the edge next to the cataract, from masses of ice being forced under the surface and raising it up, and from the accumulation of frozen spray. When

this breaks up in the spring, the crashing of the several fragments, driven together by the force of the waters, rivals the noise of the falls themselves. In a mild winter, the ice of Lake Erie sometimes breaks up,—large pieces float over the falls,—they are smashed to atoms, and rise to the surface in immense quantities of a substance like wetted snow; a severe night's frost binds this into a solid mass, and forms a large portion of the bridge.

The rise and fall of the great body of the water are very slight at any season; but, as you watch the plunging stream, it seems to tumble down sometimes in gushes, as if an additional influence came into play every now and then. About the centre of the Horse-shoe, or Canadian Fall, there is a clear, unbroken spout of water twenty feet in depth before its leap; for seventy feet below it continues deep, and of a pure blue; presently it becomes shrouded in a soft spray, which waves like a plume in the wind, at times tinted with all the colors of the rainbow. When the weather is very calm, this beautiful mist rises to a great height into the air, becoming finer by degrees, till no longer perceptible.

There is already a list of fearful accidents at this place, though for so short a time frequented by civilized man: the last few years have been fertile in them. Perhaps the most frightful of all was one which happened in May 1843.

A Canadian of the village of Chippewa was engaged in drawing sand from the river three miles above the town. Seated in his cart, he backed the horses into the water, ignorant of the depth. It sank: but a box on which he sat floated, and was soon driven by a high wind off from the land into the strong but smooth current; he, being unable to swim, clung to the box. A boat was on the shore, but, by the mismanagement of the bystanders, it was let loose into the stream, and floated past the unhappy man, empty and useless.

There was no other for two miles lower down; beyond that, aid was impossible. The people on the banks, instead of hastening to get a boat ready in time below, ran along the shore talking to him of help, which their stupidity rendered of no avail: he knew that he was doomed. "I'm lost! I'm lost!" sounded fainter and fainter as the distance widened. This dreadful protraction lasted nearly an hour, the stream being very slow. At first he scarcely appears to move, but the strength of the current increases, the waters become more troubled, he spins about in the eddies, still clinging with the energy of despair to his support. He passes close by an island, so close that the box touches and stops for one moment; but the next it twists slowly round, and is sucked into the current again. The last hope is, that a boat may be ready on the shore at Chippewa. It is in vain; there are none there but frail canoes, all high up on the bank. By the time one of them is launched, the boldest boatman dares not embark.

Just above the falls, they see the devoted victim whirled round and round in the foaming waves, with frantic gestures appealing for aid. His frightful screams pierce through the dull roar of the torrent, "I'm lost! I'm lost!"

He is now in the smooth flood of blue unbroken water, twenty feet in depth, the centre of the Canadian Fall. Yet another moment, he has loosed his hold; his hands are clasped as if in prayer; his voice is silent. Smoothly, but quickly, as an arrow's flight, he glides over and is seen no more, nor any trace of him from that time.

—WARBURTON'S *Hochelaga*.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

—C. WOLFE.

HEROISM AND CATASTROPHE.

We are accustomed to look for our heroes among those who encounter their fellow-men amid the din of battle, or who strive against the fury of the elements, but few brighter instances of heroism and noble self-sacrifice can be found than that related of a young gentleman at St Liboire in Lower Canada, who at the peril of his own life saved a number of human beings from a melancholy death.

As a train on the Grand Trunk Railway was passing through that locality during the night, one of the passengers, M. Bachand, noticed that one of the houses was on fire. From the absence of other lights, and seeing no persons near the house, he judged that the inmates were not aware of their dangerous position. With equal promptitude and thoughtfulness he at once informed the conductor of the train of the circumstance, but he, it seems, did not consider it part of his duty to stop the train for such a cause. M. Bachand, deeply grieved at this, could not allow his mind to be set at rest, but rushing out of the door of the car, he leapt out into the darkness, heedless of his own life, providing he could manage to save that of his fellow-creatures. Sad to relate, the poor fellow broke his leg in the fall, but even this did not diminish his generous anxiety. Notwithstanding the severe pain of the broken limb, he was able to creep up to the burning house, and had only strength enough remaining to arouse the inmates. As M. Bachand had rightly conjectured, they were fast asleep, and totally unconscious of the devouring element so close at hand. The delay of a few moments would have been death to all, for even now the flames had almost enveloped the house, and had cut off the retreat of one poor young lady, a niece of the proprietor, who, unable to escape, perished in the flames. Thus several human beings were saved by the courageous M. Bach-

and at such fearful risk to himself, when most people would only have given the danger a passing thought, without considering for a moment the fearful responsibility that might rest upon their head. A few moments and the whirl of the train would have carried them far past the scene, but in these few moments what a noble resolve was made, and how heroically executed!

—*Campbell's Third Reader.*

LOSS OF THE SCHOONER "DRAKE."

THE Newfoundland coast is a peculiarly dangerous one, from the dense fogs that hang over the water, caused by the warm waters of the Gulf-stream, which, rushing up from the equator, here come in contact with the cold currents from the Pole, and send up such heavy vapors that day can scarcely be discerned from night, and even at little more than arm's length objects cannot be distinguished, while, from without, the mist looks like a thick sheer precipice of snow.

In such a fearful fog, on the morning of the 20th of June 1822, the small war-schooner *Drake* struck suddenly upon a rock, and almost immediately fell over on her side, the waves breaking over her. Her commander, Captain Baker, ordered her masts to be cut away, in hopes of lightening her, so that she might right herself—but in vain. One boat was washed away, another upset as soon as she was launched, and there only remained the small boat, called the captain's gig. The ship was fast breaking up, and the only hope was that the crew might reach a small rock, the point of which could be seen above the waves, at a distance that the fog made it difficult to calculate, but it was hoped might not be too great. A man named Lennard seized a rope, and sprang into the sea, but the current was too strong for him, he was carried away in an opposite direction, and was obliged to be dragged on

board again. Then the boatswain, whose name was Turner, volunteered to make the attempt in the gig, taking a rope fastened round his body. The crew cheered him after the gallant fashion of British seamen, though they were all hanging on by ropes to the ship, with the sea breaking over them, and threatening every moment to dash the vessel to pieces. Anxiously they watched Turner in his boat, as he made his way to within a few feet of the rock. There it was lifted higher and higher by a huge wave, then hurled down on the rock and shattered to pieces; but the brave boatswain was safe, and contrived to keep his hold of the rope, and to scramble upon the stone.

Another great wave, almost immediately after, heaved up the remains of the ship, and dashed her down close to this rock of safety, and Captain Baker, giving up the hope of saving her, commanded the crew to leave her, and make their way to it. For the first time he met with disobedience. With one voice they refused to leave the wreck unless they saw him before them in safety. Calmly he renewed his orders, saying that his life was the last and least consideration; and they were obliged to obey, leaving the ship in as orderly a manner as if they were going ashore in harbor. But they were so benumbed with cold, that many were unable to climb the rock, and were swept off by the waves, among them the lieutenant. Captain Baker last of all joined his crew, and it was then discovered that they were at no great distance from the land, but that the tide was rising, and that the rock on which they stood would assuredly be covered at high water, and the heavy mist and lonely coast gave scarcely a hope that help would come ere the slowly rising waters must devour them.

Still there was no murmur, and again the gallant boatswain, who still held the rope, volunteered to make an effort to save his comrades. With a few words of earnest prayer, he secured the rope round his waist,

struggled hard with the waves, and reached the shore, whence he sent back the news of his safety by a loud cheer to his comrades.

There was now a line of rope between the shore and the rock, just long enough to reach from one to the other when held by a man at each end. The only hope of safety lay in working a desperate passage along this rope to the land. The spray was already beating over those who were crouched on the rock, but not a man moved till called by name by Captain Baker, and then it is recorded that not one so summoned stirred till he had used his best entreaties to the captain to take his place; but the captain had but one reply—"I will never leave the rock until every soul is safe."

Forty-four stout sailors had made their perilous way to shore. The forty-fifth looked round and saw a poor woman lying helpless, almost lifeless, on the rock, unable to move. He took her in one arm, and with the other clung to the rope. Alas! the double weight was more than the much-tried rope could bear; it broke half-way, and the poor woman and the sailor were both swallowed in the eddy. Captain Baker and three seamen remained, utterly cut off from hope or help. The men in best condition hurried off in search of help, found a farm-house, obtained a rope, and hastened back; but long ere their arrival the waters had flowed above the head of the brave and faithful captain. All the crew could do was, with full hearts, to write a most touching letter to an officer who had once sailed with them in the *Drake*, to entreat him to represent their captain's conduct to the Lords of the Admiralty. "In fact," said the letter, "during the whole business he proved himself a man, whose name and last conduct ought ever to be held in the highest estimation, by a crew who feel it their duty to ask, from the Lord Commissioners of the Admiralty, that which they otherwise have not the means of obtaining; that is, a public and lasting record of the lion-hearted,

generous, and very unexampled way in which our late noble commander sacrificed his life, on the evening of the 23d of June." This letter was signed by the whole surviving crew of the *Drake*, and in consequence, a tablet in the dock-yard chapel at Portsmouth commemorates the heroism of Captain Charles Baker.

—*Book of Golden Deeds.*

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

Oh for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snorting breeze
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
But hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

—A. CUNNINGHAM

THE RAILROAD.

THROUGH the mould and through the clay,
Through the corn and through the hay,
By the margin of the lake,
O'er the river, through the brake,
On we hie with screech and roar!
Splashing! flashing! crashing! dashing
Over ridges, gullies, bridges!
By the bubbling rill, and mill—
Highways, byways,
Hollow hill—
Jumping—bumping—rocking—roaring
Like forty thousand giants snoring!

O'er the aqueduct and bog,
On we fly with ceaseless jog,
Every instant something new;
Every moment lost to view,
Now a tavern—now a steeple—
Now a crowd of gaping people—
Now a hollow—now a ridge—
Now a crossway—now a bridge.

Grumble—stumble—rumble—tumble—
Fretting—getting in a stew!
Church and steeple, gaping people,
Quick as thought are lost to view!
Everything that eye can survey
Turns hurly-burly, topsy-turvy!

Glimpse of lonely hut and mansion,
Glimpse of ocean's wide expansion,
Glimpse of foundry and of forge,
Glimpse of plain and mountain gorge,
Dash along! slash along! flash along!
On! on with a bump and a thump,
And a roll!
Hies the fire-fiend to its destined goal.

TWENTY YEARS AGO—THE SCHOOL-BOY'S REMINISCENCE.

I 'VE wander'd in the village, Tom, I 've sat beneath the tree, [you and me,
Upon the school-house playing-ground, which shelter'd
But none were there to greet me, Tom, and few were left to know,
That play'd with us upon the green, some twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom,—barefooted boys at play [gay;
Were sporting just as we did then, with spirits just as
But master sleeps upon the hill, which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding-place, just twenty years ago.

The old school-house is alter'd now, the benches are replaced [faced;
By new ones very like the same our pen-knives had de-
But the same old bricks are in the wall, the bell swings to and fro,— [ago.
Its music just the same, dear Tom, as twenty years

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spreading beech, [reach;
Is very low,—'twas once so high that we could almost
And kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so,
To see how much that I had changed since twenty years ago.

Near by the spring, upon the elm, you know I cut your name,— [mine the same;
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom,—and you did
Some heartless wretch hath peel'd the bark—'twas dying sure, but slow, [ago.
Just as the one whose name we cut, died twenty years

My eyelids had been dry, Tom, but tears come in my eyes,
I thought of her I loved so well—those early broken ties;
I visited the old churchyard, and took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved some twenty years ago.

And some are in the churchyard laid—some sleep beneath the sea,
But few are left of all our class, excepting you and me;
And when our time shall come, Tom, and we are call'd to go,
I hope they 'll lay us where we play'd just twenty years ago.

Anonymous.

LOST IN THE WOODS.

BEFORE the discovery of gold at Vancouver's Island, when the only European residents were confined within the quadrangle of a wooden fort, or, more properly speaking, a stockade, I was on one occasion very nearly perishing in the woods of that beautiful island. The abundance of game of all sorts, and my own love of

adventure, tempted me to set out alone, thereby hoping to have a better chance of securing a deer than if accompanied by a comrade. I started for a small stream running into Esquimalt harbor, where the Indians had informed me the animals came at daybreak to drink. I soon found myself following a trail, which I believed led to the desired spot: of this, however, I gradually became doubtful, as the ground began to rise, and the trail grew less distinct as I advanced. The grand trunks of pine trees, towering far above the rest of the forest, and the thick dark foliage they supported, impressed my mind with that indescribable feeling of awe which we experience in the broad silent desert or the perfect calm at sea. I had seen no traces of deer, and the only sounds which had met my ear were the sharp tapping of the large woodpecker and the flapping wings of the pigeons. The stems of the trees were blackened by the action of fire, and in many places some giant trunk, felled by the wintry gales, lay across my path. I toiled onward, but without finding the stream for which I was in search. The sun was high in the heavens, and all chance of reaching the drinking place of the deer in time to meet them was at an end.

After taking a biscuit from my pocket and a sip from my flask, I turned to retrace my steps; but in this I was even less successful, for the trail I had followed appeared to be growing less distinct, and branched off in several directions. Hearing a rustling sound in the underwood, I stood quite still; and presently, to my delight, I detected the head of a deer, about two hundred paces in front of me. I raised my gun and fired, when the animal gave a bound, and, as I fancied, fell.

Without thinking of the trail, I ran forward until I reached the exact spot at which the creature was when I pulled the trigger, but he was nowhere to be seen; upon the leaves, however, there were traces of blood,

which I followed, hoping soon to come up with the wounded buck. The difficulty of tracing the blood upon the ground became greater, and at length I was compelled to stop and again try to find my way back. After many fruitless attempts, I was forced to give up, and sit quietly down to think as to my wisest course. The usual expedients by which the Indians regain the lost trail were at that time unknown to me, and having no compass, or any knowledge of the trend of the coast line, I was uncertain in which direction to proceed. I had no watch, and was therefore compelled to guess the hour, by which means alone I could determine my position by the sun, as it was impossible to obtain a sight of the sun's disk. My scanty stock of biscuit was exhausted, and the difficulty of struggling through the scrub had wearied me, so that I fancied it would be wiser to remain where I was until I could determine my course by the sunset: then I knew that by travelling westward I must reach the coast. A wolf came near me while seated upon a fallen tree, but I failed to obtain a shot at him, and soon heard his unpleasant howl far away in the forest.

As soon as the twilight commenced, I began to think the night would prove the most uncomfortable part of my adventure; so, to relieve the gloom, I kindled a fire, and collected all the dry wood I could lay my hand on, previously choosing a bare spot of open ground, where there could be no fear of the forest taking fire. Sleep was out of the question, for as soon as darkness set in, I could hear the various predacious animals busy in the distance, and occasionally the light would fall upon the shining eyeballs of a wolf or bear, several of which were bold enough to approach so near that I could see their forms distinctly. One gaunt old wolf drew so close to me that I could see the glistening of his ugly fangs, and perceive that his skin hung loosely upon his bones. Several times this brute endeavored to summon courage to face the flames, but a burning

piece of wood thrown at him sent him howling back into the gloom. Nothing daunted, he returned to the attack whenever the flames died away, until I put an end to his intrusion by sending a ball through his chest.

At the report of my gun, the whole of the forest seemed alive; birds, bats, and animals of every description, added their sounds to the unearthly screaming of the stricken wolf. Although I had collected a large stock of wood before nightfall, yet keeping three fires burning, between which I placed myself, soon diminished my supply, and made me impatiently long for the morning; added to this, I now began to suffer from great thirst, not having been able to find any water from the time of my leaving for the woods. As the sun gradually threw its beams high into the heavens, the excitement of the nocturnal feeders grew less, and at sunrise I found myself alone once more. After casting a careful glance around on every side, I stepped from my lodging in quest of the wolf I had shot. To my surprise, not a trace of the carcass was to be found. I had no doubt he was killed by my ball, from the quiet way in which he lay for an hour or two afterwards; he must therefore have been carried off by his comrades.

Directly the sun showed, I turned my back to it, and pushed my way through the underwood, having previously reloaded my double-barrelled gun. The further I went the thicker the tangled shrub became. My thirst was increasing, and my want of rest did not improve my condition. For hours I toiled on, yet never seemed to find the trace of human beings. Sometimes I went through gigantic ferns, where it was quite impossible to steer my course, as, once amongst them, everything else was hidden, they rising many feet above my head. I could hear the deer push through them. I occasionally fired at a squirrel or a bird, in the hope that the report of my piece might reach a stray Indian,

and thus bring me help. Another night at length stared me in the face. I searched for berries, but could find none, and water was nowhere to be seen. The ground and wood were parched and dry. I was so exhausted that it was with difficulty I could make a fire; nothing but the stimulus which the idea of a prowling wolf, or the loud sniffing of the black bear, gave to my fears, induced me to exert myself.

Towards the morning I noticed a thickness in the air, coming up with the wind, and soon perceived the smell of smoke to windward of my fires. At first I hoped it was some party sent to search for me, and therefore discharged one barrel of my gun. What was my horror, however, while listening for an answer to it, when I heard the crackling of sticks and the roar of flames! The forest was on fire. In my fear I rushed madly forward away from the flames, but they were evidently fast overtaking me; and past me on every side galloped deer, wolves, and bears, while birds of various kinds flew before the clouds of pursuing smoke. In the horror of the moment my thirst was forgotten; the two dreadful nights I had passed were obliterated from my memory, and I struggled on, exerting all my remaining strength. As I burst through a dense growth of ferns I observed an Indian lad running, not away from the fire, but across it. I shouted, and the boy beckoned. In a moment it occurred to me that my only chance of safety was to follow the lad. Throwing my gun and powder away, I gave chase, and notwithstanding his fleetness managed to keep him in sight. Every nerve was strained, every sense on the alert, for already I could feel the heat from the roaring flame. Onward I staggered, the smoke now blinding me, and the oppression being so great that I felt my efforts must soon terminate. Still, I fancied through the distant trees I could see the fire gleam upon the sea. From this time I know no more, for I reeled forward and fell to the ground.

When I recovered myself I was lying upon the seashore, close to the water, with several Indians squatting by my side. As I recovered, I became aware of my hair having been burnt, and my clothes very much scorched. It appears that the Indian boy told two of his tribe that I was following him, whereupon they had entered the forest in time to see me fall, and had at great peril dragged me after them to a place of safety. These men proved to be Indians of a friendly tribe, who had been despatched in search of me, upon the promise of some twenty blankets if they brought me in alive. They started the morning after I failed to return, and had followed my trail as far as the first night-fires, but could not proceed, the underwood having caught light from them; and so they were obliged to take to the coast, where they providentially met with the boy, who stated my being close at hand; and thus my life was saved when lost in the Vancouver Island woods. —*Leisure Hour.*

THE FOREST FIRE.

THE huge forests of North America are being gradually destroyed by the woodman's axe, and still more rapidly by the fires that break out in them and destroy the trees for many miles. These fires break out from different causes; sometimes lightning strikes a dry tree, sometimes a spark from a pipe falls on the dry grass, or a heap of brushwood being set on fire to clear it away, kindles the grass near, and the mischief is done. The undergrowth of the forest feeds the flames. They mount the fir-trees, which have turpentine in them, and burn easily. The fire leaps from tree to tree; wild animals fly when they hear its roar. The poor backwoodsman leaves his home and fields, and carries off his wife and children to seek safety. As the fire passes

on, it leaves behind it black smoking ground, with bare trunks like charcoal rising up from it: a most dreary scene where lately all was green and fertile. No one who has not seen them can form an idea of the terrible grandeur of these fires. The clouds of smoke obscure the brightness of a noonday sun, and darken the country; they suffocate those whom they overtake with their hot breath. To see the forked tongues of flame leaping forward as if seeking more food, and to hear their roar as of a hungry monster calling for its prey, is to hear and see what will never be forgotten.

The best way to stop the fire is to set fire to some piece of grass or brush in front of it, that when it reaches it the flames may die out for want of food; but this is not easily done. The fire will dart across a wide space of clear ground, and begin burning on the other side before you are aware of it. A very broad river will sometimes stop it, but in other cases it has been known to cross over and burn for miles on the other side. One fire of this kind, some years ago, burned a hundred and forty miles of country on each side of a large river, and this fire was more than sixty miles in breadth. It is supposed that five hundred human beings lost their lives in it. One poor woodman had just built his log-hut, and was beginning to cut timber, when the fire broke out. He was told of it by some of his men who had passed through the wood to bring him food, but he thought nothing of it, till one of them, leaving the hut for a minute, came back hastily with the news that the fire was a bad one, and within a mile of the hut. They instantly looked out, and as far as they could see, there was nothing but fire waving high above the forest. Its roar, like that of a huge furnace, was broken in upon from time to time by the crash of falling trees.

Not a moment was to be lost. Without staying to save anything, they ran to a small stream a little way off. Some of them thought this would be a sufficient check to the flames, and so contented themselves with

crossing it, and going a short distance down its opposite bank to a spot which they had partially cleared. The woodman, however, felt sure the fire would soon leap such a narrow stream, and resolved to stay in the water until the fearful enemy had passed by. He waded into it up to his shoulders, and stood under an overhanging bank to await his fate.

The flames advanced, burning up all before them, and filling the sky with a fearful glare. Their hot breath almost stifled the poor trembling man in the river. Another minute, and the trees overhead were alight, and he was obliged to plunge his head under water and keep it there as long as he could. When he was able once more to stand erect, the flames were still raging on before him, while behind were glowing trunks soon to die out for want of fuel. It was hours before he could leave his refuge with safety; but at last he managed to escape from the ruined neighborhood Happily, he had some food lying in a cellar which had not been injured, and this kept him from starving till he got beyond the blackened country. His companions were lost in the forest.

On one occasion a man's life was saved by one of these fires in a remarkable way. He had been riding about the prairie in search of a camp in which his comrades were expecting him, and had more than once lost his way. At last he came within sight of the camping-ground, and spurred his horse forward, pleased to think he should soon be among his friends.

No comrades were there to greet him; no living thing was to be seen. The dead body of an Indian lay across the extinguished fire, and all around were the marks of a deadly struggle. It was evident that the camp had been attacked by the savages, and his friends had been carried off. He followed in their tracks, and about a mile off, coming to a rising-ground, he saw below a large party of Indians camped upon the plain. They saw him too, and he turned his horse's head, and

rode for his life. To make matters worse, they were mounted on his friends' horses, which he well knew were as good as his own. He turned to the wood for shelter, and the savages came yelling behind him. His horse was already weary, and there was little chance of his escaping, until near at hand rising clouds of smoke told him that the forest was on fire. If he could dash through the flaming woods he was safe. No Indian would dare to follow him there. At once he spurred forward to meet the fire. The smoke half suffocated him. He sprung from his horse, tore up his blanket, bound one piece over his horse's eyes, and with the other loosely covered his own face. This he knew would keep out the thickest smoke, while its coarse texture let in air enough to sustain life for a short time. Thus muffled he mounted again, and as the warwhoop of his fierce enemies sounded nearer, he spurred his poor beast into the fire. Scorching, crackling, blazing as it was, he went through it for a few short moments of agony, and then found himself in the clear sweet air beyond. The blazing wood was passed, and tearing away their bandages, horse and rider were safe. Great was the triumph of the Indians as they saw them dash into the flame, for they felt sure both had perished. They were, indeed, half dead with the heat and the thirst it created, but soon they reached a river, and horse and rider both plunged gladly into its cool waters.

THE SOLITUDE OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

I AM monarch of all I survey;
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O Solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech;
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love
Divinely bestow'd upon man,
Oh had I the wings of a dove
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more:
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
Oh tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift wing'd arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

—W. COWPER.

A HUDSON BAY STORE.

THE store or shop at a Hudson Bay trading-post is a most interesting and curious place. To the Indian, especially, it is a sort of enchanted chamber, out of which can be obtained everything known under the sun. As there can be only one shop or store at a trading-post, it follows that that shop must contain a few articles out of almost every other style of shop in the world. Accordingly, you will find collected within the four walls of that little room, knives and guns from Sheffield, cotton webs from Manchester, grindstones from Newcastle, tobacco from Virginia, and every sort of thing from I know not where all! You can buy a blanket or a file, an axe or a pair of trousers, a pound of sugar or a barrel of nails, a roll of tobacco or a tin kettle, nearly everything, in short, that a man can think of

or desire. And you can buy it, too, without money! Indeed, you *must* buy it without money, for there is not such a thing as money in the land.

The trade is carried on entirely by barter, or exchange. The Indian gives the trader his furs, and the trader gives him his goods. In order to make the exchange fair and equitable, however, everything is rated by a certain standard of value, which is called a *made-beaver* in one part of the country, a *castore* in another.

The first man that stepped forward to the counter was a chief. A big, coarse-looking, disagreeable man, but a first-rate hunter. He had two wives in consequence of his abilities, and the favorite wife now stood at his elbow to prompt, perhaps to caution, him. He threw down a huge pack of furs, which the trader opened, and examined with care, fixing the price of each skin, and marking it down with a piece of chalk on the counter as he went along.

There were two splendid black bear-skins, two or three dozen martens, or sables, five or six black foxes, and a great many silver foxes, besides cross and red ones. In addition to these, he had a number of minks and beaver-skins, a few otters, and sundry other furs, besides a few buffalo and deer-skins, dressed, and with the hair scraped off. These last skins are used for making winter coats, and also moccasins for the feet.

After all had been examined and valued, the whole was summed up, and a number of pieces of stick were handed to the chief—each stick representing a castore; so that he knew exactly how much he was worth, and proceeded to choose accordingly.

First he gazed earnestly at a huge thick blanket, then he counted his sticks, and considered. Perhaps the memory of the cold blasts of winter crossed his mind, for he quickly asked how many castores it was worth. The trader told him. The proper number of pieces of stick were laid down, and the blanket was handed over. Next a gun attracted his eye. The guns sent out for

the Indian trade are very cheap ones, with blue barrels and red stocks. They shoot pretty well, but are rather apt to burst. Indeed this fate had befallen the chief's last gun, so he resolved to have another, and bought it. Then he looked earnestly for some time at a tin kettle. Boiled meat was evidently in his mind, but at this point his squaw plucked him by the sleeve. She whispered in his ear. A touch of generosity seemed to come over him, for he pointed to a web of bright scarlet cloth. A yard of this was measured off, and handed to his spouse, whose happiness for the moment was complete—for squaws in Rupert's Land, like the fair sex in England, are uncommonly fond of finery.

As the chief proceeded, he became more cautious and slow in his choice. Finery tempted him on the one hand, necessaries pressed him on the other, and at this point the trader stepped in to help him to decide; he recommended, warned, and advised. Twine was to be got for nets and fishing-lines, powder and shot, axes for cutting his winter fire-wood, cloth for his own and his wives' leggings, knives, tobacco, needles, and an endless variety of things, which gradually lessened his little pile of sticks, until at last he reached the sticking-point, when all his sticks were gone.

"Now, Darkeye, (that was the chief's name,) you've come to the end at last, and a good thing you have made of it this year," said Mr Grant in the Indian language. "Have you got all you want?"

"Darkeye wants bullets," said the chief.

"Ah! to be sure. You shall have a lot of these for nothing, and some tobacco too," said the trader, handing the gifts to the Indian.

A look of satisfaction lighted up the chief's countenance as he received the gifts, and made way for another Indian to open and display his pack of furs.

—R. M. BALLANTYNE.

LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.

THE next turn in the river revealed a large waterfall, up which it was impossible to paddle, so they prepared to make a portage. Before arriving at the foot of it, however, Jasper landed Heywood, to enable him to make a sketch, and then the two men shoved off, and proceeded to the foot of the fall.

They were lying there in an eddy, considering where was the best spot to land, when a loud shout drew their attention towards the rushing water. Immediately after, a boat was seen to hover for a moment on the brink of the waterfall. This fall, although about ten or fifteen feet high, had such a large body of water rushing over it, that the river, instead of falling straight down, gushed over in a steep incline. Down this incline the boat now darted with the speed of lightning. It was full of men, two of whom stood erect, the one in the bow, the other in the stern, to control the movements of the boat.

For a few seconds there was deep silence. The men held their breath as the boat leaped along with the boiling flood. There was a curling white wave at the foot of the fall. The boat cut through this like a knife, drenching her crew with spray. Next moment she swept round into the eddy where the canoe was floating, and the men gave vent to a loud cheer of satisfaction at having run the fall in safety.

But this was not the end of that exciting scene. Scarcely had they gained the land, when another boat appeared on the crest of the fall. Again a shout was given and a dash made. For one moment there was a struggle with the raging flood, and then a loud cheer as the second boat swept into the eddy in safety. Then a third and a fourth boat went through the same operation, and before the end of a quarter of an hour, six boats ran the fall. The bay at the foot of it, which had been so quiet and solitary when Jasper and his friends arrived, became the scene of the wildest confusion and noise, as the men ran about with tremendous activity, making preparations to spend the night there.

Some hauled might and main at the boats; some carried up the provisions, frying-pans, and kettles; others cut down dry trees with their axes, and cut them up into logs from five to six feet long and as thick as a man's thigh. These were intended for six great fires, each boat's crew requiring a fire to themselves.

While this was going on, the principal guides and steersmen crowded round our three travellers, and plied them with questions; for it was so unusual to meet with strangers in that far-off wilderness, that a chance meeting of this kind was regarded as quite an important event.

"You're bound for York Fort, no doubt," said Jasper, addressing a tall handsome man of between forty and fifty, who was the principal guide.

"Ay, that's the end of our journey. You see we're

taking our furs down to the coast. Have you come from York Fort, friend?"

"No, I've come all the way from Canada," said Jasper, who thereupon gave them a short account of his voyage.

"Well, Jasper, you'll spend the night with us, won't you?" said the guide.

"That will I, right gladly."

"Come, then, I see the fires are beginning to burn. We may as well have a pipe and a chat while supper is getting ready."

The night was now closing in, and the scene in the forest, when the camp-fires began to blaze, was one of the most stirring and romantic sights that could be witnessed in that land. The men of the brigade were some of them French-Canadians, some natives of the Orkney Islands, who had been hired and sent out there by the Hudson's Bay Company, others were half-breeds, and a few were pure Indians. They were all dressed in what is called *voyageur* costume—coats or capotes of blue or gray cloth, with hoods to come over their heads at night, and fastened round their waists with scarlet worsted belts; corduroy or gray trousers, gartered outside at the knees, moccasins, and caps. But most of them threw off their coats, and appeared in blue and red striped cotton shirts, which were open at the throat, exposing their broad, sun-burned, hairy chests. There was variety, too, in the caps—some had Scotch bonnets, others red nightcaps, a few had tall hats, ornamented with gold and silver cords and tassels, and a good many wore no covering at all except their own thickly-matted hair. Their faces were burned to every shade of red, brown, and black, from constant exposure, and they were strong as lions, wild as zebras, and frolicsome as kittens!

It was no wonder, then, that Heywood got into an extraordinary state of excitement and delight as he beheld these wild fine-looking men smoking their pipes

and cooking their suppers, sitting, lying, and standing, talking, and singing, and laughing, with teeth glistening and eyes glittering in the red blaze of the fires—each of which fires was big enough to have roasted a whole ox!

The kettles were soon steaming. These hung from tripods erected over the fires. Their contents were flour and pemican, made into a thick soup called Rubbiboo.

As pemican is a kind of food but little known in this country, I may as well describe how it is made. In the first place, it consists of buffalo meat. The great plains, or prairies, of America, which are like huge downs or commons hundreds of miles in extent, afford grass sufficient to support countless herds of deer, wild horses, and bisons. The bisons are called by the people there buffaloes. The buffalo is somewhat like an enormous ox, but its hind quarters are smaller and its fore quarters much larger than those of the ox. Its hair is long and shaggy, particularly about the neck and shoulders, where it becomes almost a mane. Its horns are thick and short, and its look is very ferocious, but it is in reality a timid creature, and will only turn to attack man when it is hard pressed and cannot escape. Its flesh is first-rate for food, even better than beef, and there is a large hump on its shoulder which is considered the best part of the animal.

Such is the bison, or buffalo, from which pemican is made.

When a man wishes to make a bag of pemican, he first of all kills a buffalo—not an easy thing to do by any means, for the buffalo runs well. Having killed him, he skins him and cuts up the meat—also a difficult thing to do, especially if one is not used to that sort of work. Then he cuts the meat into thin layers, and hangs it up to dry. Dried meat will keep for a long time. It is packed up in bales and sent about

that country to be used as food. The next thing to be done is to make a bag of the raw hide of the buffalo. This is done with a glover's needle, the raw sinews of the animal being used instead of thread. The bag is usually about three feet long, and eighteen inches broad, and the hair is left on the outside of it. A huge pot is now put on the fire, and the fat of the buffalo is melted down. Then the dried meat is pounded between two stones, until it is torn and broken up into shreds, after which it is put into the bag, the melted fat is poured over it, and the whole is well mixed. The last operation is to sew up the mouth of the bag and leave it to cool, after which the pemican is ready for use.

In this state a bag of pemican will keep fresh and good for years. When the search was going on in the polar regions for the lost ships of Sir John Franklin, one of the parties hid some pemican in the ground, intending to return and take it up. They returned home, however, another way. Five years later some travellers discovered this pemican, and it was found, at that time, to be fit for food. Pemican is extensively used throughout Rupert's Land, especially during summer, for at that season the brigades of boats start from hundreds of inland trading-posts to take the furs to the coast for shipment to England, and pemican is found to be not only the best food for these hard-working men, but exceedingly convenient to carry.

Supper finished, the wild-looking fellows of this brigade took to their pipes, and threw fresh logs on the fires, which roared and crackled and shot up their forked tongues of flame, as if they wished to devour the forest. Then the song and the story went round, and men told of terrible fights with the red men of the prairies, and desperate encounters with grizzly bears in the Rocky Mountains, and narrow escapes among the rapids and falls, until the night was half spent. Then, one by one, each man wrapped himself in his

blanket, stretched himself on the ground with his feet towards the fire, and his head pillowed on a coat or a heap of brushwood, and went to sleep.

With the first peep of dawn the guide arose. In ten minutes after his first shout the whole camp was astir. The men yawned a good deal at first and grumbled a little, and stretched themselves violently, and yawned again. But soon they shook off laziness and sprang to their work. Pots, pans, kettles, and pemican bags were tossed into the boats, and in the course of half-an-hour they were ready to continue the voyage.

—R. M. BALLANTYNE.

WINTER IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

WINTER in the Polar regions extends over eight months of the year—from September to May. But so much of ice and snow remains there all the summer, that winter can scarcely be said to quit those regions at all.

It is difficult to imagine what the Arctic winter is. We cannot properly understand the tremendous difficulties and sufferings that men who go to the Polar seas have to fight against. Let the reader think of the following facts, and see if he does not draw his chair closer to the fire and feel thankful that he has not been born an Esquimaux, and is not an Arctic seaman!

Winter within the Arctic circle, as I have said, is fully eight months long. During that time the land is covered with snow many feet deep, and the sea with ice of all degrees of thickness—from vast fields of ten or fifteen feet thick to bergs the size of islands and mountains—all frozen into one solid mass.

There is no sunlight there, night or day, for three out of these eight winter months, and there is not much during the remaining five. In summer there is per-

petual sunlight, all night as well as all day for about two months,—for many weeks the sun never descends below the horizon. It is seen every day and every night sweeping a complete circle in the bright blue sky. Having been so free of his light in summer, the sun seems to think he has a right to absent himself in winter, for the three months of darkness that I have spoken of are not months of *partial* but of *total* darkness—as far at least as the sun is concerned. The moon and stars and the "Northern Lights" do indeed give their light when the fogs and clouds will allow them; but no one will say that these make up for the absence of the sun.

Then the frost is so intense that everything freezes solid except pure spirits of wine. Unless you have studied the thermometer you cannot understand the intensity of this frost; but for the sake of those who do know something about extreme cold, I give here a few facts that were noted down during the winter that my story tells of.

On the 10th of September these ice-bound voyagers had eighteen degrees of frost, and the darkness had advanced on them so rapidly that it was dark about ten at night. By the 1st of October the ice round the brig was a foot and a half thick. Up to this time they had shot white hares on the island, and the hunting parties that crossed the ice to the mainland, shot deer and musk oxen, and caught white foxes in traps. Gulls and other birds, too, had continued to fly round them; but most of these went away to seek warmer regions further south. Walrus and seals did not leave so soon. They remained as long as there was any open water out at sea. The last birds that left them (and the first that returned in spring) were the "snow-birds"—little creatures about the size of a sparrow, almost white, with a few brown feathers here and there. The last of these fled from the darkening winter on the 7th November, and did not return until the 1st of the follow-

ing May. When they left, it was dark almost all day. The thermometer could scarcely be read at noon, and the stars were visible during the day. From this time forward thick darkness set in, and the cold became intense. The thermometer fell *below* zero, and after that they never saw it *above* that point for months together; 20, 30, and 40 degrees below, were common temperatures. The ice around them was ten feet thick. On the 1st of December noon was so dark that they could not see fifty yards ahead, and on the 15th the fingers could not be counted a foot from the eyes. The thermometer stood at 40° below zero.

The darkness could not now become greater, but the cold still continued to grow more intense. It almost doubled in severity. In January it fell to 67° below zero! So great was this cold that the men felt impelled to breathe guardedly. The breath issued from their mouths in white clouds of steam, and instantly settled on their beards and whiskers in hoar frost. In the cabin of the *Hope* they had the utmost difficulty in keeping themselves moderately warm at this time.

Things had now reached their worst, and by slow degrees matters began to mend. On the 22d of January the first faint sign of returning day appeared—just a blue glimmer on the horizon. By the middle of February the light tipped the tops of the mountains on shore, and the highest peaks of the icebergs on the sea, and on the 1st of March it bathed the deck of the *Hope*. Then the long-imprisoned crew began to feel that spring was really coming. But there was little heat in the sun's rays at first, and it was not till the month of May that the ice out at sea broke up, and summer could be said to have begun.

During all this long winter—during all these wonderful changes, our Arctic voyagers had a hard fight in order to keep themselves alive. Their life was a constant struggle. They had to fight the bears and the walrus; to resist the cold and the darkness; to guard

against treachery from the natives; and to suffer pains, sickness, and trials, such as seldom fall to the lot of men in ordinary climates. —R. M. BALLANTYNE.

THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

UP! up! let us a voyage take,
Why sit we here at ease?
Find us a vessel, tight and snug,
Bound for the Northern Seas.

I long to see the Northern Lights,
With their rushing splendors fly,
Like living things with flaming wings,
Across the sunless sky.

I long to see those icebergs vast,
With heads all crown'd with snow;
Whose green roots sleep in the awful deep,
Two hundred fathoms low.

There shall we see the fierce white bear,
The sleepy seals aground,
And the spouting whales that to and fro
Sail with a dreary sound.

We 'll pass the shores of solemn pine,
Where wolves and black bears prowl,
And away to the rocky isles of mist,
To rouse the northern fowl.

And there in wastes of the silent sky,
With silent earth below,
We shall see far off to his lonely rock
The lonely eagle go.

We 've visited the northern clime,
Its isles and icebound main;
So now let us back to a dearer land—
To Britain back again.

LOSS OF THE "LADY ELGIN."

FEW catastrophes have taken place more serious in their nature than that caused by the loss of this ill-fated vessel—not tossed upon the billows of the Atlantic, nor striking on some iron-bound shore—but overcome by the concussion of a lesser vessel, as, with 400 passengers on board, bent upon an excursion from Chicago to Lake Superior, she sank a helpless and ruined craft beneath the surface of Lake Michigan. The number of passengers on board much overpassed the amount of sleeping accommodation to be found in the steamer;—consequently, unthinking of danger, the larger proportion of them resolved on passing the night with songs, music, and dancing. The saloon continued to be lighted up; the gay groups indulged in merriment; ever and anon a lady's voice was heard giving forth the notes of some familiar air, and feet swept swiftly round in the mazy dance. All within was enjoyment, harmless in itself, but soon to present an awful contrast to the scene without.

It began to blow hard, and there was a squall; but the dashing of the waves and howling of the winds for a time only added zest to the enjoyment of the scene within the vessel. Soon, however, peril was at hand. When it was half-past two in the morning the dance still went on—the strains of music were still heard. But, just at this time, a schooner, the *Augusta*, scudded near; the captain of which vessel stated afterwards that he had descried the steamer's lights at about half-a-mile's distance, as he then considered, but when, in fact, the *Augusta* was almost close upon the broadside of the *Lady Elgin*. The helm of the *Augusta* was turned hard a-port, but it was too late, and the fatal hour had come. There was a fearful crash—the schooner's bow cutting in the steamer's bow, close by one of the paddle-boxes. For a moment the *Augusta* remained wedged into the side of the steamer, but got free, on which the captain of the *Lady Elgin* made all speed to get one of her boats lowered, in order to ascertain the extent of the injury. But—as has too frequently happened in similar cases—no proper supervision seems to have been exercised over any of the boats connected with the vessel. That which was manned was provided with but a single oar, and was, consequently, useless; the waves, while vain efforts were being made to remedy this deficiency, nearly driving it to pieces against the vessel's side, while it ultimately drifted upon an island not far distant from the spot where the disaster had occurred.

While this was going on, it was, after much search and confusion, ascertained that the hole in the side of the *Lady Elgin* lay too deep to admit of being reached. The water was, consequently, pouring in. An attempt made to heel her over was vain, though a large amount of cattle, numbering not far from 200, were now thrown overboard by order of the captain.

Rapidly as these incidents may be told, the carrying out of the requisite evolutions demanded much time.

Two other boats, launched as soon as possible, remained in connection with the steamer, the passengers being meanwhile advised to provide themselves with life-preservers, of which there seems to have been a store on board. The life-preservers had been, however, as little attended to as the boats. They had either been spoiled, or were improperly fitted on, and, amidst the hurry and alarm, though the current had set in right towards the island already mentioned, only but few of those who adopted this help to escape succeeded in reaching the shore.

About a quarter of an hour after the collision, and presenting a parallel to the case of the *Royal Charter*, the engines fell through the bottom. The immediate consequence of this was, that the hull began rapidly to sink, the hurricane deck alone continuing to float, to which many had clung as their last place of refuge. Soon, however, this deck became split up into five fragments, the waves washing over it, and engulfing all who had sought refuge upon it—among others the captain of the steamer. Of the two remaining boats which had been launched one contained thirteen persons, all of whom were safely got on land; the second contained only eight persons, half of whom were swept away by the hurricane and squall.

The melancholy event was described by one of the subordinate officers connected with the *Lady Elgin*, whose account, as it has been to a great extent already anticipated, we now abridge:—

"The schooner collided with the steamer when she was about thirty-five miles from Chicago, and ten miles from land. When the collision occurred there was music and dancing going forward in the principal cabin. Immediately after the crash of the collision both ceased, and the steamer sank half an hour after. Passing through the cabins I saw the ladies pale, motionless, and silent. There was no cry, no shriek on board; no sound of any kind but that of the escaping

steam and surging waves. Whether the ladies were silent from fear, or were not aware of the imminent fate which they stood quietly awaiting, I could not say." Four of those who were on board the boat last mentioned in this narrative were drowned near the beach, as the boat drifted onwards to it. The engines had entirely ceased to work before this narrator left the steamer, the rush of water through the leak having quite extinguished the fires. The wind was blowing a fierce gale. The boats, the fragments of the wreck, and the bodies of the drowned, were being driven up the lake.

At least 330 persons perished by this unlooked-for casualty. Among these was one notable in the annals of commercial England—Mr Herbert Ingram, the projector and proprietor of the *Illustrated London News*, and M.P. for Boston, who, with his son, a youth of about fifteen years of age, were passengers.

—*Perils and Adventures on the Deep.*

THE PILOT.

O PILOT, 'tis a fearful night,—there's danger on the deep;
I'll come and pace the deck with thee,—I do not dare to sleep.
Go down! the sailor cried, go down; this is no place for thee;
Fear not; but trust in Providence, wherever thou mayst be.

Ah! pilot, dangers often met we all are apt to slight,
And thou hast known these raging waves but to subdue their might.
It is not apathy, he cried, that gives this strength to me:
Fear not; but trust in Providence, wherever thou mayst be.

On such a night the sea engulfed my father's lifeless form;
My only brother's boat went down in just so wild a storm.
And such perhaps may be my fate; but still I say to thee,
Fear not; but trust in Providence, wherever thou mayst be. —HAYNES BAYLEY.

THE PINE-TREE SHILLING.

CAPTAIN JOHN HULL was the mint-master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made. His was a new line of business; for, in the earlier days of the colony, the current coinage consisted of the gold and silver money of England, Portugal, and Spain. These coins being scarce, the people were often forced to barter their commodities instead of selling them. For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he exchanged a bear-skin for it; if he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it for a pile of pine boards. Musket bullets were used instead of farthings. The Indians had a sort of money called wampum, which was made of clam shells; and this strange sort of specie was likewise taken in payment of debt by English settlers. Bank-bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay their ministers; so that they had sometimes to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood, instead of silver and gold.

As the people grew more numerous, and their trade with one another increased, the want of current money was still more sensibly felt. To supply the demand, the general court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Captain Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and was to

have about one shilling out of every twenty to pay him for his trouble in making them.

Hereupon all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans and tankards, I suppose, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at court,—all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting-pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which the English buccaneers (who were little better than pirates) had taken from the Spaniards and brought to Massachusetts.

All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Each had the date of 1652 on the one side and the figure of a pine-tree on the other side. Hence they were called pine-tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember, Captain John Hull was entitled to put one shilling in his own pocket. The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would give up that twentieth shilling which he was continually dropping into his pocket. But Captain Hull declared that he was perfectly satisfied with the shilling. And well he might be; for so diligently did he labor, that in a few years his pockets, his money-bag, and his strong-box were overflowing with pine-tree shillings. This was probably the case when he came into possession of his grandfather's chair; and, as he had worked so hard at the mint, it was certainly proper that he should have a comfortable chair to rest himself on.

When the mint-master was grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, came courting his only daughter. His daughter—whose name I do not know, but we will call her Betsy—was a fine, hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our

own day. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin-pies, dough-nuts, Indian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding. With this round, rosy Miss Betsy did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious in his business, and a member of the Church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent.

"Yes, you may take her," said he in his rough way; "and you will find her a heavy burden enough."

On the wedding day we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plain coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences; and the knees of his small-clothes were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in his grandfather's chair; and, being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow. On the opposite side of the room, between her bridesmaids, sat Miss Betsy. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peony, a great red apple, or any other round and scarlet object.

There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat and gold-lace waistcoat, with as much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow him to put on. His hair was cropt close to his head, because Governor Edincott had forbidden any man to wear it below his ears. But he was a very personable young man; and so thought the bridesmaids and Miss Betsy herself.

The mint-master was also pleased with his new son-in-law, especially as he had said nothing at all about her portion. So when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word or two to his men-servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned lugging in a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as wholesale merchants use for weighing; a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

"Daughter Betsy," said the mint-master, "go into one side of the scales."

Miss Betsy—or Mrs Sewell, as we must now call her —did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of a why or wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound, (in which case she would have been a dear bargain,) she had not the least idea.

"And now," said honest John Hull to his servants, "bring that box hither."

The box to which the mint-master pointed was a huge, square, iron-bound oaken chest; it was big enough, my children, for all four of you to play hide-and-seek in.

The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor.

Captain Hull then took a key out of his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted the ponderous lid. Behold! it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings, fresh from the mint, and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in Massachusetts treasury. But it was the mint-master's honest share of the coinage.

Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsy remained on the other. Jingle, jingle went the shillings, as handful after handful were thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they weighed the young lady from the floor.

"There, son Sewell," cried the honest mint-master, resuming his seat in his grandfather's chair, "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly, and thank Heaven for her; for it is not every wife that 's worth her weight in silver!"

The children laughed heartily at this legend, and would hardly be convinced but grandfather had made it out of his own head. He assured them faithfully,

however, that he had found it in the pages of a grave historian, and merely had tried to tell it in a somewhat funnier style.

"Well, grandfather," remarked Clara, "if wedding-portions now-a-days were paid as Miss Betsy's was, young ladies would not pride themselves upon an airy figure, as many of them do."

—*Sharpe's London Magazine.*

THE SLEIGH-BELLS.

'Tis merry to hear, at evening time,
By the blazing hearth the sleigh-bells' chime;
To know the bounding steeds bring near
The loved one to our bosoms dear.
Ah, lightly we spring the fire to raise,
Till the rafters glow with the ruddy blaze:

Those merry sleigh-bells, our hearts keep time
Responsive to their fairy chime.
Ding-dong, ding-dong, o'er vale and hill,
Their welcome notes are trembling still.

'Tis he! and blithely the gay bells sound,
As glides his sleigh o'er the frozen ground;
Hark! he has pass'd the dark pine wood,
He crosses now the ice-bound flood,
And hails the light at the open door
That tells his toilsome journey's o'er.
The merry sleigh-bells! My fond heart swells
And throbs to hear the welcome bells;
Ding-dong, ding-dong, o'er ice and snow,
A voice of gladness, on they go.

Our hut is small, and rude our cheer,
But love has spread the banquet here;
And childhood springs to be caress'd
By our beloved and welcome guest.
With a smiling brow his tale he tells,
The urchins ring the merry sleigh-bells;
The merry sleigh-bells, with shout and song
They drag the noisy string along;
Ding-dong, ding-dong, the father's come,
The gay bells ring his welcome home.

From the cedar-swamp the gaunt wolves howl,
From the oak loud whoops the felon owl;
The snow-storm sweeps in thunder past,
The forest creaks beneath the blast;
No more I list, with boding fear,
The sleigh-bells' distant chime to hear.
The merry sleigh-bells, with soothing power
Shed gladness on the evening hour.
Ding-dong, ding-dong, what rapture swells
The music of those joyous bells.

—Mrs Moodie.

AN ACADIAN HEROINE.

By the treaty of St Germains in 1632, Charles I. resigned all his claims upon Acadia and Canada to the French, thus inaugurating a state of things which led to much bloodshed and misery in subsequent years. The large province of Acadia comprised the whole of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, extending to the British colonies in New England. The government of this extensive province was divided between two Frenchmen of very opposite interests, Charles Etienne La Tour, and Daubrè de Charnisè. Each of these men was anxious to secure the supremacy in the country, and to expel the other from his possessions. After several encounters, in which Charnisè was worsted, La Tour visited Boston in order to gain such assistance from the colonists as might enable him completely to crush his rival. In the meantime, the affairs of his province were managed by his wife, Madame La Tour, who made her headquarters at a fort on the St John River. This fort was strongly built of stone, and contained two stone houses, a chapel, and a magazine, with a small court of guard, and wooden outhouses for cattle. Upon the ramparts of the fort were mounted some twenty pieces of cannon, mostly of iron, and the garrison consisted of a mere handful of La Tour's devoted followers. In this fort Madame La Tour remained, waiting the return of her husband.

Charnisè, you may be sure, was only too glad of the opportunity thus afforded him by the absence of La Tour to avenge himself upon his hated rival. Collecting his forces at Penobscot, he embarked with them in a frigate, and set sail for the St John River. Arriving opposite the fort, he sent a haughty summons to his lady antagonist to surrender unconditionally, with all her garrison, stores, and ammunition. This insolent demand met with an indignant refusal, and Charnisè

immediately began to bombard the fort. Nothing daunted, the heroic lady ordered her feeble garrison to bring the guns of the fort to bear upon the frigate, and herself superintended all the means of defence. The ship's guns of those days were not so formidable as the Armstrong cannon of our own times, so that, poor as the fortifications were, they resisted the force of the frigate's fire. Now and then a stone would be knocked out of its place, and a heavy ball come crashing through the shingled roofs of the buildings; but the little garrison was under good cover, and their devoted mistress, moving from place to place, with the greatest coolness and intrepidity, inspired them with a similar courage and contempt of danger. Skilfully they pointed every rusty iron gun, and carefully delivered their fire against the wooden walls of the enemy, breaking in bulwarks, cutting away masts and spars, and dismounting the guns at the port-holes. The frigate at last became unmanageable, owing to the injuries she had sustained from the fire of the fort; her guns could not be brought to bear upon the garrison; twenty of Charnisè's men lay dead upon the decks, and as many wounded gunners were crying for relief. The commander of the expedition, full of rage and disappointment, at length reluctantly gave orders for an ignominious retreat. By dint of warping, the frigate was got out of range of the enemy's guns, and, after undergoing the necessary repairs, returned to Penobscot.

Here we should be glad if our story ended, but, unfortunately, there is a darker part of it yet to come. We cannot do better than give it in the words of Haliburton :—"The time had now arrived for the termination of this contest. Charnisè, seizing the opportunity which the absence of La Tour with a number of his men again offered to him, sailed up the river St John, and laid siege to his fort, which, he had reason to hope, from the weakness of the garrison, would fall

an easy prey. Madame La Tour, though left with only a handful of men, was resolved to defend the place to the last extremity, a determination which she maintained with so much spirit, during the three first days of the attack, that the besiegers removed to a greater distance; but, on the fourth, which was Easter Sunday, she was betrayed by a mutinous Swiss, whom the enemy had found means to bribe to their interest. This untoward event did not, however, intimidate her, and when she found that Charnisè had mounted the wall, she ascended at the head of her little garrison to contest the possession of it with him.

"Charnisè, who supposed, from their vigorous defence, that the number of the soldiers must have been greater than he had been led to believe, dreaded the idea of being twice repulsed by a female, and proposed a capitulation, which Madame La Tour accepted, to save the lives of the few brave men who had defended the place against such a superior force. He had, however, hardly entered the fort, ere he repented having signed a formal treaty with a woman, who had no other resources for defending the place than her own courage. Pretending to have been deceived in the terms of the capitulation, he held himself absolved from the observance of them all, and immediately hanged the survivors, with the exception of one to whom he granted an exemption, on condition of his becoming the executioner of his comrades. Not satisfied with this act of barbarity, he compelled Madame La Tour to witness this tragical and inhuman scene, and, in order to degrade a spirit he could not subdue, and to give her the appearance of a reprieved criminal, he forced her to appear at the gallows with a halter round her neck.

"The violent and unusual exertions which Madame La Tour had made, the dreadful fate of her household and followers, and the total wreck of her fortune, had such a powerful effect upon her health that she died soon after this event."

A few years later, in 1651, Charnisè died, and La Tour returned from his exile, and took possession of the territory he had lost. Strange to say, he filled the place of his noble lady with the widow of the bitter enemy who had been the cause of her death. After many vicissitudes of fortune, La Tour was confirmed in his possessions by Oliver Cromwell, when the English again conquered Acadia; but, fearing for the future, he disposed of his rights for a considerable sum of money, and left the scene of his many trials and misfortunes. —*Campbell's Third Reader.*

THE TAKING OF LOUISBURG.

On the 19th of February 1758, a magnificent fleet sailed from Portsmouth, which carried out General Amherst, and an army of 10,000 men. It was long detained by contrary winds, and after a stormy passage reached Halifax on the 28th of May, where Boscawen's fleet was met coming out of the harbor, the gallant admiral being weary of inaction. At dawn, on the 2d of June, the entire armament, embracing 22 ships of the line, 15 frigates, 120 smaller vessels, and 11,600 troops, arrived off Louisburg. Amherst indulged in the hope that he would be able to surprise its garrison, and issued orders for the silent landing of the troops. But for six days a rough sea, and the heavy surf which broke upon the rugged beach, rendered a disembarkation impossible. During this interval the French toiled night and day to strengthen their position, and fired upon the ships at every opportunity.

On the evening of the 7th the wind lulled, the fog cleared off, and the heavy sea gradually subsided, but a violent surf still continued to break on the beach. On the following morning, just before daylight, three divisions of boats received the troops; at dawn Commodore Durell examined the shore, and reported a landing to

be practicable. Seven frigates now opened fire to cover the advance to land. In a few minutes afterwards, the left division, led by Brigadier Wolfe, began to row in shore, and was speedily followed by Whitmore and Lawrence, with their brigades, while the small vessels were sent past the mouth of the harbor, to distract the attention of the enemy, and induce them to divide their force.

The left division was the first to reach the beach, at a point about four miles from the town. Wolfe would not allow a shot to be fired, stimulated the rowers to fresh exertions, and on coming to shoal water, boldly jumped out into the sea to lead on his men. The French stood firm, and reserved their fire till their assailants were close to land. Then, as the boats rose on the last swell, which brought them into the surf, they poured in a close and deadly volley from every gun and musket they could bring to bear. Wolfe's flag-staff was shivered by a bar-shot; many soldiers were killed; several boats were wrecked by the surf; but still he cheered on his men, who had not yet returned a shot, and in a few minutes, with fiery valor, they had burst through the breast-works of the French, who fled in disorder. The victors pressed rapidly on in pursuit, and, despite a rugged country, inflicted a severe loss on the fugitives, captured seventy prisoners, and invested Louisburg the same day.

For the two succeeding days a rough sea rendered it impossible to land the siege artillery, and provisions were conveyed to the army with the greatest difficulty. On the 11th the weather moderated, when tents were landed, and some progress made in the preparations for the siege. On the 12th, M. de Drucor, the French general, withdrew all his outposts, and even destroyed a battery which commanded the entrance of the harbor; being desirous to reserve all his force for the defence of the town. The garrison of Louisburg was composed of 3000 regular troops and militia, with a

few Indians. In addition to this force, six line-of-battle ships and two frigates guarded the harbor, at the entrance of which three other frigates had been sunk, to prevent the passage of the British fleet.

Wolfe's light troops were speedily in possession of the different posts deserted by the French, and on the 20th a battery opened upon the ships and land defences. For many days the slow operations of the siege continued, under great difficulties to the British, owing to the marshy nature of the ground, and heavy rains which flooded the trenches. But science, a sufficient force, union among the principal officers, and courage and endurance in sailors and soldiers, overcame every obstacle, and promised speedy success. A sortie on the 9th of July by the besieged was speedily repelled, and day and night the batteries thundered against the ramparts, the citadel, and the shipping. On the 21st, three of the French men-of-war were set on fire by a shell, the following day the citadel was in a blaze, the next the barracks were burned down, while Wolfe's trenches were pushed close to the town, and the French driven from their guns by the British sharp-shooters. On the night of the 25th, two captains of Boscawen's fleet swept into the harbor with a squadron of boats under a furious fire, and burned one of the remaining men-of-war, and carried off another. Boscawen prepared to send in six ships of the line to attack the other French vessels; but the town was already a heap of ruins, the greater part of its guns dismounted, and its garrison without a safe place to rest in, so the Chevalier de Drucor resolved to capitulate at discretion, such being the only terms he could get.

Skilfully fortified, and defended by a sufficient garrison, aided by a powerful fleet, Louisburg had been bravely won. Its capture shed fresh lustre on the genius of Pitt, as well as on the gallant men he had wisely chosen to effect it. It was indeed a triumph for British arms, so long stained by sad reverses: 5600

soldiers and sailors were made prisoners, and eleven ships of war taken or destroyed. About fifteen thousand stand of arms, and large quantities of military stores and provisions, also fell into the hands of the victors, as well as eleven stand of captured colors, which were laid at the feet of the British sovereign, and subsequently deposited with due solemnity in St Paul's. With Louisburg fell Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island; and thus terminated the power of France for ever on the eastern sea-board of North America. Halifax being the British naval station, Louisburg was deserted; and, although the harbor still affords shelter from storms, a few hovels only mark the spot which so much treasure was expended to fortify, and which so much courage and endurance were needed to conquer.

—M'MULLEN'S *History of Canada.*

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce, for the night cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far, I had roam'd on a desolate track;
'Twas autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way,
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

"Stay—stay with us!—rest!—thou art weary and worn!"—
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

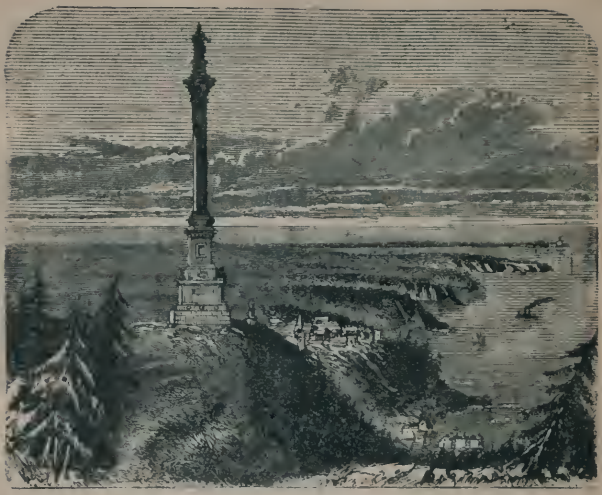
—T. CAMPBELL.

THE BATTLE OF QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

Queenston, a village on the Niagara river, seven miles from the town of Niagara.

THE 13th of October 1812 is a day ever to be remembered in Canada. All along the Niagara river the greatest excitement had prevailed; many of the inhabitants had removed with their portable property into the back country; small bodies of soldiers, regulars and volunteers, were posted in the towns and villages; Indians were roving the adjacent woods; and sentinels, posted along the banks of the river, were looking eagerly for the enemy, that was to come from the American shore, and attempt the subjugation of a free, a happy, and a loyal people. In the little village of Queenston, that nestles at the foot of an eminence overlooking the mighty waters of Niagara on their way to Lake Ontario, two companies of the 49th regiment, or "Green Tigers" as the fearful Americans afterwards termed them, with 100 Canadian militia, were posted, under the command of Captain Dennis.

When tattoo sounded on the night of the 12th, the little garrison retired to rest. All was silent but the elements, that raged furiously throughout the night,



the howling of the wind and the sound of falling rain mingling with the distant roar of the great cataract. Dripping with rain, and shivering with cold, the sentries paced their weary rounds, from time to time casting a glance over the swollen tide of the river towards the American shore. At length, when the gray dawn of morning appeared, a wary sentinel descried a number of boats, filled with armed men, pushing off from the opposite bank, below the village of Lewiston. Immediately the alarm was given, the soldiers were roused from their peaceful slumbers, and marched down to the landing-place. Meanwhile, a battery of one gun, posted on the heights, and another about a mile below, began to play upon the enemy's boats, sinking some, and disabling others. Finding it impossible to effect a landing in the face of such opposition, the Americans, leaving a few of their number to occupy the attention of the troops on the bank, disembarked some distance up the river, and succeeded in gaining the summit of the height by a difficult and

unprotected pathway. With loud cheers they captured the one gun battery, and rushed down upon Captain Dennis and his command, who, finding themselves far outnumbered by the enemy, retired slowly toward the north end of the village. Here they were met by General Brock, who had set out in advance of reinforcements from the town of Niagara, accompanied only by two officers. Placing himself at the head of the little band, the gallant general cried "Follow me," and led his men back to the height from which they had been forced to retire, amid the cheers of regulars and militia. At the foot of the hill the general dismounted under the sharp fire of the enemy's riflemen, who were posted among the trees on its summit, climbed over a high stone wall, and, waving his sword, charged up the hill at the head of his soldiers. This intrepid conduct at once attracted the notice of the enemy; one of their sharpshooters advanced a few paces, took deliberate aim, and shot him in the breast; it was a mortal wound. Thus fell Sir Isaac Brock, the hero of Upper Canada, whose name will outlive the noble monument which a grateful country has erected to his memory. The fall of their beloved commander infuriated his followers; with loud cries of "Revenge the general," they pressed forward up the hill, and drove the enemy from their position. But reinforcements were continually pouring in from the American shore; and, after a deadly struggle, in which Colonel Macdonell, Captain Dennis, and most of the other officers fell, these brave men were again compelled to retire. They took refuge under the guns of the lower battery, there awaiting the arrival of reinforcements from Niagara. About mid-day the first of these arrived, consisting of a band of fifty Mohawks under their chiefs Norton and Brant. These Indian allies boldly engaged the enemy, and maintained, for a short time, a sharp skirmish with them, but finally retired on the main reinforcement. These arrived in the

course of the afternoon under the command of Major-General Sheaffe. Instead of meeting the enemy on the old ground, the officer now in command moved his whole force of 1000 men to the right of the enemy's position, and sent forward his left flank to attack the American right. This left flank was of a very varied character, consisting of one company of the 41st regiment of the line, a company of colored men, and a body of volunteer militia and Indians, united, in spite of their difference of color and race, by loyalty to the British crown, and heart-hatred of foreign aggression. This division advanced in gallant style; after delivering a volley, the whole line of white, red, and black charged the enemy, and drove in their right wing at the point of the bayonet. General Sheaffe now led on the main body, and forced the lately victorious Americans to retreat rapidly over the ridge. The struggle on their part was of short duration. In front was a foe thirsting for revenge, behind the steep banks and swiftly flowing waters of the Niagara. The "Green Tigers," the Indians, their once despised slaves even, and last, but certainly not least, the gallant Canadian militia, were objects of terror to them. Some few in despair threw themselves over the precipices into the river; but the majority of the survivors surrendered themselves prisoners of war to the number of 950, among whom was their commander, General Wadsworth. The leader of the expedition, General Van Rensellaer, had retired to Lewiston, as he said, for reinforcements in an early part of the day. The loss of the Americans in this memorable action was about 500 killed and wounded, while that of the Canadian forces amounted to 150. Throughout Canada the news of the victory of Queenston Heights awakened universal joy and enthusiasm, second only to that with which the taking of Detroit was hailed; but the joy and enthusiasm were damped by the sad tidings that he who had first taught Canada's sons the way to

victory, had given his life for her defence, and slept in a soldier's grave with many of her best and bravest.

Campbell's Third Reader.

PONTIAC'S ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE FORT DETROIT.

In the year 1763, a celebrated chief of the Ottawas, called Pontiac, succeeded in forming a confederacy of the Ottawas, Hurons, Chippawas, and some other tribes, with the avowed object of expelling the British from the lake regions of the country. With the craftiness peculiar to the Indian race, an ingenious stratagem was devised, by means of which it was hoped that the allies would easily gain possession of the forts.

For this purpose a grand Lacrosse match was organized at each post, and the officers of the garrison invited to become participators in the game. Having thus disarmed suspicion, at a moment when the soldiers were off duty and deeply-interested spectators of the play, the ball was designedly thrown into the middle of the fort, and the Indians, rushing in after it, easily secured possession. Seven or eight British posts, including Machilimackinac and Sandusky, thus fell into the hands of the savages, and more than two thousand whites were inhumanly massacred. Fort Detroit alone, owing to the vigilance of its commandant, escaped this fate; and the rage and mortification of the disappointed savages are well depicted in the following sketch.

Pontiac and his attendant chiefs had, while the warriors and braves were engaged in the game of Lacrosse on the common, sought an audience of the governor of the fort. He received them in the mess-room, apparently not suspecting any artifice on their part.

"The pale warrior, the friend of the Ottawa chief, is not here," said the governor, as he glanced his eye along the semicircle of Indians. "How is this? Is his voice still sick, that he cannot come? or has the great chief of the Ottawas forgotten to tell him?"

"The voice of the pale warrior is still sick, and he cannot speak," replied the Indian. "The Ottawa chief is very sorry; for the tongue of his friend, the pale-face, is full of wisdom."

Scarcely had the last words escaped his lips when a wild shrill cry from without the fort rang on the ears of the assembled council, and caused a momentary commotion among the officers. It arose from a single voice, and that voice could not be mistaken by any who had heard it once before. A second or two, during which the officers and chiefs kept their eyes intently fixed on one another, passed anxiously away; and then nearer to the gate, apparently on the very drawbridge itself, was pealed forth the wild and deafening yell of a legion of fiendish voices. At that sound, the Ottawa and the other chiefs sprang to their feet, and their own fierce cry responded to that yet vibrating on the ears of all. Already were their gleaming tomahawks brandished wildly over their heads, and Pontiac had even bounded a pace forward to reach the governor with the deadly weapon, when, at the sudden stamping of the foot of the latter upon the floor, the scarlet cloth in the rear was thrown aside, and twenty soldiers, their eyes glancing along the barrels of their levelled muskets, met the startled gaze of the astonished Indians.

An instant was enough to satisfy the keen chief of the true state of the case. The calm composed mien of the officers, not one of whom had even attempted to quit his seat amid the din by which his ears were so alarmingly assailed,—the triumphant, yet dignified, and even severe expression of the governor's countenance; and, above all, the unexpected presence of the

prepared soldiery,—all these at once assured him of the discovery of his treachery, and the danger that awaited him. The necessity for an immediate attempt to join his warriors without was now obvious to the Ottawa; and scarcely had he conceived the idea before it was sought to be executed. In a single spring he gained the door of the mess-room, and, followed eagerly and tumultuously by the other chiefs, to whose departure no opposition was offered, in the next moment stood on the steps of the piazza that ran along the front of the building whence he had issued. The surprise of the Indians on reaching this point was now too powerful to be dissembled; and incapable either of advancing or receding, they remained gazing on the scene before them with an air of mingled stupefaction, rage, and alarm. Scarcely ten minutes had elapsed since they had proudly strode through the naked area of the fort, and yet even in that short space of time its appearance had been entirely changed. Not a part was there now of the surrounding buildings that was not replete with human life and hostile preparation. Through every window of the officers' low rooms was to be seen the dark and frowning muzzle of a field-piece bearing upon the gateway, and behind these were artillerymen holding their lighted matches, supported again by files of bayonets that glittered in their rear. In the block-houses the same formidable array of field-pieces and muskets was visible; while from the four angles of the square as many heavy guns, that had been artfully masked at the entrance of the chiefs, seemed ready to sweep away everything that should come before them. The guard-room near the gate presented the same hostile front. The doors of this, as well as of the other buildings, had been firmly secured within; but from every window affording cover to the troops gleamed a line of bayonets, rising above the threatening fieldpieces, pointed, at a distance of little more than twelve feet, directly upon the gateway. In addition to

his musket, each man of the guard held a hand grenade, provided with a short fuse that could be ignited in a moment from the matches of the gunners, and with immediate effect. The soldiers in the block-houses were similarly provided.

Almost magical as was the change thus suddenly effected in the appearance of the garrison, it was not the most interesting feature in the exciting scene. Choking up the gateway, in which they were completely wedged, and crowding the drawbridge, a dense mass of dusky Indians were to be seen casting their fierce glances around, yet paralyzed in their movements by the unlooked-for display of a resisting force, threatening instant annihilation to those who should attempt either to advance or recede. Never, perhaps, were astonishment and disappointment more forcibly depicted on the human countenance, than they were now exhibited by these men, who had already in imagination secured to themselves an easy conquest. They were the warriors who had so recently been engaged in the manly yet innocent exercise of the ball; but, instead of the harmless hurdle, each now carried a short gun in one hand and a gleaming tomahawk in the other.

After the first general yelling heard in the council-room, not a sound was uttered. Their burst of rage and triumph had evidently been checked by the unexpected manner of their reception; and they now stood on the spot on which the further advance of each had been arrested, so silent and motionless, that, but for the rolling of their dark eyes, as they keenly measured the insurmountable barriers that were opposed to their progress, they might almost have been taken for a wild group of statuary. Conspicuous at the head of these was he who wore the blanket; a tall warrior on whom rested the startled eye of every officer and soldier who was so situated as to behold him. His face was painted black as death; and as he stood under the

arch of the gateway, with his white turbaned head towering far above those of his companions, this formidable and mysterious enemy might have been likened to the spirit of darkness presiding over his terrible legions.

In order to account for the extraordinary appearance of the Indians, armed in every way for death, at a moment when neither gun nor tomahawk was apparently within miles of their reach, it was necessary to revert to the first entrance of the chiefs into the fort. The fall of Pontiac had been the effect of design; and the yell pealed forth by him, on recovering his feet, as if in taunting reply to the laugh of his comrades, was in reality a signal intended for the guidance of the Indians without. These now following up their game with increasing spirit, at once changed the direction of their line, bringing the ball nearer to the fort. In their eagerness to effect this object, they had overlooked the gradual secession of the unarmed troops, spectators of their sport from the ramparts, until scarcely more than twenty stragglers were left. As they neared the gate, the squaws broke up their several groups, and, forming a line on either hand of the road leading to the drawbridge, appeared to separate solely with a view not to impede the players. For an instant a dense group collected around the ball, which had been drawn to within a hundred yards of the gate, and fifty hurdles were crossed in their endeavour to secure it, when the warrior, who formed the solitary exception to the multitude, in his blanket covering, and who had been lingering in the extreme rear of the party, came rapidly up to the spot where the well-affected struggle was maintained. At his approach the hurdles of the other players were withdrawn, when, at a single blow from his powerful arm, the ball was seen flying in an oblique direction and was for a moment lost altogether to the view. When it again met the eye, it was descending perpendicularly into the very centre of the fort.

With the fleetness of thought now commenced a race that had ostensibly for its object the recovery of the lost ball, and in which he who had driven it with resistless force outstripped them all. Their course lay between the two lines of squaws; and scarcely had the head of the bounding Indians reached the opposite extremity of those lines, when the women suddenly threw back their blankets, and disclosed each a short gun and a tomahawk. To throw away their hurdles and seize upon these, was the work of an instant. Already, in imagination, was the fort their own; and, such was the peculiar exaltation of the black and turbaned warrior when he felt the planks of the drawbridge bending beneath his feet, all the ferocious joy of his soul was pealed forth in the terrible cry which, rapidly succeeded by that of the other Indians, had resounded so fearfully through the council-room.

What their disappointment was, when, on gaining the interior, they found the garrison prepared for their reception, has already been shown.

—Major Richardson.

PART IV.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Into a ward of the whitewashed halls,
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day—
Somebody's darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow,
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow
Brush all the wandering waves of gold,
Cross his hands on his bosom now,
Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take,
They were somebody's pride you know.
Somebody's hand had rested there—
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in the waves of light?

God knows best, he has somebody's love,
Somebody's heart enshrined him there,
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him,
Yearning to hold him again to their heart;
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young head,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's darling slumbers here."

—ANONYMOUS.

THE STORY OF FINE-EAR.

TEN or twelve years ago, there was in the prison at Brest a man sentenced for life to the galleys. I do not know the exact nature of his crime, but it was something very atrocious. I never heard what his former condition in life had been; for even his name had passed into oblivion, and he was recognised only by a number. Although his features were naturally well formed, their expression was horrible: every dark and evil passion seemed to have left its impress there; and his character fully corresponded to its outward indications. Mutinous, gloomy, and revengeful, he had often hazarded his life in desperate attempts to escape, which hitherto had proved abortive. Once, during winter, he succeeded in gaining the fields, and supported for several days the extremity of cold and hunger. He

was found, at length, half frozen and insensible, under a tree, and brought back to prison, where, with difficulty, he was restored to life. The ward-master watched him more closely, and punished him more severely by far than the other prisoners, while a double chain was added to his heavy fetters. Several times he attempted suicide, but failed, through the vigilance of his guards. The only results of his experiments in this line were an asthma, caused by a nail which he hammered into his chest, and the loss of an arm, which he fractured in leaping off a high wall. After suffering amputation, and a six months' sojourn in the hospital, he returned to his hopeless, life-long task-work.

One day, this man's fierce humor seemed softened. After the hours of labor, he seated himself, with the companion in misery to whom he was chained, in a corner of the court; and his repulsive countenance assumed a mild expression. Words of tenderness were uttered by the lips which heretofore had opened only to blaspheme; and with his head bent down, he watched some object concealed in his bosom.

The guards looked at him with disquietude, believing he had some weapon hidden within his clothes; and two of them approaching him stealthily from behind, seized him roughly, and began to search him, before he could make any resistance. Finding himself completely in their power, the convict exclaimed: "Oh, don't kill him! Pray, don't kill him!"

As he spoke, one of the guards had gained possession of a large rat, which the felon had kept next his bosom.

"Don't kill him!" he repeated. "Beat me; chain me; do what you like with me; but don't hurt my poor rat! Don't squeeze him so between your fingers! If you will not give him back to me, let him go free!" And while he spoke, for the first time, probably, since his childhood, tears filled his eyes, and ran down his cheeks.

Rough and hardened men as were the guards, they could not listen to the convict, and see his tears, without some feeling of compassion. He who was about to strangle the rat, opened his fingers and let it fall to the ground. The terrified animal fled with the speed peculiar to its species, and disappeared behind a pile of beams and rubbish.

The felon wiped away his tears, looked anxiously after the rat, and scarcely breathed until he had seen it out of danger. Then he rose, and silently, with the old savage look, followed his companion in bonds, and lay down with him on their iron bedstead, where a ring and chain fastened them to a massive bar of the same metal.

Next morning, on his way to work, the convict, whose pale face showed that he had passed a sleepless night, cast an anxious, troubled glance towards the pile of wood, and gave a low, peculiar call, to which nothing replied. One of his comrades uttered some harmless jest on the loss of his favorite; and the reply was a furious blow, which felled the speaker, and drew down on the offender a severe chastisement from the task-master.

Arrived at the place of labor, he worked with a sort of feverish ardor, as though trying to give vent to his pent-up emotion; and, while stooping over a large beam, which he and some others were trying to raise, he felt something gently tickle his cheek. He turned round, and gave a shout of joy. There, on his shoulder, was the only friend he had in the world—his rat!—who, with marvellous instinct, had found him out, and crept gently up to his face. He took the animal in his hands, covered it with kisses, placed it within its nest, and then, addressing the head gaoler, who happened to pass by at the moment, he said:

"Sir, if you will allow me to keep this rat, I will solemnly promise to submit to you in everything, and never again to incur punishment."

The ruler gave a sign of acquiescence, and passed on. The convict opened his shirt, to give one more fond look at his faithful pet, and then contentedly resumed his labor.

That which neither threats nor imprisonment, the scourge nor the chain, could effect, was accomplished, and rapidly, by the influence of *love*, though its object was one of the most despised among animals. From the moment when the formidable convict was permitted to cherish his pet night and day in his bosom, he became the most tractable and well-conducted man in the prison. His extraordinary strength, and his moral energy, were both employed to assist the governors in maintaining peace and subordination. Fine-Ear, so he called his rat, was the object of his unceasing tenderness. He fed it before he tasted each meal, and would rather fast entirely than allow it to be hungry. He spent his brief hours of respite from toil in making various little fancy articles, which he sold, in order to procure dainties which Fine-Ear liked,—gingerbread and sugar, for example. Often, during the period of toil, the convict would smile with delight when his little friend, creeping from its nestling place, would rub its soft fur against his cheek. But when, on a fine sunshiny day, the rat took up his position on the ground, smoothed his coat, combed his long moustaches with his sharp nails, and dressed his long ears with his delicate paws, his master would testify the utmost delight, and exchange tender glances with the black, roguish eyes of Master Fine-Ear.

The latter, confiding in his patron's care and protection, went, came, sported, or stood still, certain that no one would injure him; for to touch a hair of the rat's whisker would be to incur a terrible penalty. One day, for having thrown a pebble at him, a prisoner was forced to spend a week in the hospital, ere he recovered from the effects of a blow bestowed on him by Fine-Ear's master.

The animal soon learned to know the sound of the dinner-bell, and jumped with delight on the convict when he heard the welcome summons.

Four years passed on in this manner, when one day poor Fine-Ear was attacked by a cat, which had found her way into the workshop, and received several deep wounds, before his master, flying to the rescue, seized the feline foe, and actually tore her to pieces.

The recovery of the rat was tedious. During the next month the convict was occupied in dressing his wounds. It was strange the interest which every one connected with the prison took in Fine-Ear's misfortune. Not only did the guards and turnkeys speak of it as the topic of the day, but the hospital nurses furnished plasters and bandages for the wounds; and even the surgeon condescended to prescribe for him.

At length the animal recovered his strength and gaiety, save that one of his hind paws dragged a little, and the wound still disfigured his skin. He was more tame and affectionate than ever, but the sight of a cat was sufficient to throw his master into a paroxysm of rage, and, running after the unlucky puss, he would, if possible, catch and destroy her.

A great pleasure was in store for the convict. Thanks to his good conduct during the past four years, his sentence of imprisonment for life had been commuted into twenty years, in which were to be included the fifteen already spent in prison.

"Thank God!" he cried; "under His mercy it is to Fine-Ear I owe this happiness!" and he kissed the animal with transport. Five years still remained to be passed in toilsome imprisonment, but they were cut short in an unlooked-for manner.

One day, a mutinous party of felons succeeded in seizing a turnkey, and, having shut him up with themselves in one of the dormitories, they threatened to put him to death if all their demands were not instantly

complied with, and a full amnesty granted for this revolt.

Fine-Ear's master, who had taken no part in the uproar, stood silently behind the officials and the soldiers, who were ready to fire on the insurgents. Just as the attack was about to commence, he approached the chief superintendent, and said a few words to him in a low voice.

"I accept your offer," replied the governor. "Remember, you risk your life; but if you succeed, I pledge my word that you shall be strongly recommended to the government for unconditional pardon, this very night."

The convict drew forth Fine-Ear from his bosom, kissed him several times, and then placing him within the vest of a young fellow-prisoner, with whom the rat was already familiar, he said in a broken voice:—

"If I do not return, be kind to him, and love him as I have loved him."

Then, having armed himself with an enormous bar of iron, he marched with a determined step to the dormitory, without regarding the missiles which the rebels hurled at his head. With a few blows of his bar, he made the door fly open, and darting into the room, he overturned those who opposed his entrance, threw down his weapon, and seizing the turnkey, put him, or rather flung him, out safe and sound into the passage.

While in the act of covering the man's escape from the infuriated convicts, he suddenly fell to the ground, bathed in blood. One of the wretches had lifted the iron bar and struck down with it his heroic comrade.

He was carried dying to the hospital, and, ere he breathed his last, he uttered one word—it was "Fine-Ear!"

Must I tell it? the rat appeared restless and unhappy for a few days, but he soon forgot his master, and began to testify the same affection for his new

owner that he had formerly shown to him who was dead.

Fine-Ear still lives, fat and sleek and strong; indeed, he no longer fears his feline enemies, and has actually succeeded in killing a full-grown cat and three kittens. But he no longer remembers the dead, nor regards the sound of his master's number, which formerly used to make him prick up his ears, and run from one end of the court to the other.

Does it only prove that rats, as well as men, may be ungrateful? Or is it a little illustration of the wise and merciful arrangement, that the world must go on die who will?

BETH GELERT.

THE spearman heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn;
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Attend Llewellyn's horn:

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a louder cheer:
"Come, Gelert! why art thou the last
Llewellyn's horn to hear?

"Oh! where does faithful Gelert roam?
The flower of all his race!
So true, so brave; a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase!"

In sooth, he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now no Gelert could be found;
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as over rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise;
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
With many mingled cries.

That day Llewellyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare;
And small and scant the booty proved,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gain'd the castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound was smear'd with gouts of gore,
His lips and fangs ran blood!

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise,
Unused such looks to meet:
His favorite check'd his joyful guise,
And crouch'd and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn pass'd—
And on went Gelert too;
And still, where'er his eyes were cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shock'd his view!

O'erturn'd his infant's bed, he found
The blood-stain'd covert rent;
And all around, the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child—no voice replied;
He search'd—with terror wild;
Blood! blood! he found on every side,
But nowhere found the child!

"Hell-hound! by thee my child's devoured!"
The frantic father cried;

And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side!

His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gelert's dying yell
Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell
Some slumberer waken'd nigh:
What words the parent's joy can tell,
To hear his infant cry!

Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap,
His hurried search had miss'd,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
His cherub-boy he kiss'd!

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread—
But the same couch beneath
Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead—
Tremendous still in death!

Ah! what was then Llewellyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear:
The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe;
"Best of thy kind adieu!
The frantic deed which laid thee low,
This heart shall ever rue!"

And now a gallant tomb they raise
With costly sculpture deck'd;
And marbles storied with his praise,
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved;
Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear ;
And, oft as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell !

DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN.

For some time before Nebuchadnezzar quite destroyed the kingdom of Judah, it had been in subjection to him. And he carried away to Babylon a number of young men of the chief families of Judah, who were instructed in all the learning of the Chaldeans, and then appointed to places in Nebuchadnezzar's court. Daniel, one of them, by his wisdom, rose to great favor with the king, who made him

governor of the provinces of Babylon; and when the kingdom of the Chaldeans was taken by the Medes and Persians, the conquerors made him one of the chief rulers of the country.

Seeing him preferred to themselves, the other officers and princes who were placed over the kingdom, became so envious of Daniel, that they sought how they might ruin him. And finding that they could not accuse him of any wrong-doing in his government, they determined to make his continuing to worship the true God the means of his destruction. So these idolaters persuaded Darius the king to make a law, that, if any one during thirty days, should offer a petition or prayer, either to God or man, except to the king, he should be thrown into a den of lions.

Daniel knew this; but still, as formerly, three times a-day he kneeled to pray and give thanks to the Lord God.

His enemies found him praying, and immediately accused him before the king of breaking the law. Darius, when he saw Daniel in danger, was grieved with himself for what he had done. But as he had no power to alter the law, he was obliged to condemn him to be thrown into the den; the mouth of which was afterwards secured with a large stone, sealed with the king's seal. Then the king returned to his palace with a heavy heart; though he had told Daniel that his God would deliver him. And in the morning he rose, hastened to the den, and found that God had sent His angel, and shut the mouths of the lions, so that they had done him no hurt. Immediately the king commanded his people to raise the stone; and when Daniel was brought up out of the den, they saw that the fierce creatures had not even touched him. Then Darius in his anger ordered that the men who had accused Daniel should themselves be thrown to the lions. But they had no God to protect them. So the lions tore these wicked men in pieces instantly.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

ONE day when Jesus was with His disciples, a lawyer —that is, a teacher of the law which Moses gave to the Jews—asked Him what he must do in order that he might live for ever with God in heaven. He asked this, not because he wanted to know, but just to see what kind of answer Christ would give him. Jesus in reply asked him what was written in the law which God had given to them. The lawyer answered, That the law told him that he must love God with all his heart, and mind, and soul, and strength; and that he must love his neighbor as well as he loved himself. Jesus told him that he had answered rightly; if he did so, he should live for ever with God in heaven. But then the lawyer wanted to know who was his neighbor. And this Jesus taught him by means of a parable.

He said, A certain man, as he went from Jerusalem to Jericho, was set upon by thieves, who stripped him even of his clothing, wounded him, and then went off, leaving him half dead.

And, as he lay there, a priest came along the same road, but, instead of stopping to help the wounded man as he ought to have done, he passed on on the other side of the way. Next came a Levite,—that is, an inferior kind of priest,—who just looked at the poor man, and then went away without doing anything for him. Last of all, there was a Samaritan travelling on that road; but he, instead of passing on as the others had done, hastened to him, dressed and bound up his wounds, and then, setting him on the beast that he was himself riding, took him to an inn, where he got him food and lodging. Then the next day, when he went on his journey again, he gave some money to the landlord of the inn, bidding him take care of the wounded Jew, and telling him that if he spent

anything more he would repay him when he came back.

When Jesus had told the lawyer this story, He asked him which of the three was really neighbor to him who had been set upon by thieves—his own countrymen, or the Samaritan? The lawyer answered, He was his neighbor who had showed him such kindness.

Then Jesus told him to consider every man his neighbor who needed a kindness from him.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

THY neighbor? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless,
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door:
Go thou and succor him.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis that weary man,
Whose years are at their brim,
Bent low with sickness, cares, and pain:
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem;
Widow and orphan, helpless left:
Go thou and shelter them.

Thy neighbor? Yonder toiling slave,
Fetter'd in thought and limb,
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave:
Go thou and ransom him.

Oh, pass not—pass not heedless by:
Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery:
Oh, share thy lot with him.—ANONYMOUS.

SCRIPTURE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

In reading lessons from Scripture, you may sometimes have found things which you could not understand, for want of knowing something concerning the habits and customs of the people and countries about which you were reading. A few of these I will try to explain: In the first place, you must always bear in mind that the Israelites and Egyptians, and other nations mentioned in Scripture, lived in a much warmer climate than we do; now, that circumstance alone would make a great difference in their way of living.

The houses in Judea were built with flat roofs, upon which the people used to sit or walk, as we should in a room; they had stairs or fixed ladders outside, for going up and down, and within-side of the house they had often what we call a trap-door, which opened in the roof itself. In the time of our Lord, when the friends of the poor man who was sick

of the palsy, found that the house in which Jesus was teaching was so crowded that they could not get in at the door, they uncovered the roof, we are told, and let the sick man down in his bed. Now, with a roof like ours, this would be impossible; but with such a roof as I have been describing, they might either let him down by means of a trap-door, or if the house were of wood, they might lift up some of the beams which formed the roof.

Houses, in that part of the world, are built very much in the same manner now that they were hundreds of years ago; they are sometimes made of stone or brick, but often of wood, and, among the poorer people, of mud, dried in the sun. Inside the houses, instead of having chairs, a part of the floor is raised like a step, and covered with a mat or carpet, upon which they sit. They appear frequently to have reclined at their meals, instead of sitting round the table; and ate only with their fingers, as is still the habit of many Eastern nations. There are many allusions in Scripture to the preparation of food, and especially of bread. Both among the Jews and other neighboring nations, bread was not made into loaves like ours, but into flat cakes, resembling what we call griddle bread; sometimes it was made thin, like a biscuit, and merely baked on the ashes. This appears to have been the case when bread was wanted in great haste. When Abraham received the visit of the angels, he told his wife Sarah to take three measures of meal, knead it, and make cakes upon the hearth. But this kind of bread was not that usually eaten by the Jews; they commonly made their bread with *leaven*, which answered the same purpose as our *yeast*.

At the feast of the Passover, they were commanded to eat nothing but *unleavened* bread, in remembrance of their flight from Egypt, in which they had been obliged to take their dough before it was leavened, as provision for their hasty journey.

The Jews do not seem to have eaten meat ordinarily, but rather to have considered it as a feast. When they wished to do honor to a guest, or any other person, or to celebrate any joyful event, a kid or calf was killed; but usually their food consisted of milk, vegetables, and bread.

We find in Scripture frequent mention of *water*, as the greatest blessing, and even as the greatest luxury of life. Now, though we are aware that we could not live without water, yet from our scarcely ever knowing the want of it in this country, we can hardly conceive what the inhabitants of very hot climates sometimes endure, when their springs and wells are dried up, and they can with difficulty procure enough water to keep themselves and their cattle alive. During a great part of the year no rain falls, and the heat of the sun is such, that often it is only in very deep wells that any water can be found. The grass and other plants are then withered and parched, so that, except on the banks of a stream or river, not a spot of green is found to refresh the eye. In travelling, especially, the sufferings from want of water are often dreadful; people take with them as much as they can carry, in goat skins, which they use instead of glass bottles.* But if their stock is exhausted before they arrive at their journey's end, both they and their horses and camels sometimes perish from thirst. You may remember, in your last book of lessons, an account of this in the Story of a Desert. You see, therefore, that to have plenty of water was quite a luxury to the Jews. In Scripture we often find the knowledge of God compared to rivers or pools of water; and one of the prophets, who foretold the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, says that "the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty

* Wine was also kept in this kind of bottle, which is in use to this day, not only in Asia, but in some parts of the South of Europe.

land springs of water ;" meaning, that as water would refresh a dry and barren spot, and even make it fertile, so our Lord Jesus would, when He came into the world, soften the hard hearts of men by His Spirit, and refresh them by His grace.

The dress worn by the Israelites and their descendants was very unlike any that we use ; they had usually a close fitting garment, which, for want of a better name, has been called a *coat*, but it had no resemblance to the coats worn by men in this country. Over this they had a large cloak or mantle, which, being loose and flowing, was inconvenient to a person actively employed, and was, therefore, either laid aside or folded round the wearer by means of a girdle, or belt, when he walked, or while he was engaged in anything which required much movement. This explains the expression so often met with in Scripture, of girding up the loins ; the Israelites were commanded to eat the feast of the Passover with their loins girded, and their staves in their hands, like people who were preparing for a journey, to remind them of their flight out of Egypt.

In the time of our Saviour, we read that the people cast their garments in the way, when He entered into Jerusalem, riding on an ass ; by this is meant, that they threw down in His path their mantles or outer garments, which was a common way of paying honor to any distinguished person in these days. So that when a king or governor is entering a city in the East, the people spread pieces of cloth on the ground, along the streets through which he is to pass.

The ass is an animal often mentioned in Scripture. Asses were much more used, and more valued among the Jews than they are with us. They were not only the common beasts of burden, but were ridden upon constantly, instead of horses, which were only used in war. A horse was, in those times, almost an emblem or sign of war ; on all peaceful occasions, no one

thought of riding any animal but an ass or mule. Camels, indeed, are mentioned in Scripture, especially in the earlier parts. We hear that Rebekah alighted from her camel when she met Isaac walking in the field; and camels formed part of the present which Jacob gave to his brother Esau. But in the later times of the Jews asses appear to have been chiefly used for everything in which we should employ horses. Our Lord's entering Jerusalem, which I alluded to just now, riding upon an ass, might have shown the Jews that He came, not as a conqueror, to free their city from the Romans, but as a king, who ruled only in the hearts of men, especially as this entrance was foretold hundreds of years before it took place by one of the prophets. —*Irish National Series.*

THE THREE SONS.

I HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of gentle mould;
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears,
That my child is grave and wise of heart, beyond his childish years.
I cannot say how this may be, I know his face is fair;
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and serious air:
I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth me,
But loveth yet his mother more, with grateful fervency:
But that which others most admire, is the thought which fills his mind,
The food for grave inquiring speech, he everywhere doth find.
Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we together walk;
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk.

Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on bat or ball,
But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimics all.
His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplexed
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about the next.
He kneels at his dear mother's knee, she teacheth him to pray,
And strange, and sweet, and solemn, then, are the words which he will say.
Oh! should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years like me,
A holier and a wiser man, I trust that he will be!
And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his thoughtful brow,
I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three;
I 'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be,

How silvery sweet those tones of his, when he prattles
on my knee:
I do not think his light blue eye is, like his brother's,
keen;
Nor his brow so full of childish thought, as his hath
ever been;
But his little heart's a fountain pure, of kind and ten-
der feeling,
And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths of
love revealing.
When he walks with me, the country folk, who pass us
in the street,
Will speak their joy, and bless my boy, who looks so
mild and sweet.
A playfellow is he to all, and yet with cheerful tone
He 'll sing his little song of love when left to sport alone.
His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden home and
hearth,
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our
mirth.
Should he grow up to riper years, God grant his heart
may prove
As sweet a home for heavenly grace, as now for earthly
love!
And if, beside his grave, the tears our aching eyes
must dim,
God comfort us for all the love which we shall lose in
him!

I have a son, a third sweet son! his age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years and months, where he is
gone to dwell.
To us for fourteen anxious months his infant smiles
were given,
And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live
in heaven.
I cannot tell what form he has, what looks he weareth
now,

Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining
seraph brow,
The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which
he doth feel,
Are numbered with the secret things which God will
not reveal;
But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is now
at rest,
Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's
loving breast.
I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of flesh,
But his sleep is bless'd with endless dreams of joy for
ever fresh.
I know the angels fold him close beneath their glitter-
ing wings,
And soothe him with a song that breathes of heaven's
divinest things.
I know that we shall meet our babe, (his mother dear
and I,)
Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every
eye.
Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, *his* bliss can never
cease;
Their lot may here be grief and fear, but *his* is certain
peace.
It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from
bliss may sever,
But if our own poor faith fail not, he must be ours for
ever.
When we think of what our darling is, and what we
still must be;
When we muse on *that* world's perfect bliss and this
world's misery;
When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this
grief and pain—
Oh! we'd rather lose our other two, than have him
here again.

—Rev. J. Moultrie.

KING MIDAS; OR, THE GOLDEN TOUCH.

ONCE upon a time there lived a very rich man, and he was a king besides, whose name was Midas. This King Midas was fonder of gold than of anything else in the world. He valued his royal crown chiefly because it was composed of that metal. At length—as people always grow more and more foolish, unless they take care to grow wiser and wiser—Midas had got to be so very unreasonable, that he could scarcely bear to see or touch any object that was not gold. He made it his custom, therefore, to pass a large portion of every day in a dark and dreary room underground at the bottom of his palace. It was here that he kept his wealth. To this dismal hole, for it was little better than a dungeon, Midas betook himself whenever he wished to be particularly happy. And then would he reckon over the coins in the bag, and whisper to himself: "O Midas, rich King Midas, what a happy man art thou!" Midas was enjoying himself in his treasure-room one day as usual, when he saw a shadow fall over the heaps of gold, and looking suddenly up, what should he behold but the figure of a stranger standing in the bright and narrow sunbeam! It was a young man with a cheerful and ruddy face. The stranger gazed about the room upon all the golden objects that were there, and then he turned again to Midas.

"You are a wealthy man, friend Midas!" he observed. "I doubt whether any other four walls on earth contains so much gold as this room."

"I have done pretty well—pretty well," answered Midas in a discontented tone. "But, after all, it is but a trifle when you consider that it has taken me my whole life to get it together. If one could live a thousand years, one might have time to grow rich!"

"What!" exclaimed the stranger; "then you are not content?"

Midas shook his head.

"And pray, what would satisfy you?" asked the stranger. "Merely for the curiosity of the thing I should be glad to know."

Midas paused and thought. At last a bright idea struck him.

"Well, Midas," said the stranger, "tell me your wish."

"It is only this," replied Midas; "I wish everything that I touch to be changed to gold!"

"The Golden Touch!" exclaimed he. "But are you quite sure that this will satisfy you?"

"How could it fail?" said Midas.

"And will you never regret having it?"

"What could induce me?" asked Midas. "I ask nothing else to render me perfectly happy."

"Be it as you wish, then," replied the stranger, waving his hand in token of farewell. "To-morrow, at sunrise, you will find yourself gifted with the Golden Touch."

Whether Midas slept as usual that night, the story does not say. At any rate, day had hardly peeped over the hills when King Midas was broad awake, and, stretching his arms out of bed, began to touch the objects that were within reach. He was anxious to prove whether the Golden Touch had really come, according to the stranger's promise, so he laid his finger on various things, but was sadly disappointed to perceive that they remained the same substance as before. He lay in a very sad mood, regretting the downfall of his hopes, and kept growing sadder and sadder, until the earliest sunbeam shone through the window, and gilded the ceiling over his head. It seemed to Midas that this bright yellow sunbeam was reflected in rather a strange way on the white covering of the bed. Looking more closely, what was his delight when he found that the linen had been changed to what seemed a woven web of the purest and brightest gold! The

Golden Touch had come to him with the first sunbeam!

Midas started up in a kind of joyful madness, and ran about the room, grasping at everything that happened to be in his way. He seized one of the bedposts, and it became at once a golden pillar. He pulled aside a window-curtain, in order to admit a clear view of the wonders which he was performing, and the tassel grew heavy in his hand—a mass of gold! He hurriedly put on his clothes, and was overjoyed to see himself in a fine suit of gold-cloth, which retained its flexibility and softness, although it burdened him a little with its weight!

Now, King Midas was so exalted by his good fortune that the palace seemed too small to contain him. He therefore went out into the garden. Here, as it happened, he found a great number of beautiful roses in full bloom, and others in all the stages of lovely bud and blossom.

But Midas knew a way to make them far more precious, according to his way of thinking, than roses had ever been before. So he took great pains in going from bush to bush until every flower and bud, and even the worms at the heart of some of them, were changed to gold. By the time this good work was completed, King Midas was called to breakfast; and, as the morning air had given him a good appetite, he made haste back to the palace.

Midas poured out a cup of wine, and, as a matter of course, the cup was gold when he set it down. He thought to himself that it was rather a high style of splendor in a king of his simple habits to breakfast off a service of gold, and began to be puzzled with the difficulty of keeping his treasures safe.

Amid these thoughts, he was surprised to find that the instant his lips touched the liquid, it became molten gold, and the next moment hardened into a lump!

"Ha!" exclaimed Midas, rather aghast.

He helped himself to food, but the moment he touched it, it became hardened to a lump of gold.

"Such a costly breakfast before me, and nothing that can be eaten!" he cried. "I shall starve in the midst of wealth!"

And truly, my dear little folks, did you ever hear of such a sad case in all your lives? Here was the richest breakfast that could be set before a king; and its very richness made it good for nothing. The poorest laborer sitting down to his crust of bread and cup of water was far better off than King Midas, whose delicate food was really worth its weight in gold.

These thoughts so troubled wise King Midas, that he began to doubt whether, after all, wealth is the one desirable thing in the world, or even the most desirable.

It would be too sad a story if I were to tell you how Midas, in the fulness of all his satisfied desires, began to wring his hands and bemoan himself, and to wish that he were the poorest man in the wide world.

While he was in this state of despair, he suddenly beheld a stranger standing near the door. Midas bent down his head without speaking, for he saw the same figure which appeared to him the day before in the treasure-room, and had bestowed on him the power of the Golden Touch.

"Well, friend Midas," said the stranger, "pray, how do you get on with the Golden Touch?"

Midas shook his head.

"I am very unhappy," said he.

"Very unhappy; indeed!" exclaimed the stranger. "And how happens that? Have I not faithfully kept my promise with you? Have you not everything that your heart desired?"

"Gold is not everything," answered Midas.

"Ah, so you have found out something since yesterday?" observed the stranger. "Let us see then. Which of these two things do you think is really worth the

most—the gift of the Golden Touch, or one cup of clear cold water?"

"Oh, blessed water!" exclaimed Midas. "It will never moisten my parched throat again!"

"The Golden Touch," continued the stranger, "or a crust of bread?"

"A piece of bread," answered Midas, "is worth all the gold on earth!"

"You are wiser than you were, King Midas!" said the stranger, looking seriously at him. "Your own heart, I see, has not been quite changed from flesh to gold. Were it so, your case indeed would be hopeless. But you appear to be still able to understand that the commonest things, such as lie within everybody's grasp, are more valuable than the riches which so many mortals sigh and struggle after. Tell me now, do you sincerely desire to rid yourself of this Golden Touch?"

"It is hateful to me," replied Midas.

"Go, then," said the stranger, "and plunge into the river that glides past the bottom of your garden. Take likewise a vase of the same water, and sprinkle it over any object that you may desire to change back again from gold into its former substance. If you do this in earnestness, it may repair the mischief which your avarice has caused."

King Midas bowed low; and when he lifted his head, the stranger was gone.

You will easily believe that Midas lost no time in snatching up a great earthen pitcher—but, alas me! it was no longer earthen after he touched it—and hastening to the river side. On reaching the river's brink, he plunged headlong in. Then, as he dipped the pitcher into the water, it gladdened his very heart to see it change from gold into the same good honest earthen vessel which it had been before he touched it. He felt also a change within himself. A cold, hard, and heavy weight seemed to have gone out of his

bosom. Seeing a violet that grew on the banks of the river, Midas touched it with his finger, and was overjoyed to find that the delicate flower retained its purple hue, instead of undergoing a yellow blight. The curse of the Golden Touch had, therefore, really been removed from him.

King Midas hastened back to the palace; and I suppose the servants knew not what to make of it when they saw their royal master so carefully bringing home an earthen pitcher of water.

When he had sprinkled everything his touch had changed to gold, and it had become as it was before, he went into the garden, where he threw the rest of the water over the rose-bushes, and with such good effect, that above five thousand roses recovered their beautiful bloom.

And so ends the story of King Midas and the Golden Touch.

HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven;
Then flew the steed, to battle driven;

And, louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
On Linden's hills of stainèd snow;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part, where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre!

—CAMPBELL.

THE SAW AND THE AXE.

EARLY one spring morning, when the sun had scarcely melted the hoar-frost from the brown face of the wrinkled earth, an old axe happened to fall in with a saw. There was a "*cutting air*" abroad, that threatened the newly-shaven chin with *chaps!*

"Ah! my *old blade!*" said the Axe, "how goes it with you? I came purposely to see how you do."

"I really feel much obliged to you," said the Saw, "but am sorry to say that my *teeth* are very bad. My master has sent for the doctor, who, (between you and me,) is no better than an '*old file!*' I was in the workshop last night, where"——

"Where, no doubt, you *saw a great deal,*" facetiously interrupted the Axe.

The saw showed his *teeth* in a sort of grin betwixt melancholy and mirth, and resumed—

"Why, I may say so with some truth; and I consider it no more than a duty I owe Mr Carpenter to do as much as I can, in spite of my teeth, for he is really liberal—in point of *board.*"

"And do you never grow *rusty?*" asked the Axe.

"Not with *over* work," replied the Saw; "and, indeed, I have always found that constant employment best preserves our *polish;* which, after all, is only artificial."

"You are quite a philosopher."

"Not exactly so; for I sometimes do grow exceedingly *hot,* and lose my *temper.*"

"And what says your master?"

"Why, he generously desists a while, and I soon *grow cool* again, and then I cut away like a razor through a piece of mottled soap!"

"You are a happy fellow," said the Axe. "How differently am I situated. My master is a '*chopping boy,*' with a thick block, which is tantamount to saying he is a fat fool. He is very *sharp* with me sometimes; and when he finds I am inclined to be *blunt,* he *grinds* me most cruelly."

"Alas!" cried the Saw; "it's the way of the world, my friend; for I have invariably remarked that the rich always grind the poor for the sake of the '*chips.*'"

"Bravo!" exclaimed the Axe.

"You see I've not lived in the world all this time without getting a *notch* or two," said the Saw.

"Nor I either," replied the Axe; "although in obtaining the said *notches* I have not only lost my courage, but a portion of my metal too!"

"Well, I never *saw!*" exclaimed his friend; "how you talk! I am sure your teeth do not give you any trouble, at any rate."

"I ax your pardon, old boy," remonstrated the Axe;

"for, although I do not complain of my *teeth* exactly, my *chops* give me a considerable deal of trouble, I can tell you."

The Saw grinned an approval of the Axe's wit.

"Peace!" exclaimed the Axe. "Here comes Mr Carpenter; so 'don't show your teeth, till you can bite,'—I believe that is the maxim of a relation of yours?"

"Not a relation," said the other; "though they are the words of a "*wise old saw!*"

TRAVELLERS' WONDERS.

ONE winter's evening, as Captain Compass was sitting by the fireside with his children all around him, little Jack said to him, "Papa, pray tell us some stories about what you have seen in your voyages. I have been vastly entertained, whilst you were abroad, with 'Gulliver's Travels,' and the 'Adventures of Sinbad the

Sailor;' and I think as you have gone round and round the world, you must have met with things as wonderful as they did."

"No, my dear," said the captain, "I never met with Lilliputians or Brobdignagians, I assure you; and never saw the black loadstone mountain, or the valley of diamonds; but, to be sure, I have seen a great variety of people, and their different manners and ways of living; and if it will be any entertainment to you, I will tell you some curious particulars of what I observed."

"Pray do, papa," cried Jack, and all his brothers and sisters. So they drew close round him, and he began as follows:—

"Well, then, I was once, about this time of the year, in a country where it was very cold, and the poor inhabitants had much ado to keep themselves from starving. They were clad partly in the skins of beasts, made smooth and soft by a particular art, but chiefly in garments made from the outer covering of a middle-sized quadruped, which they were so cruel as to strip off his back while he was alive. They dwelt in habitations, part of which were sunk under ground. The materials were either stones, or earth hardened by fire; and so violent, in that country, were the storms of wind and rain, that many of them covered their roofs all over with stones. The walls of their houses had holes to let in the light; but to prevent the cold air and wet from coming in, they were covered with a sort of transparent stone, made artificially of melted sand or flints. As wood was rather scarce, I know not what they would have done for firing, had they not discovered in the bowels of the earth a very extraordinary kind of stone, which, when put among burning wood, caught fire and flamed like a torch."

"Dear me," said Jack, "what a wonderful stone! I suppose it was somewhat like what we call firestones, that shine so when we rub them together."

"I don't think they would burn," replied the captain; "besides, they are of a darker color.

"Well, but their diet too was remarkable. Some of them ate fish that had been hung up in the smoke, till it was quite dry and hard; and along with it they ate either the roots of plants, or a sort of coarse black cake made of powdered seeds. These were the poorer class; the richer had a white kind of cake, which they were fond of daubing over with a greasy matter that was the product of a large animal among them. This grease they used, too, in almost all their dishes, and, when fresh, it really was not unpalatable. They likewise devoured the flesh of many birds and beasts, when they could get it; and ate the leaves and other parts of a variety of vegetables growing in the country, some absolutely raw, others variously prepared by the aid of fire. Another great article of food was the curd of milk, pressed into a hard mass and salted. This had so rank a smell, that persons of weak stomachs often could not bear to come near it. For drink, they made great use of water, in which certain dry leaves had been steeped. These leaves, I was told, came from a great distance. They had likewise a method of preparing a grass-like plant steeped in water, with the addition of a bitter herb, and then set to work or ferment. I was prevailed upon to taste it, and thought it at first nauseous enough, but in time I liked it pretty well. When a large quantity of the ingredients is used, it becomes perfectly intoxicating. But what astonished me most was their use of a liquor so excessively hot and pungent that it seems like liquid fire. I once got a mouthful of it by mistake, taking it for water, which it resembles in appearance; but I thought it would instantly have taken away my breath. Indeed, people are not unfrequently killed by it; and yet many of them will swallow it greedily whenever they can get it. This, too, is said to be prepared from the seeds above mentioned, which are innocent and

salutary in their natural state, though made to yield such a pernicious juice. The strangest custom, that I believe prevails in any nation, I found here; which was, that some take a mighty pleasure in filling their mouths full of abominable smoke; and others, in thrusting a nasty powder up their nostrils."

"I should think it would choke them," said Jack.

"It almost choked me," answered his father, "only to stand by while they did it; but use, it is truly said, is second nature.

"I was glad enough to leave this cold climate; and about half a year after, I fell in with a people enjoying a delicious temperature of air, and a country full of beauty and verdure. The trees and shrubs are furnished with a great variety of fruits, which, with other vegetable products, constituted a large part of the food of the inhabitants. I particularly relished certain berries growing in bunches, some white, and some red, of a pleasant sourish taste, and so transparent that one might see the seed at their very centre. Here were whole fields full of extremely odoriferous flowers, which, they told me, were succeeded by pods bearing seeds, that afforded good nourishment to man and beast. A great variety of birds enlivened the groves and woods; among which I was entertained with one, that, without any teaching, spoke almost as articulately as a parrot, though indeed it was all the repetition of a single word. The people were tolerably gentle and civilized, and possessed many of the arts of life. Their dress was very various. Many were clad only in a thin cloth made of the long fibres of the stalks of a plant cultivated for the purpose, which they prepared by soaking in water, and then beating with large mallets. Others wore cloth woven from a sort of vegetable wool growing in pods upon bushes. But the most singular material was a fine glossy stuff, used chiefly by the richer classes, which, as I was credibly informed, is manufactured out of the webs of caterpillars; a most wonderful

circumstance, if we consider the immense number of caterpillars necessary to the production of so large a quantity of stuff as I saw used. These people are very fantastic in their dress, especially the women, whose apparel consists of a great number of articles impossible to be described, and strangely disguising the natural form of the body. In some instances they seem very cleanly; but in others, the Hottentots can scarce go beyond them; particularly in the management of their hair, which is all matted and stiffened with the fat of the swine and other animals, mixed up with powders of various colors and ingredients. Like most Indian nations, they use feathers in the headdress. One thing surprised me much, which was, that they bring up in their houses an animal of the tiger kind, with formidable teeth and claws, which, notwithstanding its natural ferocity, is played with and caressed by the most timid and delicate of their women."

"I am sure I would not play with it," said Jack.

"Why, you might chance to get an ugly scratch, if you did," said the captain.

"The language of this nation seems very harsh and unintelligible to a foreigner, yet they converse among one another with great ease and quickness. One of the oddest customs is that which men use on saluting each other. Let the weather be what it will, they uncover their heads, and remain uncovered for some time, if they mean to be extraordinary respectful."

"Why, that's like pulling off our hats," said Jack.

"Ah, ah! papa," cried Betsy, "I have found you out. You have been telling us of our own country, and what is done at home, all this while."

"But," said Jack, "we don't burn stones, or eat grease and powdered seeds, or wear skins and caterpillars' webs, or play with tigers."

"No!" said the captain; "pray what are coals but stones; and is not butter, grease; and corn, seeds; and leather, skins; and silk, the web of a kind of

caterpillar; and may we not as well call a cat an animal of the tiger-kind, as a tiger an animal of the cat-kind? So, if you recollect what I have been describing, you will find, with Betsy's help, that all the other wonderful things I have told you of are matters familiar among ourselves. But I mean to show you, that a foreigner might easily represent everything as equally strange and wonderful among us, as we could do with respect to his country; and also to make you sensible that we daily call a great many things by their names, without inquiring into their nature and properties; so that, in reality, it is only the names, and not the things themselves, with which we are acquainted." —*Evenings at Home.*

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebb'd away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier falter'd, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said: "I never more shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground.

Louisa Dickson

That we fought the battle bravely; and when the day
was done,
Fully many a corpse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting
sun.
And midst the dead and dying were some grown old in
wars—
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of
many scars;
But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn
decline;
And one had come from Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her
old age,
And I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage;
For my father was a soldier, and, even as a child,
My heart leap'd forth to hear him tell of struggles
fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my
father's sword;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light
used to shine,
On the village-wall at Bingen—calm Bingen on the
Rhine!

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with
drooping head,
When the troops are marching home again, with glad
and gallant tread;
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and stead-
fast eye,
For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die.
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;
And to hang the old sword in its place, (my father's
sword and mine,)
For the honor of old Bingen—dear Bingen on the
Rhine!

"There's another—not a sister; in the happy days gone by,
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry—too fond for idle scorning!
O friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!
Tell her the last night of my life (for ere this moon be risen
My body will be out of pain—my soul be out of prison)
I dream'd I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along; I heard, or seem'd to hear,
The German songs we used to sing in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we pass'd with friendly talk
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remember'd walk;
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine;
But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen on the Rhine!"

His voice grew faint and hoarser; his grasp was childish weak;
His eyes put on a dying look; he sigh'd, and ceased to speak.
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land—was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she look'd down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strown;

Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seem'd
to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen—fair Bingen on the
Rhine! —HON. MRS NORTON.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

FREDERICK THE GREAT, king of Prussia, having rung his bell one day, and nobody answering, opened the door where his servant was usually in waiting, and found him asleep on a sofa. He was going to awake him, when he perceived the end of a billet or letter hanging out of his pocket. Having the curiosity to know its contents, he took and read it, and found it was a letter from his mother, thanking him for having sent her a part of his wages to assist her in her distress, and concluding with beseeching God to bless him for his filial attention to her wants. The king returned softly to his room, took a roll of ducats, and slid them with the letter into the page's pocket. Returning to his apartment, he rung so violently that the page awoke, opened the door and entered.

"You have slept well," said the king.

The page made an apology, and, in his embarrassment, happened to put his hand in his pocket, and felt with astonishment the roll. He drew it out, turned pale, and looking at the king, burst out into tears, without being able to speak a word.

"What is the matter?" asked the king. "What ails you?"

"Ah! sir," said the young man, throwing himself at his feet, "somebody has wished to ruin me. I know not how I came by this money in my pocket."

"My friend," said Frederick, "God often sends us good in our sleep: send the money to your mother; salute her in my name; and assure her that I shall take care of *her* and *you*."

This story furnishes an excellent instance of the gratitude and duty which children owe to their aged, infirm, or unfortunate parents. And if the children of such parents will follow the example of Frederick's servant, though they may not meet with the reward that was conferred on him, they shall be amply recompensed by the pleasing testimony of their own minds, and by that God who approves, as He has commanded, every expression of filial love.

THE CHESAPEAKE AND THE SHANNON.

"And as the war they did provoke,
We 'll pay them with our cannon;
The first to do it will be Broke,
In the gallant ship the *Shannon*."—*Old Song.*

THE 1st of June has long been a glorious day in the annals of the British navy. It was then, in the year 1665, that the Duke of York and Sir William Penn defeated the Dutch Fleet at Solebay; and on the same

day, in 1794, Lord Howe gained his famous victory over the French. But the 1st of June upon which our story opens was that of 1813, the second year of the American war. Great Britain had, for many years, been engaged in an unequal contest with the giant power of the first Napoleon; victorious upon her native element, she was also driving his armies from the soil of Spain, and was tasking all her powers in men and money to the utmost, in order to bring a long and exhaustive struggle to a happy conclusion. Taking advantage of her embarrassed situation, the new republic of the United States availed itself of a supposed insult which Great Britain had offered in searching its ships for naval deserters, and declared war on the 18th of June 1812, exactly three years before the battle of Waterloo. Then commenced a sad and unjust war; sad, because it was between people of the same blood and language; and unjust, because the Americans had no real ground of provocation. The United States carried on the war both by land and by sea, invading Canada with their armies, and attacking British frigates and merchant vessels upon the ocean. No large men-of-war could be spared from their duty upon the European coast to oppose the ships of the enemy, which, on account of their superior size and armament, had already succeeded in capturing several of the smaller British craft. "England had so long regarded her naval supremacy as indisputable, and had been rendered so confident by a long series of ocean victories, that, at first, she treated the American war with undisguised contempt. On the other hand, the Americans introduced into their military operations the same 'smartness' which characterized their commercial dealings, and, aware of the importance of damaging the world's belief in England's invincibility, they quickly put to sea several powerful men-of-war, heavily armed and fully manned, which they, nevertheless, designated 'frigates' and 'sloops.' It was

then with a burst of indignation, wrath, and wonder, that England heard of disgrace after disgrace, disaster upon disaster,—of English frigates captured by American frigates, and English sloops by American sloops,—until it seemed as if the boasted prowess of our sailors had suddenly disappeared, and the knell of England's power was to be rung by her youthful and aggressive offspring. The war spirit, which had hitherto slumbered in the Saxon heart, shot up into a sudden flame, and from north to south, and east to west, went forth the cry that the honor of England must be avenged. It was while public feeling was thus unnaturally excited, that a single ship restored the old and just belief in our maritime renown. That ship was the frigate *Shannon*, whose gallant encounter with the *Chesapeake* is one of the most stirring episodes in all our naval history."

"On the 21st of March 1813, Captain Broke sailed from Halifax, in company with a frigate of the same size as the *Shannon*, the *Tenedos*, commanded by an equally zealous officer, Captain Hyde Parker. Looking into Boston harbor, the two British captains saw, to their great delight, two heavily-armed United States frigates, the *President* and the *Congress*, ready for sea. Notwithstanding the disparity of force, they resolved, if possible, to engage the Americans, and took up a station off the harbor to intercept their escape. Meanwhile, by another channel, the American 36-gun-frigate *Chesapeake* had run into port. During a thick fog on the 1st of May, the two Americans contrived to elude the vigilance of their sentinels, and put out to sea; and the English captains had the mortification of finding only the *Chesapeake* left in the harbor. They were too brave to think of opposing their united strength to a single frigate, and, moreover, it was evident that the *Chesapeake* would hardly venture from her place of shelter to encounter two British ships of war. Captain Broke, therefore, as senior

officer, ordered the *Tenedos* to proceed on a cruise, with instructions not to rejoin him until the 14th of June."

During the long month of May the *Shannon* blockaded Boston harbor, waiting for the *Chesapeake* to come out and fight a fair battle upon the open sea. The two ships were well matched, but the advantage was on the side of the American; for, although it had no more guns than the British ship, they were of heavier calibre, and threw not only the legitimate shot and ball, but star and chain shot, with other equally dangerous and barbarous missiles. Its crew, also, was stronger than that of the *Shannon* by seventy men, and the vessel was about seventy tons larger, so that one would have thought Captain Lawrence had little to fear in the event of an encounter. In spite, however, of the many challenges which Captain Broke sent to him during the month of May, he obstinately refused to emerge from his secure position in Boston harbor. About noon, however, on the 1st day of June, just as Captain Broke had sent off a discharged prisoner with a formal challenge to the commander of the *Chesapeake*, that vessel set sail from the harbor, accompanied by a large fleet of pleasure-boats, in which the good people of Boston expected to witness a great naval victory; and so they did, but, unfortunately for them, the victory was on the wrong side. Five long anxious hours were spent by both vessels in getting out into the open sea, so that they might there fight a fair battle upon neutral waters. When about six leagues' distance from the harbor, the *Shannon* lay to and waited for the *Chesapeake* to come within range. On she came with a fair wind, the stars and stripes flying gaily from the mizzen royal topmasthead, the peak, and the main rigging; contrasting strangely with the *Shannon's* plain union-jack at the fore, and her "old rusty blue ensign at the mizzen peak." But old and rusty as the British colors were, they were worth all the bran new bunting in the world, for the

flag was there "that has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze." In addition to the ensigns above mentioned, the *Chesapeake* hung out at the fore a large white flag, inscribed with the motto, "Sailors' Rights and Free Trade," which the Americans foolishly thought would make the British tars turn traitors to their country. About a quarter to six o'clock the *Chesapeake* came up within fifty yards of the *Shannon*.

"As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time."

Then a cheer arose from the American ship, followed by a shot from the British frigate. Thirteen such single shots passed from vessel to vessel, followed by crashing timbers, and the groans of wounded and dying men. Then the *Chesapeake* poured in a broadside; the *Shannon* replied, and, for a few minutes, the decks of the opposing frigates were swept by the iron hail, driving the men from their quarters in which no human being could live. Now a well-aimed shot, for the *Shannon's* crew are splendid gunners, brings down the steersman of the *Chesapeake;* she falls sharp to the wind, and exposes herself to the full sweep of the British fire. Already Captain Lawrence has fallen mortally wounded, exclaiming with his last breath, "Don't give up the ship;" for he was a brave man and a good officer. A terrible volley is poured into the sternports of the *Chesapeake,* and the second officer in command wishes to get the vessel away from her gallant British enemy; but Broke will not let him, and so the two ships fall aboard one another. "Lash them together," cries the captain of the *Shannon,* and brave men strive to bind the frigates fast, while the enemy is raining musketry upon them, and Stevens, the veteran boatswain, has his left arm literally hacked off with repeated swordcuts. The rest of the *Shannon's* crew are boarders; the Americans are expecting them,

and a large barrel of unslacked lime is at hand to throw in the faces of the British seamen; but, by a just retribution, a shot strikes the barrel, and its contents are dashed into the eyes of those who contrived the cowardly stratagem. In less time than it requires to tell the story, the boarders are ready, seamen with pike, pistol, and cutlass, and marines with musket and bayonet. Over the enemy's taffrail they go, led into action by Captain Broke and Lieutenant Watt, and form upon the deck of the *Chesapeake*. Then follows a scene of confusion and horror, in which shots and cuts and thrusts are succeeded by ghastly wounds and dying groans. The enemy is beaten forward; some escape down the fore hatchway, others over the bow, and others throw themselves into the sea; several surrender as prisoners of war. But the fight is not over. A large number of men are in the hold; they fire through the hatchways and kill a marine. The men who have surrendered take up arms again and attack Captain Broke, one wounding him in the face with a pike, another laying bare his skull with the butt-end of a musket, and a third aiming a blow at him with a cutlass; but his brave seamen cut down the treacherous Americans. Lieutenant Watt now hauls down the stars and stripes, and on the halliards bends a British ensign above them. The halliards are twisted, the stars and stripes rise uppermost, and the *Shannon's* gunners, supposing the act to be performed by the enemy, aim at the lieutenant, who falls, with five seamen, the victims of a melancholy blunder. The marines fire a volley into the hold, where the Americans still keep up a dropping fire upon the victorious enemy. Then follows a summons to surrender from Captain Broke, who, with bandaged head, is sitting upon a gun-carriage. Sullenly they comply, the British flag floats above the American colors, and the *Chesapeake* becomes the prize of her gallant enemy. In this fight the loss of the United States was one hundred and

seventy men, that of the British vessel eighty-three.

It was some little time before the shattered frigates were in a fit state to set sail; soon, however, they were repaired and made their way to Halifax. Into that splendid harbor the *Shannon* entered with flying colors and her well-won prize on the 6th of June, amid the booming of artillery and the cheers of loyal British subjects.

"The moral effect of this memorable action, both in England and America, was immense; it restored confidence to the public mind of Great Britain, while it proved to the Americans that they were by no means able to contend with English sailors, when the terms were at all equal. We do not doubt that if a parricidal war should again—which God forbid!—break out between the mother country and the commonwealth, nurtured of her strength and bred from her loins, our seamen would still maintain the honor of the Red Cross, and repeat, if necessary, that gallant encounter between the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*, which, in the stirring times of the great war, fired with patriotic ardor the hearts of our forefathers, and reasserted our sovereignty of the seas!"

—*Adams' Famous Ships of the British Navy.*

HOME.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven, o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth:
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,

Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his soften'd looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend;
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life!
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet:
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man? a patriot? look around;
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home!

—MONTGOMERY.

HURRAH! HURRAH FOR CANADA.

HURRAH! hurrah for Canada,
Her woods and valleys green;
Hurrah for dear old England,
Hurrah for England's Queen!
Good ships be on her waters,
Firm friends upon her shores;
Peace, peace, within her borders,
And plenty in her stores!

Right loyally we 're singing,
To all nations make it known,

That we love the land we live in,
And our Queen upon her throne.
Long may the sons of Canada,
Continue as they 've been,
True to their native country,
And faithful to their Queen.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

WHEN I am in a serious humor, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey, where the gloominess of the place and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed the whole afternoon in the churchyard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tombstones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another—the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons, who had left no other memorial of them but that they were born and that they died.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave; and saw in every shovel-full of it that was thrown up the fragment of a bone or skull, intermixed with a kind of a fresh mouldering earth, that some time or other had a place in the composition of a human body. Upon this, I began to consider with myself what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral,—how men and women, friends

and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass,—how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter!

I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations; but, for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy, and can therefore take a view of Nature in her deep and solemn scene, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with objects which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the griefs of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together! —ADDISON.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear.

Heap'd in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves
lie dead ;
They rustle to the eddying gust and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs
the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the
gloomy day.
Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that
lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas ! they are all in their graves, the gentle race of
flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good
of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold No-
vember rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.
The wild-flower and the violet, they perish'd long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the sum-
mer glow ;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn
beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls
the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from up-
land, glade, and glen.
And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such
days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter
home ;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though
all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance
late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream
no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side :
In the cold, moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief :
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

A THOUSAND years ago—a royal lady, in one of the rush-strewn halls of her rude English palace, is reading aloud to her children from an illuminated manuscript of Saxon poetry.

Among the group of eager listeners around her is a boy named Alfred, whose eye flashes at the stirring and heroic thoughts of the Saxon verses. The royal lady is his step-mother, wife of Ethelwolfe, King of the West Saxons. Holding out the book in her hand, she offers it to whichever of her sons shall first learn to read it.

Alfred, though in his twelfth year and a king's son, has not been taught to read. Such, however, is the boy's desire to gain the prize, that he at once sets to work to master the Anglo-Saxon letters. Steadily persevering in his task, ere long he is able to read the book, and triumphantly claims it as his own. That boy is the future King of England, Alfred the Great, justly esteemed one of the noblest characters that grace the page of English history. He was born in 848, at Wantage in Berkshire. At the age of twenty-three, after the death of his father and his three elder brothers, he succeeded to the throne of Wessex.

From the very first he was engaged in fierce struggles with the Danes, and other Northmen, who at that time frequently landed on the coasts of England.

In 878, these rovers of the German Ocean arrived in such numbers that a general panic prevailed among the people. Such of the inhabitants as were able fled from the country, and sought safety beyond the seas; while others took refuge in the least accessible parts of the kingdom, and abandoned their wealth and the fruits of the land to the invaders. Alfred himself, thus deserted by his people, was compelled to flee be-

fore the enemy ; and, surrounded by only a small body of faithful followers, he sought concealment amid the woods and fastnesses of his kingdom.

Ere long, quitting his companions, he wandered about for some time in the disguise of a common soldier, not knowing whither to go or whom to trust. At last, reaching Somersetshire, he found a place, surrounded by marshes, which offered an asylum ; and, looking about, he observed the humble cottage of a cowherd, into which he at once entered, a homeless fugitive.

He told that he had fled from a fatal battle, and sought concealment from pursuit. His distress interested the kindly feelings of the humble occupants, and he was sheltered for many days in the hovel, poor and unknown.

One day, while sitting polishing his bow and pointing his arrows, the peasant's wife set him to watch some cakes she had put on the fire to bake. Alfred, absorbed in thought and musing over the past, forgot his allotted task, and suffered the bread to burn. The woman, who had gone to the forest to gather firewood, on her return upbraided the supposed soldier for his carelessness, and told him that he was good at eating cakes, but bad at turning them ! Alfred heard her with patience, and said that he should indeed ill reward her kindness if he could not mind so small a piece of business. He then cheerfully applied himself to the new and homely work, and carefully baked the bread.

In after years Alfred remembered and munificently rewarded the hospitable peasant.

The period of Alfred's seclusion lasted about seven months ; but no portion of it seems to have been wasted in inactivity. With the utmost skill and judgment he selected, in his place of retreat, a spot well adapted for defence. It was a small piece of ground, now called Athelney Isle, completely surrounded by

marshes. Thither he soon attracted the scattered bands of his countrymen, and it became the point from which he sallied at the head of small parties to harass the enemy day and night with unlooked-for assaults, whenever they exposed themselves to attack.

The number of his followers gradually increased, and their spirits rose with their success, and with the animating cheerfulness and courage of their leader. They supported themselves by hunting and fishing, and by the spoils which they snatched from time to time from foraging parties of the enemy.

After a time, Alfred formed a scheme for surprising the great Danish army, which still continued in Wiltshire; and he resolved to inspect their encampment in person, that he might frame his plan of attack. His early predilection for the arts of poetry and music had qualified him to assume the disguise of a harper. In this garb he went among the Danish tents. His harp and his talents attracted notice: he was admitted to the royal table, heard the secret counsels of his foes, and beheld their exposed position unsuspected. He soon left the encampment, and reaching Athelney Isle again in safety, he speedily despatched messengers to his principal friends in the three adjacent counties, Wiltshire, Hampshire, and Somersetshire, announcing his existence, and requiring them secretly to collect their followers and meet him in military array on the east of Selwood Forest.

As his countrymen had suffered severely in his absence, the tidings of their brave king being still alive again raised their hopes. All who were intrusted with the secret crowded to the place of meeting. Alfred met them at the stone of Egbert, on the east of the great wood, and was received with immense joy.

Two days afterwards, when the morning light was tinting the sky, Alfred and his little army, by rapid marching, had reached Eddington, near Westbury; and there they beheld the Danish hosts overspreading the plain.

Led by Alfred, the Anglo-Saxons rushed on their enemies with an impetuosity which nothing could withstand. Astounded at his name and presence, surprised in all the carelessness of fancied security, the Danes gave way before the skilful assault of the English king. The plain was strewed with their hosts, part fled to a neighboring stronghold, and Alfred was left master of the field. This great victory raised him from the marshes and the penury of Athelney to the throne of England.

The king followed the Danes to their place of retreat, and laid siege to it. By this decisive measure he cut them off from all reinforcement. During the siege the strength of Alfred increased to a degree which destroyed in the enemy every hope of relief. They contrived, however, to hold out for fourteen days; and then, exhausted by cold and hunger, and worn out by fatigue, the imprisoned chiefs humbly supplicated the mercy of their conqueror.

On the face of a hill near Eddington, there still exists a curious monument—an immense horse cut out on the face of a chalk cliff; which is believed to have been constructed as a memorial of this great victory.

Alfred's career after this was generally successful; and owing to his activity, bravery, and perseverance in 886, he became, by common consent, sovereign of all England, excepting those parts in the north and east of which the foreigners still retained possession. A few years' interval of peace followed, but in 893 a more formidable invasion than any he had yet encountered awaited him. Again, however, after a long season of danger and difficulty, the energy of the Saxon king prevailed.

During the last two years of his reign, Alfred seems to have enjoyed tranquillity. He died in 901, at the age of fifty-two, after a reign of twenty-nine years.

One of Alfred's many merits, entitling him to grate-

ful remembrance, was his attempt to build a fleet. He saw the necessity of having ships ready to meet the Danes on the sea, should fresh bands of these corsairs ever again threaten the coasts. The principal Saxon chiefs readily agreed to Alfred's proposal, and under his direction measures were taken to form a navy. He had many difficulties to encounter, especially in procuring sailors to man the ships; but at last he succeeded, and the fleet was ready for sea. Great multitudes assembled on the shore to witness the spectacle. This was the first English fleet, and it is celebrated as the origin of that vast and unrivalled naval power that has since made itself the wonder and admiration of the world.

But Alfred, during his eventful reign, was as eminent in cultivating the arts of peace as in the struggles of warfare. He built up and restored cities and towns; he compiled a code of laws, and organized the administration of justice. He encouraged the useful arts, and was the friend and correspondent of the most eminent scholars. He invited learned men from France to preside over the leading schools; and he himself spent much of his scanty leisure in literary work, translating into Anglo-Saxon some valuable authors, and also portions of the Holy Scriptures, for the benefit of his countrymen.

Such was the life-work of one who deservedly lives for all time in the pages of history, as Alfred *the Great.*

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN.

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FURTHER THAN HE INTENDED, AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN.

John Gilpin was a citizen
  Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
  Of famous London town.

soar-ed — flew upwards
fes-ti-val — a time of feasting; an anniversary

Promptness (page 64).

prompt-ness — readiness; quickness
car-go — the freight or load of a ship
en-er-gy — force; vigor
in-dus-tri-ous — hard working

Humphrey's Observations on Time (page 65).

im-pa-ti-ence — restlessness; unquietude
so-lem-ni-ty — seriousness; reverence

John Adams and his Latin (page 67).

ex-per-i-en-ced — met with
hu-mil-i-āt-ing — humbling; disgraced
a-bom-i-na-ble — hateful
ap-pre-ci-ate — to set a true value upon
fré-quent-ly — often; many times
lib-er-al — becoming a gentleman; ample; not stinted
in-tol-er-a-ble — unendurable; irksome

Among the Ice (page 68).

tre-men-dous — great; mighty
con-sid-er-a-bly — much; greatly
floe (*flō*) — a mass of floating ice
re-coil — fly back
mys-ter-i-ous — obscure; hidden; unknown

A Ghost Story (page 71).

hatch-way — the opening in a ship's deck for communicating with the parts below
watch on deck — the men whose duty it is to keep watch and have charge of the ship
in-dif-fer-ence — carelessness

Grace Darling (page 72).

en-coun-ter-ed — met with
de-fec-tive — out of repair; some part wanting

sub-scrip-tion	by a number of persons writing down opposite their names the sums they are willing to contribute or give
em-i-nent	noble ; celebrated ; well known
prob-a-ble	likely

FEMALE HEROISM (page 74).

stock-ade	a line of stakes, or posts forced into the ground
pi-o-neer	a first settler
ren-e-gade	a deserter ; one who has gone over to the enemy
de-coy	entice ; coax
am-bush	a place of concealment
sa-gac-i-ty	discernment ; wisdom ; penetration
haz-ard-ous	dangerous ; perilous
am-bus-cade	men in ambush
in-ev-i-ta-ble	not to be avoided

ANIMAL TRAINING (page 81).

in-gen-u-i-ty	cleverness ; skill
con-ceiv-ed	thought of
se-cur-i-ty	safety
spec-ta-tors	persons looking on
in-tel-li-gent	well-informed ; wise
ap-par-ent	seeming
griev-ous	sad ; unfortunate
in-cess-ant-ly	continually ; ceaselessly
dis-con-so-late	hopeless ; sorrowful ; not to be comforted
cem-e-ter-y	a place where the dead are buried
cy-press	an evergreen tree like a cedar

THE DOG (page 85).

es-sen-tial	necessary
do-cil-i-ty	ability to learn
be-nev-o-lence	kindliness
at-tach-ment	love
New-found-land (*New-fund-land*)	An island in the Gulf of St Lawrence
fi-del-i-ty	faithfulness
break-ers	waves broken by the rocks
di-min-ish	to become less
fre-quent-ing	visiting

FIDELITY (page 87).

brake	a thicket
co-vert	a thicket
pre-ci-pice	a cliff; a nearly perpendicular descent
tarn	a mountain lake
sym-pho-ny	a concord of sounds
aus-tere	harsh; stern; severe
lam'-en-ta-ble	sad; melancholy
mon-u-ment	a memorial

THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG'S REVENGE (page 87).

el-o-quent	that which is given in well-chosen words: well expressed
ap-pre-hen-sion	dread; fear
hy-dro-phŏb-i-a	madness in the dog
vol-un-ta-ril-ly	of his own accord
mag-nif-i-cent	great; enormous
pro-por-tions	shape; form
par-tial	fond
re-pug-nance	dislike; distaste; dread
an'-ces-tors	forefathers
pre-de-ces-sors	forefathers, or those going before
man-i-fest-ed	shewn
ca-lam-i-ty	misfortune
nau-ti-cal	sea-going
ca-tas-tro-phe	disaster; misfortune
in-ter-val	time intervening
bow-sprit	the large boom, or spar which projects over the bow, or front part of a ship
knot	the sailors' term for a mile
so-lic-i-tude	anxiety
grat-i-fi-ed	pleased
ad-ver-sa-ry	opponent
sac-ri-fice	victim
tri-an-gu-lar	three-sided or three-cornered
vo-ra-ci-ous	hungry; greedy
sub-merg-ed	buried beneath
e-laps-ed	passed
ca-nine	dog

COUNTING THE CHICKENS BEFORE THEY ARE HATCHED (page 93).

pois-ed	balanced
su-per-cil-i-ous-ly	haughtily

THE DARLING (page 95).

pro-fes-sor	a teacher in a college
vet-er-i-na-ry	belonging to diseases of the domestic animals, as the horse, cow, sheep, &c.
un-man-age-a-ble	not to be controlled or managed
vi-cious	bad; wicked; unruly
ma-nœu-vre (*ma-noo-ver*)	movement; change of position
in-va-ri-a-bly	always; constantly
e-vo-lu-tions	movements; change of position
men-age (*me-näzh*)	a collection of brute animals; a place for training horses
ap-pel-la-tion	a name

STORY OF A GOAT (page 99).

sup-pres-sion	the act of crushing, or destroying
re-bel-lion	a revolt; open resistance to lawful authority
a-sy-lum (*a-sy'-lum*)	a place of refuge
se-ques-ter-ed	lonely; retired
ap-er-ture	an opening
ob-sta-cle	something standing in the way of
frac-tur-ed	broken
de-mon-stra-tions	tokens; evidences

SAGACITY OF THE SHEEP (page 100).

pro-cēd-ure	manner of acting
sig-nif-i-cant	full of meaning
ex-tri-cate	to free itself; to get out

MY PET MONKEY (page 102).

hearth-stone (*härth-stone*)	the stone forming the hearth of a fireplace
ep-i-cure	a person fond of good eating
in-sec-tiv-or-ous	insect-eating
pro-pen-si-ty	disposition

de-ri-sive	mocking
per-se-cu-ting	teasing ; annoying
pa-ro-chi-al	belonging to the parish
liv-e-ry	a servant's dress

THE MONKEY (page 106).

pun-chi-nel-lo	a punch ; a clown ; a buffoon
har-le-quin (*har-le-kĭn*)	a buffoon ; a clown
gri-mace	a distortion of the countenance
pig-my	little
an-cient	old ; aged

THE RABBIT (page 107).

in-ter-est-ing (*in'ter-est-ing*)	pleasing
do-mes-ti-cāt-ed	tamed

CANADIAN SQUIRREL (page 109).

mi-grate	to travel from one country to another
so-journ-ers (*so'-jurn-ers*)	visitors
hy-ber-nates	sleeps during winter
fan-tas-tic	funny
meum and tuum	mine and thine ; to have loose ideas of *meum* and *tuum* is to be a thief
al-ter-nate-ly	by turns
vin-dic-tive	angry ; vengeful
re-it-er-āt-ed	repeated
si-mul-ta-ne-ous	at the same time

THE RAT (page 111).

am-i-a-ble	lovable
des-ti-tute of	*i.e.*, without ; lacking
le-ni-ent	mild ; kindly
de-sign-ed-ly	intentionally ; on purpose
turn-key	a person whose duty it is to lock up the prisoners in a prison or jail

THE MOUSE'S PETITION (page 113).

pe-ti-tion	a prayer ; a request
pen-sive	sad ; unhappy

hos-pi-ta-ble	friendly ; sociable
tran-sient (*tran-shent*)	brief ; short
un-re-lent-ing	hard ; cruel ; having no pity

THE HUMMING-BIRD (page 115).

plu-mage	feathers
an-i-māt-ed	living ; animal
e-pit'-o-me	that which contains a great deal in a very small space

ANECDOTES OF THE HUMMING-BIRD (page 117).

cor-res-pond-ent	one who writes
de-bil-i-tāt-ed	weakened
con-sist ence	thickness
per-e-gri na tions	wanderings

THE MOCKING-BIRD (page 119).

un-re-mit-ting	constant
mis-chiev-ous (*mis'-che-vus*)	hurtful ; making mischief
re-al-ize	understand
dex-ter-ous-ly	cleverly
e-la-tion	joy
ob-strep-er-ous-ly	noisily
lus-ti-hood	strength ; vigor
a-ris'-to-crats	kings ; nobles
in-grat-i-tude	thanklessness
non-cha-lance (*non'-sha-lăns*)	indifference ; unconcern

LATREILLE AND THE BEETLE (page 126).

La-treille (*La-trāl'*)	a celebrated French naturalist
cel-e-brat-ed	noted ; well-known
nat-u-ral-ist	one who has devoted himself to the study of animals
spe-ci-men	kind ; sample
ban-ish-ed	sent out of the country
Cay-enne (*Kī-en'*)	a place in South America
foun-der-ed	sunk ; went down
mi-rac-u-lous	very wonderful

Aventures with an Elephant (page 128).

pre-dic-a-ment	position ; posture ; plight
Nga-mi (*Nga-mi*, ng *as in* sing)	a lake in Africa
re-cum-bent	reclining ; reposing
charg-ed	attacked
im-mi-nent	extreme ; great
jeo-par-dy	danger ; peril
pro-bos-cis	trunk
Prov-i-dence	God
at-trib'-ute	ascribe ; assign ; impute
e-lic-i-ted	drawn out

Lion Hunting (page 130).

as-sault-ed	attacked
kra-al (*krā-al*)	a collection of rude huts erected by the Hottentots or inhabitants of South Africa
prox-im-i-ty	nearness ; neighborhood
Ba-kal-ah-are	a tribe of South Africans
ap-pal-ling	frightful ; terrible
be-la-bor-ed	beaten
scathe-less	unhurt
lair	resting-place

The Lion and the Cub (page 133).

sor-did	mean ; low ; degraded
e-late	lifted up ; pleased
vo-cif-er-a-tion	clamor ; outcry
cox-comb	a vain pretender ; a beau ; a dandy

Anecdotes of the Tiger (page 134).

strat-a-gem	artifice ; plan
at-ti-tude	posture ; mode of standing
ex-e-cra-ble (*ex'-e-cra-ble*)	hateful ; odious
re-ver-ber-ăt-ing	echoing ; resounding
pro-vo-ca-tion	vexation ; cause of anger
ir-ri-ta-bil-i-ty	fretfulness

Adventures with a Bear (page 137).

panic strick-en	struck or seized with fear
ed-dy	a whirlpool
in-fur-i-āt-ed	maddened ; enraged
no-to-ri-ous-ly hard to kill	*i.e.*, it is well known that it is hard to kill a bear

The Bears and the Bees (page 141).

dis-creet-er	wiser ; more sensible

The Wolf (page 142).

con-spic-u-ous	evident ; clearly seen
au-then-ti-cat-ed	real ; genuine ; properly attested
in-flat-ed	blown out ; filled with wind
pe-des-tri-an	one who walks, or travels on foot

Anecdotes of the Wolf (page 145).

car-niv-o-ra (*car-nĭv'-o-ra*)	flesh-eating animals
pre-ca-ri-ous	uncertain
as-sid-u-ous	constant ; unvarying

The Beaver (page 146).

Man-i-tou	an idol ; a god among the Indians
de-i-ty	a god
hu-man-i-ty	mankind ; the human family
in-tel-li-gent	wise ; thoughtful
prov-i-dent	careful to provide beforehand
o-rig-i-nal	first ; earliest
hy-drau-lic en-gi-neer	*i.e.*, one who knows how to build works for supplying water
un-os-ten-ta-tious	not showy ; not vain
su-per-er-o-ga-tion	more than duty requires
no-mad-ic (*no-măd'-ic*)	wandering
em-i-grant	one who has left his native country to live in another
pros-pect-ing	viewing
lo-ca-tion	a place to settle in
nav-i-ga-tion	the passing up and down by water
in-dis-pen-sa-ble	essential ; necessary

ad-junct	appendage ; addition
ef-fi-ci-ent-ly	well ; thoroughly
e-co-nom-i-cal-ly	without waste of time or effort
di-am-e-ter	thickness ; measure through
or-di-na-ry	common
cra-yon	a pointed piece of chalk for writing with
de-trī-tus	sand and gravel brought down by the stream
crit-i-cal	important
bomb-proof *bŭm-proof*	protected against the bursting of shells thrown against them by cannon
sub ma-rine	under water
re-strict	to limit
nu-tri-ment	nourishment ; value as food
ev-i-dence	proof
in-stinct	reason so far as it belongs to the inferior animals
prov-en-der	food
pa-tri-arch	the aged sire or head of the family
am-a-teur dam-ming	making dams for their own amusement, that is, not as regular workmen, but as unprofessional men
main-ten-ance	defence ; support ; protection
vi-tal	chief
as-ser-tion	statement
im-prob-a-ble	unlikely
sal-ly ing	issuing

THE FOX AND THE CAT (page 151).

gri-mal-kin	an old cat
a-ghast	amazed ; astonished
re-gale	to feast

BUFFALO HUNTING (page 152).

Sas-kat-che-wan	a region of British America in the Hudson Bay Territory
thral-dom	bondage ; slavery ; restraint

ST NICHOLAS AND HIS REINDEER (page 154).

min-ia-ture	small ; tiny ; diminutive
cours-ers	horses

THE MOOSE-DEER (page 155).

pal-māt-ed	shaped like the hand with the fingers spread

fu-til-i-ty	uselessness
par-ox-ism	a fit; a convulsion
crimp-ing ma-chine	a machine for forming a kind of plaiting or fluting on frills and ruffles

A Whaler's Adventures (page 157).

keel	the sharp ridge at the bottom of a vessel
wind-ward	the side from which the wind was blowing
stove	broke
rigged the pumps	made the pumps ready for use

The Chain of Destruction (page 160).

prai-ries	natural meadows; plains covered with grass
man-di-bles	jaws
tal-ons	claws
mag-no-li-a	a kind of tree

Creation (page 165).

spa-cious	wide; mighty
fir-ma-ment	the heavens
e-the-re-al sky	sky formed of air or ether
O-rig-i-nal	God; the Creator
ter-res-tri-al	of or belonging to the earth
ra-di-ant	shining

Manual Labor (page 166).

ma-jor-i-ty	the greater number
en-thu-si-asm	ardent zeal; heartiness
ex-i-gen-cies	pressing necessities; sudden emergencies or occasions

The Prisoner's Flowers (page 167).

po lit-i-cal	civil; public (*i.e.*, his offence was against the government, not a criminal one)
gil-ly-flow-er	a variety of stock or wall-flower
small fry	common people
sen-ti-nel	a soldier or other person on guard
con-sci-en-tious ly	scrupulously; in an upright, just manner

THE SAVAGES OF NORTH AMERICA (page 172).

friv-o-lous	trifling ; silly ; of no value
com-mis-sion-ers	those that are sent to transact certain business
prop-o-si-tion	an offer ; a thing presented for consideration
con-cep-tions	ideas ; opinions

THE GRAND FALLS OF THE ST JOHN (page 175).

cour-te-sy	politeness
per-pen-dic-u-lar	upright ; pointing directly to the zenith
flo-til-la	a little fleet of boats
treach-er-ous	cheating ; betraying ; false
cat-a-ract	a fall of water
chiv-al-ry (*shĭv-al-re*)	character as shown in the estimation in which valor and gallant behavior are held
trag-e-dy	a shocking deed in which human life is taken or lost
pop-u-la-tion	the people living in a place

POOR DIGGS (page 179).

cham-pi-on	one who defends another
de-camp-ed	ran away
su-per-flu-i-ties	things not necessary
em-bar-rass-ed	confused ; discontented

THE ABENAQUI'S STORY (page 182).

car-i-bou	a species of reindeer
can-ni-bal	one who eats human flesh

THE LONELY CROSS (page 186).

tam-a-rack	a species of spruce tree
im-me-mo-ri-al	beyond the memory of man
por-tage (*port-aje*)	a carrying place round rapids or waterfalls, where the canoes have to be unloaded and carried from one spot to another
stal-wart	strong ; hardy
Chip-pe-ways	a tribe of Indians
pil-grim-age	a journey
pict-u-resque	beautiful ; like a picture
trib-u-ta-ry	one of the rivers which run into the main stream

cru-ci-fix — a cross with a figure of our Saviour on it
me-men-to — memorial; remembrancer

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA (page 189).

pro-trac-tion — continuance; postponement
fran-tic — wild

HEROISM AND CATASTROPHE (page 193).

di-min-ish — lessen
con-jec-tur-ed — thought; inferred
re-spon-si-bil-i-ty — the state of being accountable, or answerable for

LOSS OF THE SCHOONER "DRAKE" (page 194).

vol-un-teer-ed — offered
es-ti-ma-tion — value; esteem
Ad-mi-ral-ty — the Board, or Court of officers who have control of all the war-vessels of Great Britain
sur-viv-ing — still living
com-mem-o-rates — honors; calls to remembrance

TWENTY YEARS AGO—THE SCHOOLBOY'S REMINISCENCE (page 199).

rem-i-nis-cence (*rem-i-nis'-cence*) — a calling back to mind of what has occurred in the past
a-non-y-mous — without the name of the real author or writer

LOST IN THE WOODS (page 200).

quad-ran-gle — a four-sided place
in-de-scrib-a-ble — not to be expressed; unspeakable
scrub — low-branched bushes and trees
pre-da-cious — living by prey
gaunt (*gänt*) — hungry; lean
in-tru-sion — an unwelcome visit
strick-en — wounded
noc-tur-nal — of or belonging to the night; nightly
quest — search
gi-gan-tic (*ji-gan'-tic*) — large; giant-like
stim-u-lus — something exciting the senses, the mind, or spirit

ter-mi-nate	end
de-spatch-ed	sent
prov-i-den-tial-ly	by the direction of Providence

THE FOREST FIRE (page 205).

ob-scure	hide ; conceal
suf-fo-cate	smother ; render unable to breathe
sti-fled	suffocated
re-fuge	a place of safety
ex-tin-guish-ed	put out ; dead

A HUDSON BAY STORE (page 210).

e qui-ta-ble	just ; honest ; fair
squaw	an Indian woman

LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS (page 213).

con-trol	guide ; govern
prin-ci-pal	chief ; first in rank
ro-man-tic	wild ; fanciful
bri-gade	a party or company
voy-a-geur (*vwa'ya-zhur'*)	voyager ; traveller
cos-tume	dress ; attire
cor-du-roy	a kind of corded cloth
moc-ca-sins	soft shoes made of buckskin, worn by Indian and voyageurs

WINTER IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS (page 218).

per-pet-u-al	unending
par-tial	incomplete
ther-mom-e-ter	an instrument for measuring heat and cold
in-ten-si-ty	severity
tem-per-a-ture	state of the weather as to heat and cold

WRECK OF THE "LADY ELGIN" (page 223).

i-ron-bound	rocky
con-cus-sion	violent shaking caused by a blow against another body
ex-cur-sion	a short journey ; a pleasure trip
ever-and-anon	every now and then
scud-ded	ran before the wind

helm was turned hard-a-port	the helm or rudder was put close to the leeward side of the vessel—*i.e.*, the side opposite to that from which the wind was blowing
su-per-vi-sion	oversight
ult-i-mate-ly	at last
dis-as-ter	misfortune; calamity
heel her over	turn the vessel partly on her side
req-ui-site *rek'-we-zĭt*	necessary; essential
col-li-sion	a striking of two bodies against one another
par-al-lel	a similar event or occurrence
hur-ri-cane	a fierce storm of wind
hur-ri-cane deck	the uppermost flat or deck of a steamer
sub-or-di-nate	inferior
an-ti-ci-pât-ed	given beforehand
col-lid-ed (*col-lid'-ed*)	struck against
cas-u-al-ty	accident
an-nals	history
com-mer-cial	relating to trade or commerce
pro-ject-or	one who starts or begins a thing
pro-pri-e-tor	an owner

THE PILOT (page 225).

ap-a-thy	want of feeling

THE PINE TREE SHILLING (page 226).

mint	a place where money is made or coined
com-mod-i-ties	goods
spe-cie	money; gold and silver coins
tank-ards	silver or metal jugs
bul-lion	bars or ingots of gold and silver
dil-i-gent-ly	industriously
Pur-i-tan laws	laws made by the Puritans, as the first settlers in New England were called
per-son-a-ble	good-looking; handsome
pon-der-ous	heavy; weighty
treas-u-ry	place where money is placed or stored
his-to-ri-an	one who writes history

THE SLEIGH BELLS (page 230).

re-spon-sive	answering

toil-some	weary ; difficult
fel-on	thievish

AN ACADIAN HEROINE (page 232).

her-o-ine	a female hero
in-aug-u-rāt-ing	establishing ; beginning ; commencing
sub-se-quent	following
com-pris-ed	included ; embraced
Et-i-enne (*Et'-e-en*)	
Dau-bre Char-ni-se (*Do'-bre Shar-ne-se*)	
su-prem-a-cy	chief position
mag-a-zine	a place to store powder
an-tag-o-nist	an adversary ; an opponent
sur-ren-der	to give up ; to submit
un-con-di-tion-al-ly	without condition ; trusting to the mercy of the enemy
am-mu-ni-tion	powder and balls
in-so-lent	impudent ; insulting
in-dig-nant	angry
bom-bard (*bŭm-bard'*)	to fire cannon-balls and bombs against
for-mi-da-ble	strong ; effective ; dangerous
for-ti-fi-ca-tions	the works erected to defend a place
in-tre-pid-i-ty	bravery
re-luc-tant-ly	unwillingly
ig-no-min-i-ous	inglorious ; disgraceful
warp-ing	towing or moving a boat with lines or ropes so as to bend her course from side to side
ter-mi-na-tion	end ; close
mu-ti-nous	unruly ; turbulent ; resisting authority
un-tow-ard	unhappy
in-tim-i-date	to frighten ; to make afraid
ca-pit-u-la-tion	terms of surrender
ab-solv-ed	set free
ex-e-cu-tion-er	one who puts to death a person condemned to die
bar-bar-i-ty	savage cruelty
re-priev-ed	pardoned for a time
vi-cis-si-tudes	changes

THE TAKING OF LOUISBOURG (page 235).

ar-ma-ment	an armed force
dis-em-bar-ka-tion	a landing ; a going from the ship to the shore

prac-ti-ca-ble	possible
en-dur-ance	hardihood ; fortitude
sor-tie	a sally : the issuing of a body of troops from a besieged place to attack the besiegers
ca-pit-u-late at dis-cre-tion	surrender unconditionally—*i.e.*, trusting to the mercy of the victors

Battle of Queenston Heights (page 239).

port-a-ble	capable of being carried
sub-ju-ga-tion	the act of conquering or subduing by force
em-i-nence	a height ; a lofty position
tat-too	a beat of drums at night giving notice to soldiers to retire to their quarters
wa-ry	watchful
in-fu-ri-āt-ed	maddened ; made furious
re-in-force-ments	additional forces ; fresh assistance
skir-mish	a contest ; a partial battle
ag-gres-sion	hostility ; injury
u-ni-ver-sal	general

Pontiac's Attempt to Capture Fort Detroit (page 243).

con-fed-er-a-cy	a league ; a union
craft-i-ness	cunning
par-tic-i-pa-tors	those who engage or take part
Ma-chil-i-mack-i-nac (*Ma-shil-e-mac'-ĕ-nac'*)	
com-man-dant (*com-man-dănt'*)	an officer who has command of the garrison
de-pict-ed	painted ; described
com-mo-tion	movement
vi-brāt-ing	sounding
tom-a-hawks	hatchets used by the Indian as a weapon
mi-en	look ; bearing
ob-vi-ous	plain ; easily seen
tu-mult-u-ous-ly	in a noisy, hurried manner
pi-az-za	a covered walk ; a verandah
dis-sem-bled	concealed ; hidden
re-plete	filled
field-piece	a cannon
mask-ed	concealed

gre-nade	a hollow ball of about two and a half inches in diameter filled with powder so as to cause it to explode
an-ni-hi-la-tion	destruction
in-sur-mount-a-ble	not to be got over
bar-ri-ers	obstructions; obstacles
le-gions	assembled troops
re-vert	turn back
taunt-ing (*tănt-ing*)	insulting
se-ces-sion	withdrawal
im-pede	to interfere with; to get in the way of
ob-lique (*ob-lēk*)	slanting
os-ten-si-bly	seemingly; apparently
ex-ul-ta-tion	gladness; joy
fe-ro-cious	savage; fierce

THE STORY OF FINE-EAR (page 249).

gal-leys	galleys were long flat boats with one deck, formerly much used on the Mediterranean Sea. To be condemned to the galleys was to be condemned for crime to work at the oar on a galley: the term now means, to be condemned to a place of punishment like a penitentiary
ob-liv-ion	forgetfulness
a-tro-cious	wicked; heinous
in-di-ca-tion	mark; token; sign
a-bor-tive	useless; of no avail
ex-trem-i-ty	last degree
su-i-cide	self-murder
vig-il-ance	watchfulness
am-pu-ta-tion	the cutting off of an arm, or leg, or other member
so-journ	a visit; a stay
hos-pi-tal	a place for sick and wounded
blas-pheme	to swear; to utter oaths
dis-qui-e-tude	uneasiness
stealth-i-ly	quietly; without noise
fel-on	a person condemned for some crime which he has committed
spe-cies	kind
chas-tise-ment (*chas'-tiz-ment*)	punishment

mar-vel-lous	wonderful
ac-qui-es-cence	consent
trac-ta-ble	manageable
re-spite (*res'-pit*)	relief
fe-line	of the cat kind
dor-mi-tor-ies	sleeping rooms
am-nes-ty	pardon
in-sur-gents	rebels
mis-siles	things thrown with force
tes-ti-fy	show ; exhibit

BETH GELERT (page 256).

brach	a pointer or setter dog
cha-os	confusion
venge-ful	angry

TRAVELLERS' WONDERS (page 279).

Lil-i-pu-tians	people fabled to have been no larger than a man's thumb ; pigmies
Brob-dig-na-gians	people fabled to have been fifty or sixty feet high ; giants
diet	food
nau-seous	sickening ; unpleasant
in-tox-i-cāt-ing	able to make drunk
pun-gent	hot ; burning
sal-u-tary	healthful
per-ni-cious	hurtful
o-dor-if-er-ous	sweet-scented
ar-tic-u-late-ly	distinctly ; plainly
cred-i-bly	upon good authority
fan-tas-tic	fanciful
ap-pa-rel	dress
for-eign-er	a resident or native of another country

BINGEN ON THE RHINE (page 284).

Bin-gen (*Bing-n*)	
vine-yard (*vin-yard*)	a field for growing grapes, a place planted with grape vines
co-quet-ry (*ko-ket'-re*)	flirtation ; pretence

FREDERICK THE GREAT (page 287).

fi-li-al	like a tender son ; loving

duc-at (*dŭc-at*)	a piece of money
a-pol-o-gy	excuse

THE "CHESAPEAKE" AND THE "SHANNON" (page 288).

un-dis-pu-ta-ble	unquestionable; certain; undeniable
un-dis-guis-ed	open
in-vin-ci-bil-i-ty	the quality of being invincible, or unconquerable
de-sig-nāt-ed	named; called
prow-ess	power
mār-i-time (*măr'-e-tim*)	of or belonging to the sea
ep-i-sode	an event
dis-par-i-ty	inequality
in-ter-cept	to cut off; to prevent
cal-i-bre (*kăl-e-ber*)	diameter, *i.e.*, the cannon were of such diameter as to carry heavy balls
le-git-i-mate	usual; lawful
e-merge	to come out
neu-tral	belonging to neither; neutral-waters, *i.e.*, a part of the ocean not belonging to either nation
hal-liards (*hal'yardz*)	the ropes by means of which the flag or a sail is raised
mar-ines	soldiers in a ship of war
par-ri-ci-dal war	a war in which relatives or fellow-countrymen kill one another; an unnatural war
com-mon-wealth	a republic; a free form of government, as the United States
sov-er-eign-ty	command; supreme control

HOME (page 294).

dis-pense	gift; bestow
em-par-a-dise	make like paradise; render beautiful and pleasant
time-tutored age	age taught by experience
scep-tre	an emblem of power
pa-geant-ry	show; pomp; display
be-nign-ly	calmly; happily

WESTMINSTER ABBEY (page 296).

clois-ters	places of religious retirement
in-scrip-tion	that which is written on a tablet or tombstone

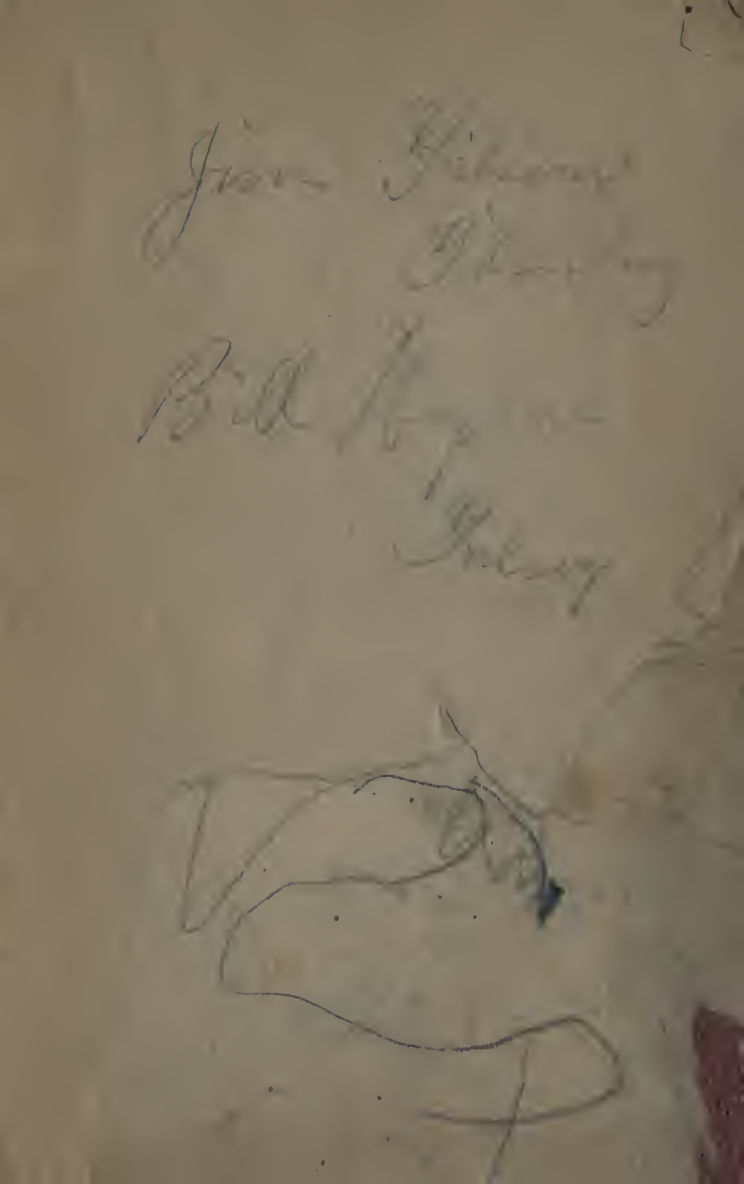
preb-en-da-ry *prĕb-en-dary*	a clergyman of an English cathedral who performs duty at stated times
pro-mis-cu-ous	confused ; mixed
tim-o-rous	timid ; fearful
in-or-di-nate	excessive
ep-i-taph	an inscription written on a tombstone
com-pe-ti-tion	strife ; contest
fac-tion	a party
con-tem-po-ra-ries	those living at the same period or time

ALFRED THE GREAT (page 299).

il-lu-mi-nāt-ed	brightened ; an illuminated manuscript is a manuscript with the first letter of each paragraph or certain other letters printed in color
ac-ces-si-ble	that can be reached ; approachable
mu-nif-i-cent-ly	bountifully ; liberally
foraging parties	parties sent out to look for and collect food
pre-di-lec-tion	fondness for ; bias toward
pen-u-ry	poverty ; want
tran-quil-li-ty	quietness ; calm
code	a system

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN (page 304).

train-band	volunteer militia
eke	also ; besides
cal-en-der	a workman who manages a machine for pressing cloth
a-gog	eager
trice	a moment
bal-co-ny	a platform projecting from a window



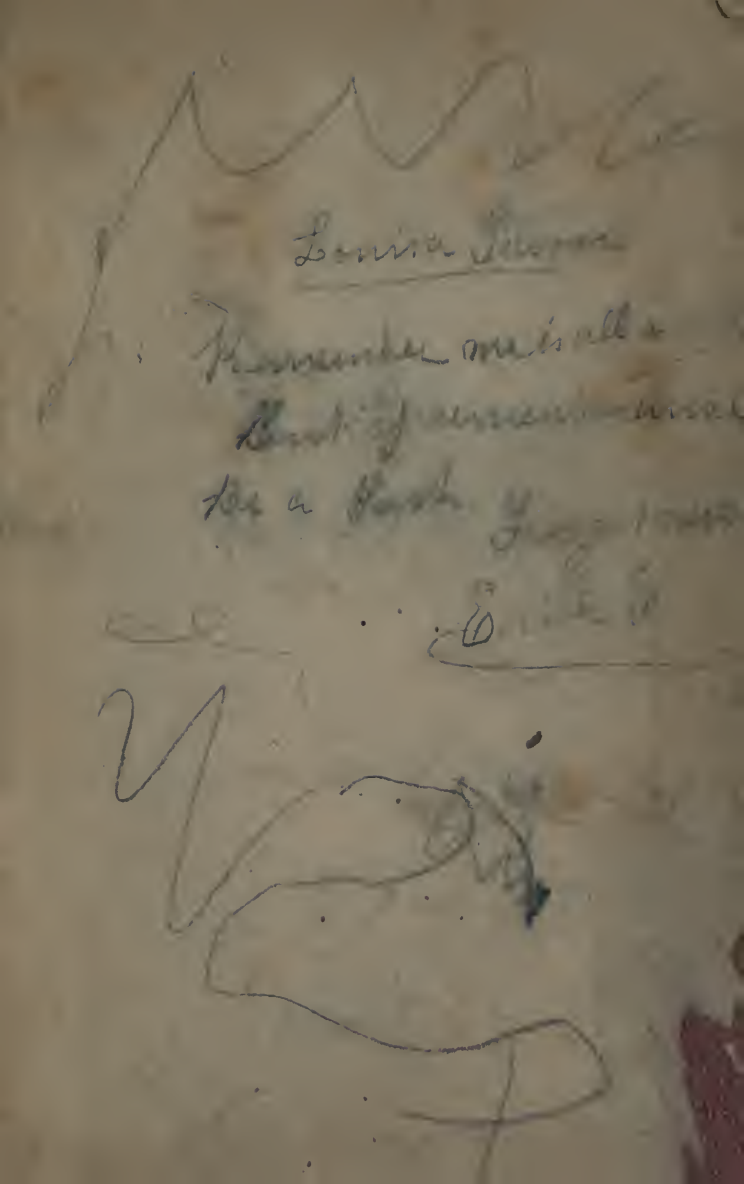
Louisa Gillson

Tilconnbrie

May 6th

Remember me

Sarah

train-l	
eke	
cal-en-de.	a workman who manages a cloth
a-gog	eager
trice	a moment
bal-co-ny	a platform projecting from a wind

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